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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Makes a spectacle of itself.

JAM SPLIT!

OFFICIAL~PAGE 3

COSTELLO

SHAMELESS AND TRUE

Exclusive Interview by Neil Spencer

D.A.F.

Germany loses its foremost pop machine; the duo give their last interview

ALEXEI SAYLE

His rundown on the demise of a motoring legend — the Ford Cortina

DENNIS HOPPER

How the Easy Rider nearly ground to a halt on *The Last Movie* ten years on

DANCING DID

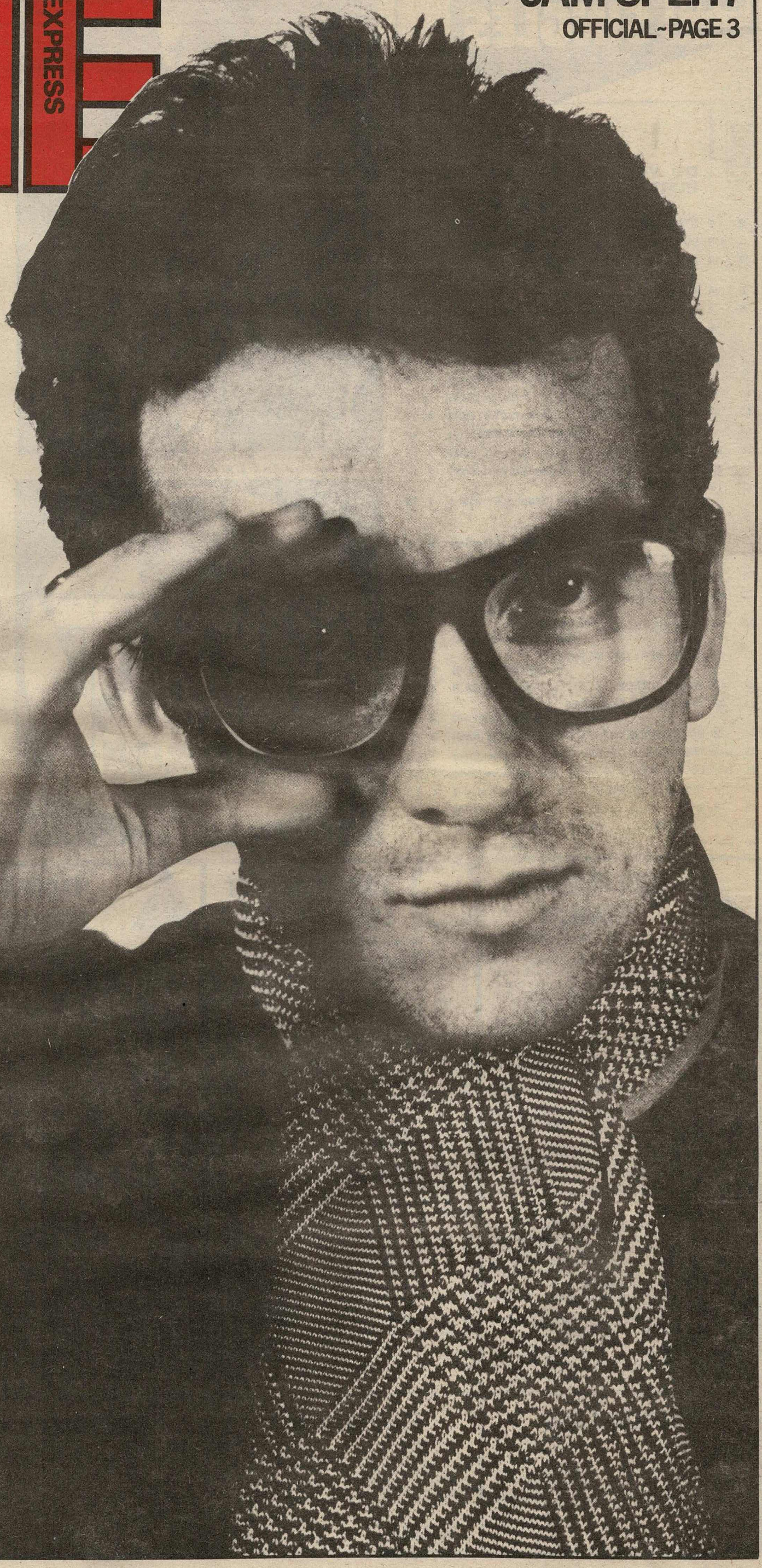
The unique cry of lillibullero from a shanty town in Evesham

MATA HARI

Lene Lovich comes in from the cold as the belly dancer who became a spy

DUB POETS

The life and rhymes of Jamaica's new wordsmiths

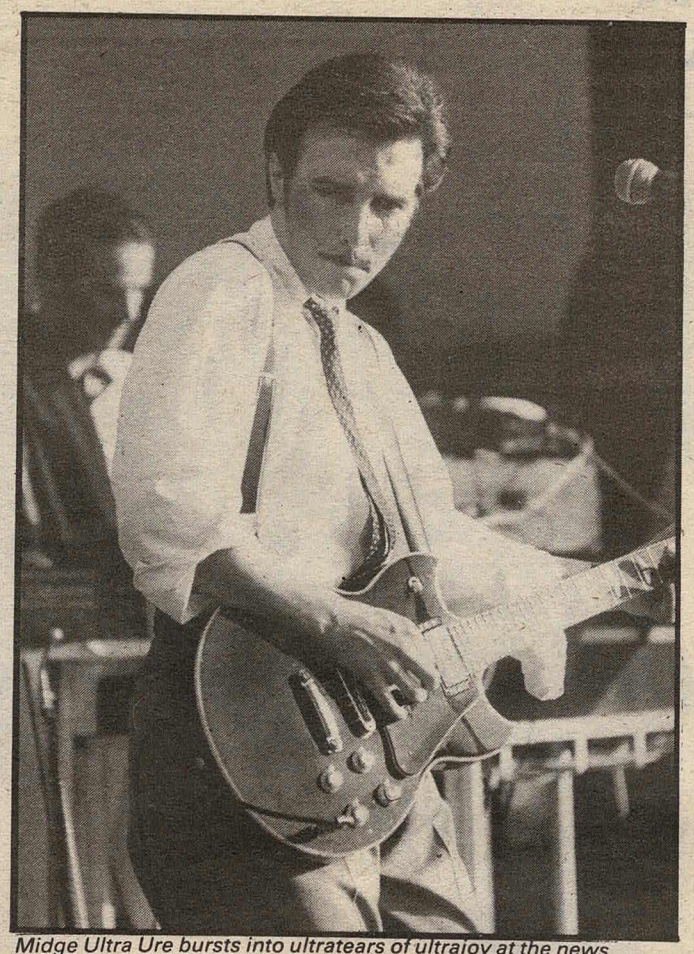


Costello without peer. Photo: Anton Corbijn.

366-44
Inkl. moms
1290

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME**	**Culture Club (Virgin)**	5	1
2	3	STARMAKER	Kids From Fame (RCA)	4	2
3	5	LOVE ME DO	The Beatles (Parlophone)	2	3
4	11	ANNIE I'M NOT YOUR DADDY	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)	3	4
5	4	ZOOM	Fat Larry's Band (Virgin)	7	3
6	2	PASS THE DUTCHIE	Musical Youth (MCA)	6	1
7	18	I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU	Barry Manilow (Arista)	2	7
8	9	LIFELINE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	3	8
9	8	HARD TO SAY I'M SORRY	Chicago (Full Moon)	6	6
10	14	HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN	Animals (RAK)	4	10
11	12	REAP THE WILD WIND	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	4	11
12	(—)	MAD WORLD	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	1	12
13	25	DANGER GAMES	The Pinkies (Creola)	2	13
14	20	I'LL BE SATISFIED	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	2	14
15	16	ZIGGY STARDUST	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	3	15
16	6	JACKIE WILSON SAID (I'M IN HEAVEN WHEN YOU SMILE)	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	5	5
17	7	LOVE COME DOWN	Evelyn King (RCA)	7	4
18	30	I DON'T WANNA DANCE	Eddy Grant (Ice)	2	18
19	24	SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO	The Clash (CBS)	3	19
20	10	JUST WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED	Mari Wilson (Compact)	6	8
21	29	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT	Imagination (R & B)	5	19
22	17	FRIEND OR FOE	Adam Ant (CBS)	6	6
23	23	WALKING ON SUNSHINE	Rockers Revenge (London)	9	4
24	22	BACK ON THE CHAIN GANG	Pretenders (Real)	3	22
25	(—)	THE DAY BEFORE YOU CAME	Abba (Epic)	1	25
26	(—)	LOVE'S COMIN' AT YA	Melba Moore (EMI)	1	26
27	(—)	NEVER GIVE YOU UP	Sharon Redd (Prelude)	1	27
28	13	WHY	Carly Simon (WEA)	7	6
29	(—)	ZAMBESI	The Piranhas (Dakota)	1	29
30	(—)	AMOR	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	2	30



Midge Ultra Ure bursts into ultratears of ultrajoy at the news that his new ultraLP is in at No Ultrasix. Ultrapic: David Corio.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**THE KIDS FROM FAME AGAIN**	**Various (BBC)**	2	1
2	1	LOVE OVER GOLD	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	5	1
3	21	THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various (BBC)	14	1
4	14	FRIEND OR FOE	Adam Ant (CBS)	2	4
5	7	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin)	2	5
6	(—)	QUARTET	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	1	6
7	17	REFLECTIONS	Various (CBS)	2	7
8	3	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	3	3
9	4	UB44	UB40 (Dep Int)	4	2
10	5	CHART ATTACK	Various (Telstar)	2	5
11	9	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	8	1
12	12	LEXICON OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron)	18	1
13	(—)	THE SKY'S GONE OUT	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	1	13
14	8	IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT	Imagination (R & B)	7	6
15	10	BROKEN FRAME	Depeche Mode (Mute)	4	7
16	(—)	STRAWBERRIES	Damned (Bronze)	1	16
17	20	FRIENDS	Shalamar (Solar)	12	9
18	11	TOO-RYE-AY	Kevin Rowlands & Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	13	1
19	15	LOVE SONGS	Commodores (K-Tel)	11	8
20	18	AMOR	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	2	18
21	13	NEBRASKA	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)	5	3
22	6	NEW GOLD DREAM	Simple Minds (Virgin)	6	4
23	16	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)	20	4
24	(—)	20 GREATEST HITS	The Beatles (Parlophone)	1	24
25	(—)	BORROWED TIME	Diamond Head (MCA)	1	25
26	(—)	CHOOSE YOUR MASQUES	Hawkwind (RCA)	1	26
27	29	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	23	2
28	(—)	SILK ELECTRIC	Diana Ross (Capitol)	1	28
29	(—)	ENDLESS LOVE	Various (TV Records)	1	29
30	(—)	GREATEST HITS	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	1	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Shipbuilding.**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
2	(2)	**From Pillar To Post**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
3	(15)	**How Does It Feel**	Crass (Crass)
4	(4)	**Be Proud, Be Loud**	Toyah (Safari)
5	(23)	**Lively Arts**	Damned (Big Beat)
6	(18)	**Live**	Conflict (Xntrix)
7	(3)	**State Violence**	Discharge (Clay)
8	(8)	**Lullabies 12" EP**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
9	(6)	**Leave In Silence**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
10	(16)	**Ballet Dance**	Rubella Ballet (Xntrix)
11	(7)	**So Here I Am**	UB40 (Dep Int)
12	(12)	**Beasts 12"**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
13	(—)	**Burn 'Em Down**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
14	(5)	**Mutant Rock**	Meteors (WXYZ)
15	(20)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
16	(9)	**Knife Slits Water.**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
17	(—)	**Drumbeat For Baby**	Weekend (R Trade)
18	(13)	**Suicide Bag EP**	Action Pact (Fallout)
19	(25)	**That's What Good Friends Are For**	Brilliant (Limelight)
20	(—)	**East World**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
21	(14)	**Life On The Line**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
22	(22)	**My Spine Is The Baseline**	Shriekback (Y)
23	(10)	**Warriors**	Blitz (No Future)
24	(17)	**Don't Go**	Yazoo (Mute)
25	(26)	**Something On My Mind**	Pale Fountains (Operation Twilight)
26	(—)	**The Cocktails LP**	Attila The Stockbroker (Cherry Red)
27	(—)	**Love On The Terraces**	Serious Drinkers (Upright)
28	(—)	**Perdition EP**	Disorder (Disorder)
29	(—)	**Baby Turns Blue**	Virgin Prunes (R Trade)
30	(11)	**Why Die?**	Insane (Insane)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(2)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(1)	**UB44**	UB40 (Dep International)
3	(3)	**Broken Frame**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
4	(8)	**Carmel**	Carmel (Red Flame)
5	(7)	**Seduction**	Danse Society (Society)
6	(6)	**Christ — The Album**	Crass (Crass)
7	(4)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
8	(5)	**Room To Live**	The Fall (Kamera)
9	(18)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
10	(9)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (Red Flame)
11	(15)	**Sense And Sensuality**	Au Pairs (Kamera)
12	(11)	**Bullshit Detector 2**	Various (Crass)
13	(10)	**Recorded 1979-1981**	UK Subs (Abstract)
14	(17)	**Black Album**	Damned (Big Beat)
15	(12)	**Hai**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
16	(19)	**Perfection**	Charge (Kamera)
17	(13)	**A Distant Shore**	Tracey Thorn (Cherry Red)
18	(22)	**Station MXYJ**	Maximum Joy (Y)
19	(—)	**Rumble Of The East.**	Erazerhead (Flicknife)
20	(27)	**Oceans**	Artery (Red Flame)
21	(23)	**City Baby Attacked By Rats**	GBH (Clay)
22	(29)	**Punk 'n' Disorderly Vol 2**	Various (Anagram)
23	(—)	**The Maverick Years**	Wah (White Label)
24	(—)	**Bad Boy Skanking**	Yellowman and Fathead (Greensleeves)
25	(—)	**Johnny Thunders Live At The Speak-easy**	Johnny Thunders (Jungle)
26	(14)	**Eligible Bachelors**	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)
27	(16)	**Singles Album**	UB40 (Graduate)
28	(—)	**Epic Garden Music**	Sad Lovers And Giants (Midnight Music)
29	(—)	**Enter K**	Peter Hammill (Naive)
30	(—)	**Dr John Sings Mac Rebennack**	Dr John (Demon)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Ruby** — Junior Murvin (Blue Mountain)
2 **Yo Yo** — Johnny Osbourne (Oak Sound)
3 **Cool Vibration** — Fazall Pendergrass (High Music)
4 **Old Time Religion** — Little John & Captain Sinbad (Explosion)
5 **Tonight** — Reverend Sunshine (DATC)
6 **Africans Unite** — Sylvan White (Corner Stone Church Of Music)
7 **Falklands Crisis** — Tappa Zukie & The Warriors (New Star)
8 **History Of Jamaica** — Early B (Moa Anbessa)
9 **It's Alright** — Erica Gale (Ital)
10 **Mop Head Screw Face** — Prince Glen & Dellinger (King Edwards)
11 **Screwface Underground** — Toots and the Maytals (Dynamic)
12 **Revelation Time** — Augustus Pablo (Message)
13 **Rock So Good** — Peter Metro & Dicky Ranking (Rhythm Ruler)
14 **Lion Rock** — Culture (Sonic Sounds)
15 **Crying In The Ghetto** — Kutchie (Western)

ALBUMS

1 **Day To Day Living** — Don Carlos (Greensleeves)
2 **Shank I Sheck** — Various Artists (Tad's)
3 **Earth's Rightful Ruler** — Augustus Pablo (Message)
4 **Ska Authentic** — The Skatalites (Studio 1)
5 **First Case** — Investigators (Investigators)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION.

US SINGLES

1 **Jack And Diane** — John Cougar (Polygram)
2 **Who Can It Be Now?** — Men At Work (Columbia)
3 **Eye In The Sky** — The Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
4 **I Keep Forgettin'** — Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)
5 **Up Where We Belong** — Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes (Atlantic)
6 **Heart Attack** — Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
7 **Somebody's Baby** — Jackson Browne (Elektra)
8 **You Can Do Magic** — America (Capitol)
9 **I Ran** — A Flock Of Seagulls (Arista)
10 **Abracadabra** — Steve Miller Band (Capitol)

US LPs

1 **American Fool** — John Cougar (Polygram)
2 **Mirage** — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
3 **Abracadabra** — Steve Miller Band (Capitol)
4 **Nebraska** — Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
5 **Emotions In Motion** — Billy Squier (Capitol)
6 **If That's What It Takes** — Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)
7 **Eye In The Sky** — Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
8 **It's Hard** — The Who (Warner Bros)
9 **Business As Usual** — Men At Work (Columbia)
10 **A Flock Of Seagulls** — A Flock Of Seagulls (Jive/Arista)

Courtesy Billboard

CANADA SINGLES

1 **Jack And Diane** — John Cougar (Riva)
2 **Down Under** — Men At Work (CBS)
3 **New World Man** — Rush (Polygram)
4 **Hard To Say I'm Sorry** — Chicago (CBS)
5 **Somebody's Baby** — Jackson Browne (Asylum)
6 **You Should Hear The Way She Talks About You** — ?, Melissa Manchester (Arista)
7 **I Keep Forgettin'** — Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)
8 **Voyeur** — Kim Carnes (EMI America)
9 **Blue Eyes** — Elton John (Geffen)
10 **Eye In The Sky** — Alan Parsons Project (Arista)

Courtesy Canadian Broadcasting Corporation / Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Yes Sir I Can Boogie** — Baccara (RCA)
2 **You're In My Heart** — Rod Stewart (Mercury)
3 **Name Of The Game** — Abba (Epic)
4 **Black Is Black** — La Belle Epoque (Harvest)
5 **Rockin' All Over The World** — Status Quo (Vertigo)
6 **Holiday In The Sun** — Sex Pistols (Virgin)
7 **We Are The Champions** — Queen (EMI)
8 **2 4 6 8 Motorway** — Tom Robinson Band (EMI)
9 **Black Betty** — Ram Jam (Epic)
10 **Silver Lady** — David Soul (Private Stock)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Mouldy Old Dough** — Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
2 **Donna** — 10CC (UK)
3 **In A Broken Dream** — Python Lee Jackson (Youngblood)
4 **You're A Lady** — Peter Skellern (Decca)
5 **Elected** — Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
6 **Burning Love** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
7 **I Didn't Know I Loved You (Till I Saw You Rock 'n' Roll)** — Gary Glitter (Bell)
8 **Clair** — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
9 **Wig Wam Bam** — Sweet (RCA)
10 **How Can I Be Sure** — David Cassidy (Bell)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Massachusetts** — Bee Gees (Polydor)
2 **The Last Waltz** — Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
3 **Hole In My Shoe** — Traffic (Island)
4 **Baby Now That I've Found You** — Foundations (Pye)
5 **Homburg** — Procol Harum (Regal-Zonophone)
6 **There Must Be A Way** — Frankie Vaughan (Columbia)
7 **Zabadak!** — Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
8 **The Letter** — Box Tops (Stateside)
9 **Flowers In The Rain** — Move (Regal Zonophone)
10 **From The Underworld** — Herd (Fontana)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Telstar** — Tornados (Decca)
2 **The Locomotion** — Little Eva (London)
3 **Sheila** — Tommy Roe (HMV)
4 **Ramblin' Rose** — Nat King Cole (Capitol)
5 **Rain Until September** — Carole King (London)
6 **Venus In Blue Jeans** — Mark Wynter (Pye)
7 **Let's Dance** — Chris Montez (London)
8 **Lovesick Blues** — Frank Ifield (Columbia)
9 **You Don't Know Me** — Ray Charles (HMV)
10 **What Now My Love** — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION

LENE LOVICH 8
HUMOURESQUE 4
BLANCMANGE 5
SWANS WAY 6
FRANK SINATRA 7

NEW WAVE COMICS 11
THE GREEN MAN 12
MELBA MOORE 15
SINGLES 17

DUB POETS 18
MIGHTY REEL 20

D.A.F. 22

SILVER SCREEN 26
DANCING DID 31
ELVIS COSTELLO 32
LPs 37
TOUR NEWS 42
RECORD NEWS 43
GIG GUIDE 45

LIVE! 51
REGGAE RUNNINGS 56
WORKERS PLAYTIME 59
GASBAG 62
T-ZERS 63

All change for Foxton, Weller and Buckler. Pic Anton Corbijn.

JAM SPLIT

THE JAM are to break up right after their pre-Christmas concerts — and that is now official.

Paul Weller announced the impending disbandment this week, so ending speculation which has been simmering for three months, and which was first revealed by *NME* in the summer.

Rumours gained momentum last week following a report that their Christmas gigs may be their last. Despite inconsistencies in the report — which claimed that the band had cancelled their European tour because of internal disharmony and the split decision, whereas Weller's illness was the real reason for its curtailment — its credibility was heightened by the fact that all official sources remained tight-lipped and refused to comment.

But now Weller, in a statement addressed to The Jam's fans *(see below)*, has finally laid to rest the band which has won more *NME* Poll awards than any other act since The Beatles.

It's been common knowledge for some time that the three Jam members, as often happens with long-established groups, have become increasingly anxious to expand their activities outside the limitation of the band format — particularly Weller, with his songwriting and production interests. He said as long ago as July that, after a hectic year on the road, the bulk of 1983 would be devoted to individual projects.

Weller is also known to be keen on fronting a larger outfit, possibly including strings and girl back-up singers, which would give him wider scope than the present three-man line-up. But at this stage, he is still not saying exactly what the future holds in store for him — and neither are the other two Jam members, Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler, though it's possible that they haven't yet formulated any definite plans. All three had this week retreated "out of town".

The Jam are to give their fans one last opportunity of seeing them in live action. Their two Christmas shows at London Wembley Arena (December 1 and 2) were announced last week, and they have now sandwiched these between half-a-dozen provincial concerts — which now become their official farewell tour.

Newly confirmed dates are at Poole Arts Centre (November 27), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (28), Port Talbot Afan Lido (29), Bridlington Spa Hall (December 6), Manchester Apollo (7) and Birmingham Bingley Hall (8).

Guest acts at Wembley will be Stuart Adamson's band Big Country and the group in whom Weller has been taking a special interest, The Questions. As already reported, The Jam have a new two-pack single issued by Polydor on November 19, followed by a live album on December 10.

Tickets for the band's regional dates are all at the one price of £5, and they are available from box-offices and usual agencies. Additional outlets for Port Talbot are at Spillers Records (Cardiff), Roxcene (Newport) and Derricks Records (Swansea and Cardiff); and for Birmingham, there are extra outlets at Goulds TV (Wolverhampton), R. E. Cords (Derby), Selectadisc (Nottingham) and Cyclops and Virgin (Birmingham). Wembley booking arrangements (£6 and £5) were reported last week.

PAUL WELLER'S PERSONAL GOODBYE TO HIS FANS

THE JAM: A STATEMENT

This is a personal address to all our fans

At the end of this year The Jam will be officially splitting up, as I feel we have achieved all we can together as a group. I mean this both musically and commercially.

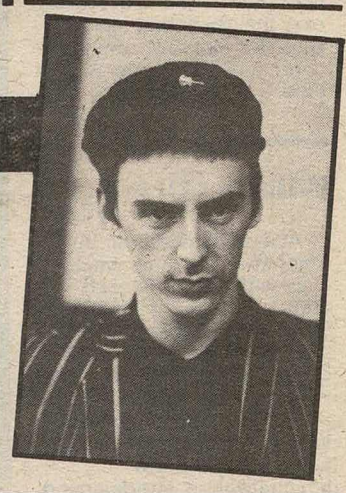
I want all we have achieved to count for something and most of all I'd hate us to end up old and embarrassing like so many other groups do. The longer a group continues the more frightening the thought of ever ending it becomes — that is why so many of them carry on until they become meaningless. I've never wanted The Jam to get to this stage.

What we (and you) have built up has meant something, for me it stands for honesty, passion and energy and youth. I want it to stay that way and maybe exist as a guideline for new young groups coming up to improve and expand on. This would make it even more worthwhile.

I have written this as a direct contact with you and so you hear it from us first. But also to say thank you for all the faith you have shown in us and the building of such a strong force and feeling that all three of us have felt and been touched by.

Here's to the future,
In love and friendship,
Paul Weller (Oct. 1982)

Here's to the future
In love and friendship
Paul Weller and co



Siouxsie, Adam Xmas dates

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES are the latest big-name act to announce a couple of special Christmas concerts — though, in their case, they've elected to play them in the traditionally quiet week right after the holiday. They appear at London Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 28 and 29, with the promise of mystery guests taking part in both shows. Tickets go on sale this Saturday (30) at the box-office and usual agents, priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50.

As exclusively revealed last week, the group's new album 'A Kiss In The Dream House' is released by Polydor on November 5. The set was produced by the band themselves, and the nine tracks are 'Cascade', 'Green Fingers', 'Obsession', 'She's A Carnival', 'Circle', 'Melt!', 'Painted Bird', 'Cocoon' and 'Slowdive', the latter title also being their current single.

ADAM ANT, who shoots off to America as soon as he completes his five provincial concerts next week, is to headline a major Christmas show in London on his return — it's at the massive Wembley Arena on Monday, December 13.

The gig hasn't yet been announced officially, which means that tickets aren't yet on sale, although some London agencies are already taking reservations at £6.80 and £5.60 (including booking fee) — and this denotes a basic price of £6 and £5.

Official word on the Wembley show is expected next week, when it should also be revealed if Adam is playing any more December dates.

S. MINDS TOUR, MADNESS LP, NEWS P42/43

DEAD KENNEDYS TOUR, LP — p4

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maxell® Break the sound barrier.

Send to: Maxell Japan Offer, 103 Wardour Street, London W1. Please send me two tickets for the last night of the Japan tour.
I enclose proof of purchase of two Maxell audio cassettes, together with a cheque or crossed postal order for £6.50.
Note: only one pair of tickets per applicant.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____ NME30/10

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Gay fracas

☐ One of North London's friendlier and more responsibly run pubs — The Pied Bull in Liverpool Rd — was the location of a somewhat uncharacteristic fracas involving **Culture Club** singer **Boy George**. Last Saturday the gay disco, which takes place fairly uneventfully each week, was disrupted by a bunch of skins who weren't Pied Bull regulars. George's companion was hit on the arm by a thrown glass, one of the bar staff was hit on the head by a billiard ball and when the police arrived they not only 'interviewed' the aggressors but attempted to close down the gay disco and move its punters 'along'.

The organisers of the disco have now pulled out of their residency on the grounds that their safety cannot be guaranteed and that the police seem disinclined to protect them. The Pied Bull has recently pursued an admirably open-minded booking policy — it's a shame that this should be the result.

Bluebells victorious

☐ Scotland's own **Bluebell** boys have won round one of their legal battle with the **Bluebell Girls** — the scantily-clad Parisian variety — over the use of their name.

A judge at the Royal Courts of Justice this week lifted the injunction on their record after a summing up of the case which took one and a half hours. Counsel for The Bluebell Girls, Mr Mark Platts-Mills, had described the male Bluebells as "a scruffy, dishevelled, anti-establishment pop group" whose disreputable appearance would "rebound against the reputation of the Bluebell Girls."

"No-one could say The Bluebell Girls are scruffily clad, insofar as they are clad at all," remarked the judge.

The boyish Bluebells could face another round of the case over the use of their name when it eventually comes to court again in another year's time.

Wilson stirs

☐ At a rather odd hour in Manhattan the other week, a chap with Farrah Fawcett teeth (and the sort of hair that never moves when you sleep on it) popped up on a TV channel best unnamed. With a rivetting air of fake piety, he recited the sad story of **Jackie Wilson**'s final collapse and subsequent/current hospitalisation, interspersing his solemn duties with much less solemn film clips of Jackie's heyday.

Then, leaning towards all of us out there in the dark, he confided that, only the other day, Wilson rallied enough — for the first time in years — to move either a hand or a foot (I forget which, it was a late item in the broadcast). According to our spokesperson, Wilson's guardians now feel that their patient is more aware of his surroundings than he is capable of conveying.

The speaker urged Jackie's fans to send in cards and letters . . . "to let him know he is still in the hearts and minds of the public". Apparently Wilson indicates some response when shown such mail, so if you want to give it a go and don't find the whole thing too ghoulish, the address is: Jackie Wilson, c/o John Mulkerin, 407 Main St, Metuchen, New Jersey, USA.

Humoresque *Pix: Pennie Smith*

BUSKING A GUT

String trio Humoresque spurn videos in Cairo for lunchbreaks in Covent Garden

IN THE bijoux surroundings of London's Covent Garden, the wafting strains of Mozart or Vivaldi seem entirely suitable.

What the casual stroller through this tastefully expensive precinct might not be prepared for is the sight of the musicians — three lively girls wielding violins and a cello, respectively dressed in a short leather mini-skirt, dayglo jumper, biker's boots and a floating black cocktail dress.

Neither would you be prepared, perhaps, for their demand that the audience participate by waltzing. In the end it's amiable stooge and Ravishing Beauty Virginia Astley who is whirled around the piazza by an enthusiastic youth whose Viennese spirit is wonderfully willing, but whose ballroom dancing is, alas, unequal to the delicate task . . .

Humoresque are the cause of the rumpus, the grinning crowd and some very accomplished music. Anne Stephenson, Virginia Hewes and Caroline Lavelle are also known as The Prawn Cocktails when they accompany the cabaret diva Mari Wilson. Their repertoire ranges, they say, "from The Undertones to Bach", and indeed they arranged and played the string parts on The Undertones' current single, not to mention accompanying The Banshees on the 'Slow Dive' 45.

Besides their busking and collaborations, they've also recorded a single, 'The Brides Of Dracula', in their own right. They've also just been asked to become some of The Mambas for Marc Almond's forthcoming solo concert at London's Drury Lane.

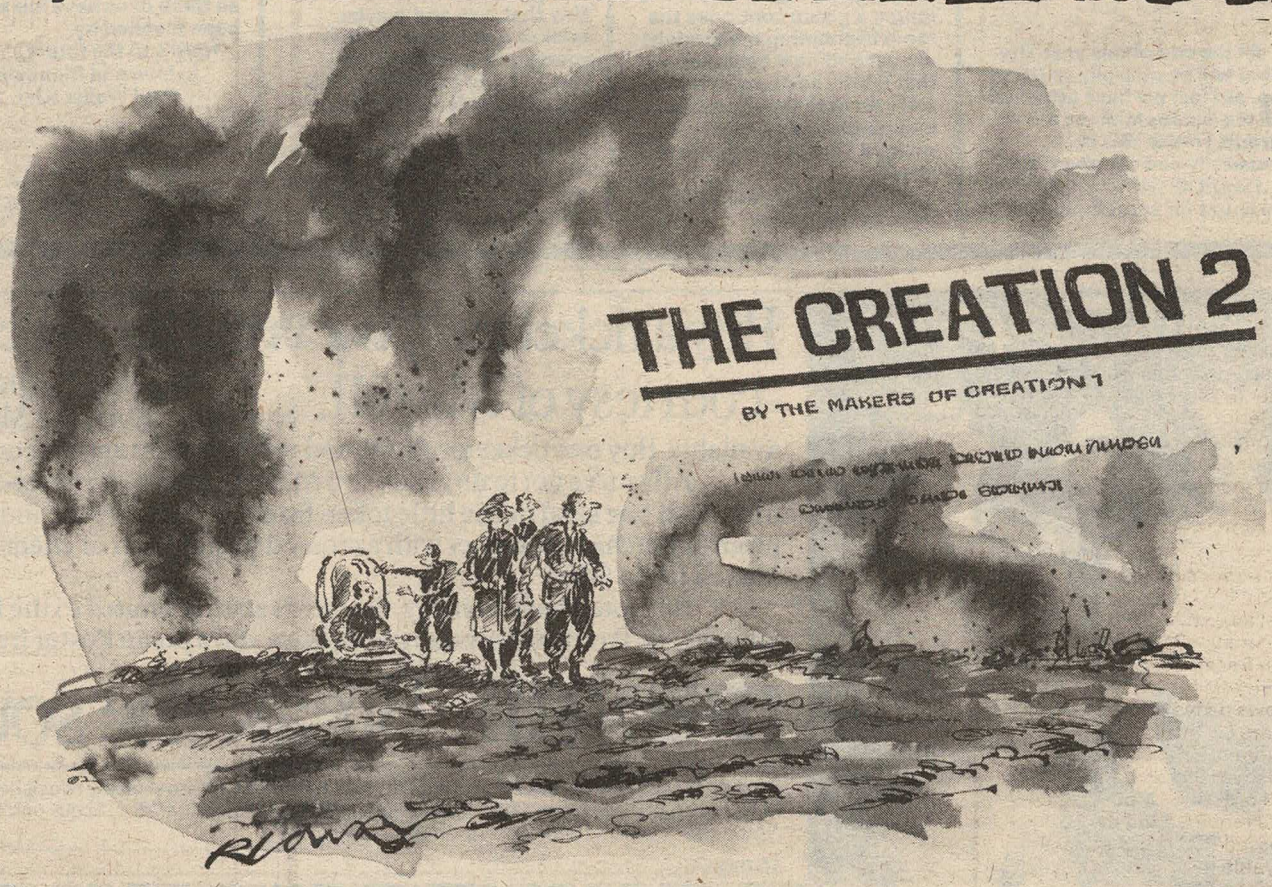
Caroline and Virginia studied at The Royal College Of Music, while Anne attended The Guildhall School where she met Virginia Astley. Just to add to their long list of alter-egos, some of Humoresque will probably take on the disguise of The Ravishing Beauties when they accompany Virginia as support on the next Siouxsie And The Banshees tour.

Perhaps their most memorable performance so far was playing with Mari Wilson when she supported Roxy Music at Wembley and Birmingham's NEC.

"Bryan Ferry liked us," breathes Anne dreamily. The way their career is going, it seems a lot of other people will too.

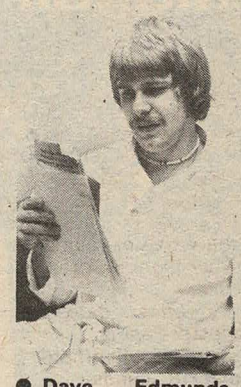
LYNN HANNA

lowry



"Good grief, look at this, a follow-up already!"

MEET THE JUDGES



● **Dave Edmunds, chef at the Royal Hotel, Kettering.**

Do Welsh rockers make the best Welsh rarebits? Spotted in the Northamptonshire Evening Telegraph by reader Phil McNeill of Chelmsford.

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

BLANCMANGE

STEPHEN LUSCOMBE

PEOPLE
Rachel and John, Eartha Kitt, John Stevens, Fred the Pug, Michael and Gerlinda, Vince and Deb and Alison, Billie Holliday, Van Vliet, Maureen and Alfred, The Macc Lot, Divine, Daniel Miller, People who can't sing, Vera Duckworth.

PLACES
Brittany, Notting Hill, Sahara Desert, Teg's Nose, Skye, Paris, Heaven, The New Forest, The Palace, Cornwall, Tibet.

OBJECTS, PASTIMES AND LIFESAVERS
Sponge puddings, My bunny one, Dolphins, Neil's jokes, Down Your Way, Swimming, Coronation Street, Paolozzi Elephant, Pigs, pugs and cats, Maps, Sitting around on Sundays, Privacy, Chocolate, Subtlety, Doctor Who, Afternoon Theatre.

CULTURE
Love Letters — Ketty Lester. Winter Kills — Yazoo. Onion Eaters — J P Donleavy. Grace Jones records. Warm Leatherette — The Normal. Female Trouble — John Walters. Pasolini and Fellini. Trindy Gonk Auroura Show 82. Another Green World — Eno. The Loved One — Evelyn Waugh. Shriekback. Violette Noiziere. Les Enfants Terribles — Cocteau. Trout Mask Replica — Beefheart. Mingus Oh Yeah — Charles Mingus.

HORRIBLE
Football, Crucifixes, Cairo, Lamb, Cold and Damp, Sport on TV every bloody day, buying clothes, banks, crawlers and tykes, getting up in the morning, Pre-Raphaelites, William Bloody Burroughs, Ivory Tower Journalists, Suburbs, Long journeys in cars.

NEIL ARTHUR

INSTRUMENTS
Saxophone, Mouth Organ

MUSIC
Fats Waller, The Beatles, Young Marble Giants, Pere Ubu, Elvis (before the army!), Eno, Ambient, 1,2,3,4. Penguin Cafe Orchestra, Buzzcocks.

LOVES
Swimming in a sheltered bay. Hot baths after riding home in the rain on my motor bike. Dolphins (cousin to man). Advertising methods. Bisto boxes. Reading through old letters. Yorkshire Dales. Walking. Drinking beer.

DISLIKES
People talking who will never know. Dishonesty, Eggs — unless I have a hang over. Not finishing books. Finishing books that are boring. Writing letters. Noisy gas fires. Not thinking before answering. Questions (me).

OBSESSIONS
Tidiness

Stephen Luscombe (left) and Neil Arthur

FILMS, TV/PLAYS
Night Of The Living Dead, Crazies, Zombies, Dawn Of The Dead, Erazerhead, Alien, Elephant Man, Raiders Of The Lost Ark, Euston Films, Michael Leigh plays, Spike Milligan — Q8, The bloke who says goodnight on BBC2: "My wife and I are off to the Dales on Saturday . . ."

HEROES
King Kong, Brian Clough

BOOKS
Albert Camus *The Outsider*, Knut Hansun *Pan, Mysteries, Hunger*.

DRINKS
Thwaites Ales, Pernod and Black, Perrier water, Tea, Ground coffee.

FOOD
Indian curries, Wendy Burgers, Chips and peas in gravy, Baked beans.

INTERESTS
Photographs of the unknown, Psychic phenomena.

Kennedys plot British takeover

THE DEAD KENNEDYS return to the UK in mid-November, coinciding with the release of their second album by Alternative Tentacles/Statik Records — the 13-track set is titled 'Plastic Surgery Disasters', and it comes with a 14-page booklet containing lyrics and sundry works of art by Biafra and Winston Smith of Fallout Productions. The LP was produced by Thom Wilson and the band, and one of the tracks ''Halloween' is issued as a single this week in both 7" and 12" formats, with the otherwise unavailable 'Saturday Night Holocaust' on the B-side.

Confirmed tour dates are Manchester Fagins (November 17), Sheffield Leadmill (18), Leeds Polytechnic (19), Leicester University (20), Bath Pavilion (22), Brighton Moulscombe Pavilion (23), Norwich East Anglia University (24), London Central Polytechnic (26 and 27) and Southampton University (December 1). Two more regional shows have still to be finalised.

Support act is Texas band Millions Of Dead Cops, whose self-named 12-track mini-LP (£2.99) has just been issued via the same outlet. And making guest appearances at selected venues will be either Peter & The Test Tube Babies or Serious Drinking, both of whom have recently been figuring in the indie charts with their singles 'Run Like Hell' and 'Love On The Terraces' respectively.

After the UK tour, the Kennedys set out for Europe — but they leave behind a TV special, scheduled for screening by the new Channel 4 on December 6.

● Tickets for the London shows on November 26 and 27 are £3, available from the Students Union Office, 104 Bolsover Street, London W.1 — if ordering by post, state date required and make crossed POs (no cheques) payable to "C.L.P. S.U.", enclosing SAE.

NEXT WEEK IN NME

JAPAN: more outlandish japes and silly jokes from *NME*'s 1982 contender for Band Most Likely To Play On The Next Nick Lowe Tour. David Sylvain tells Paul Morley the one about the guy who tried to revive his marriage with Eastern techniques . . .

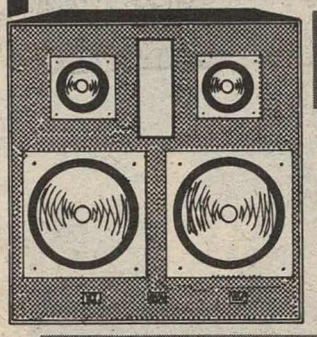
BALI: Richard Grabel and Joe Stevens go all the way!!! (And we've got the *A Rickshaw, A Rice Bowl And A Rubdown* studio receipts from Bangkok to prove it).

SHEA: NOUS? No, STADIUM, where The WHO *(I dunno, where are they? Ed)* and The CLASH walk through the depths of Valley Girls. Paul Du Noyer barfs us out.

Plus all the usual points of interest, local, longitudinal and lateral.

NME: luv a Peking duck.

How To Sound Better ... Cheaper!



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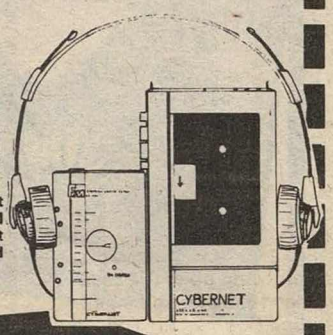

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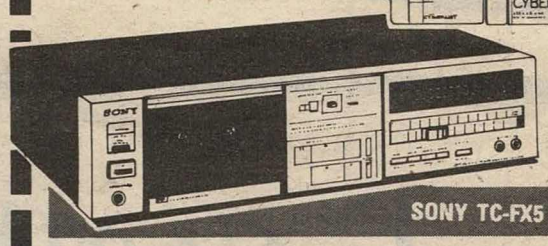

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Dept D & K, Danilo Promotions Ltd., 39-47 East Road, London N1.

Swans Way. Never look a photographer in the eye.

Is there still life in Birmingham?

SWANNING ABOUT IN A STRIP CLUB

Maggie, Robert and Rick. Pictures David Corio

IT SEEMS the feeling is that Birmingham has lapsed into stagnation as a centre for inventive musical activity since spawning the likes of Dexys, The Beat, UB40 and The Au Pairs a few years back. But my feeling is that the liquid, sultry and suggestive Swans Way contain the promise of a counter-punch from that city.

"Ambient and sexual", remarked the *SFX* cassettezine when presenting a Swans Way track to the world. The description's glibness greatly amuses Rick P. Jones, Robert Shaw (who bears no visible sign of wounds from mechanical sharks) and Maggie — yet the comment is not far from capturing the atmospheric intensity which characterises the trio.

Mobile bass, a feline drum beat and a slippery vocal style form the skeleton of their sound, fleshed out with ripples and slithers of violin, saxophone, piano, flute, and more. Their songs are luminous evocations of seductive sensory scenarios. Only a terminal temperate could resist.

Swans Way materialised virtually from scratch around September of last year. "We spent a lot of time just talking together before we actually *played* anything," explains Rick. "We had ideas to do with the *atmosphere* we wanted to create, but the only way we could relate that feel to each other was by describing particular films or images. It was later that we decided on certain sounds that would capture that atmosphere, and those ideas."

All three of them dumped the instruments, and hence the stylistic habits, they had cultivated before, and learned to play new ones in accordance with their pre-determined course.

Rick elaborates: "We learned that you can use instruments without getting incredibly technical. More like painting a picture, or something.

"In the studio, we all have a go on everything," but the imperatives of live performance demand that Maggie does most of the drumming, Rick handles bass and some vocals, and Robert is crooner-in-chief. Their first public appearance took place in May at the Revue Bar in Handsworth, better known as a strip club. Their musical freshness, and the new live environment, made a substantial local impact and brought them to the attention of Simon Woods, the original manager of UB40, now running his own independent label Exit International. Impressed, Woods signed up the band, and their first 45 'Theme From The Balcony' is available now.

"The single is a very strong statement of our style," says Maggie. "It's all about vibrancy, about being glad to be alive."

"But it's also a reflective thing. About listening to what's happening, what's going on around you," says Robert.

Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul

Men Without Women

New album-New Cassette
Produced by Miami Steve

EMI AMERICA TC/AML 3027

Dave Hill listens to a story of vibrancy and illicit passions, etc etc

'Balcony' provides a good indication of Swans Way's instinctive capacity for relating the essence of those illicit passions which lurk just beneath the skin. ***"Give me intimacy, give me Eden!"*** urges the lyric, as the song lopes along its lurid way, simultaneously conjuring vivid visions, mood-lit nights, maybe just one drink more than convention dictates . . .

Like a number of interesting current groups, Swans Way's desire to perform live is stifled by the lack of suitable venues. They are scarcely the stuff of mass, ritualised rock-style release. The choice of the Revue Bar was an attempt to confront the problem, and similarly, Albert's Wine Bar was the place for a one-off lunch-time show.

Despite these problems, the Brum public seem thoroughly impressed. "So far when we've played, the feeling has been really electric," Maggie enthuses. "Some people have even gone so far as to say they were mesmerised!"

My feeling is that Swans Way's local success will repeat itself many times, and in many different places. Sturdy and insistent on the ear, they nonetheless reject assault with a subtler style of seduction. "We gradually found we were rejecting all the other things we'd seen and done. We wanted to do something that was totally new," is Rick's plain statement of intent. They may just have achieved it. Submit to Swans Way today.

— DAVE HILL

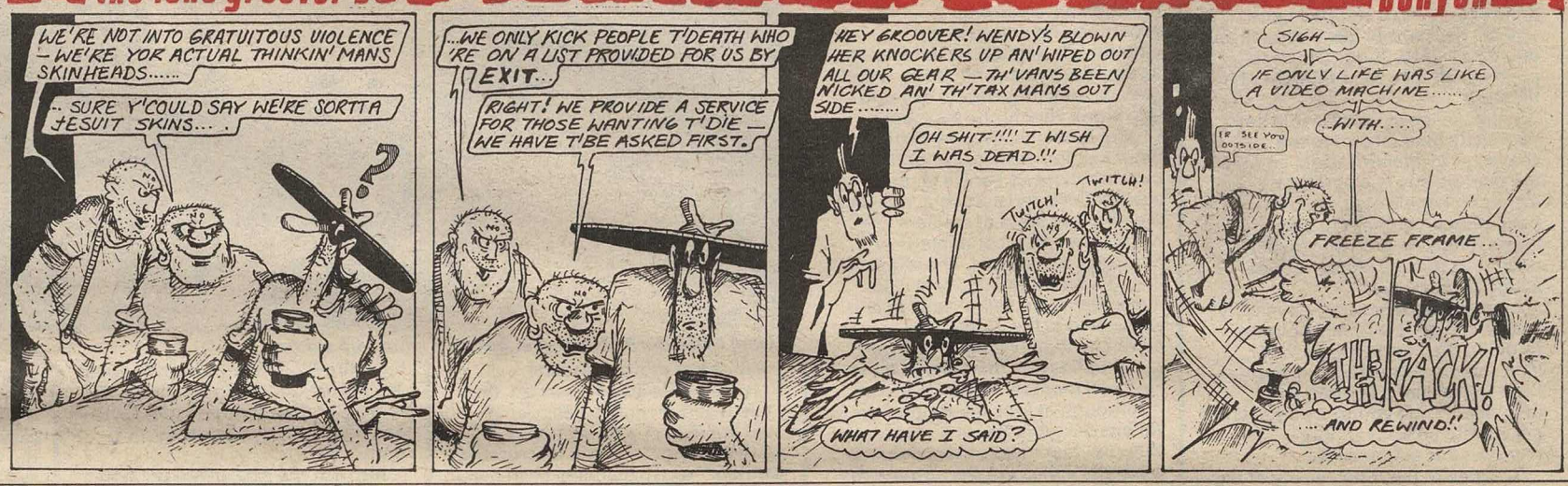
The seven ages of swoontime Sinatra

Frank Sinatra in an early 1950s incarnation, just one of the many pictures from *The Frank Sinatra Scrapbook*. From the crooner that sent bobby-soxers swooning to the legendary Ol' Blue Eyes who rubbed shoulders with Presidents and some even funnier friends, Sinatra's kept an inimitable style that's wrapped around one of the century's most distinguished voices.

The Frank Sinatra Scrapbook is by Richard Peters and published by Souvenir Press, price £7.95 hardback or £4.95 paperback.

—GIOVANNI 'SHIV' SCARLOTTI

the lone groover benyon


WE'RE NOT INTO GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE — WE'RE YOR ACTUAL THINKIN' MANS SKINHEADS.....
.. SURE Y'COULD SAY WE'RE SORTTA JESUIT SKINS... .
...WE ONLY KICK PEOPLE T'DEATH WHO 'RE ON A LIST PROVIDED FOR US BY EXIT...
RIGHT! WE PROVIDE A SERVICE FOR THOSE WANTING T'DIE — WE HAVE T'BE ASKED FIRST.
HEY GROOVER! WENDY'S BLOWN HER KNOCKERS UP AN' WIPED OUT ALL OUR GEAR — TH' VANS BEEN NICKED AN' TH' TAX MANS OUT SIDE.....
OH SHIT!!!! I WISH I WAS DEAD.!!
TWITCH!
TWITCH!
WHAT HAVE I SAID?
SIGH—
IF ONLY LIFE WAS LIKE A VIDEO MACHINE.....
WITH....
I'LL SEE YOU OUTSIDE..
FREEZE FRAME...
THWACK!
.... AND REWIND!!

PALAIS SCHAUMBURG

DAS NEUE ALBUM
PRODUZIERT VON „SUGAR COATED" ANDY HERNANDEZ
FÜR COATI MUNDI PRODUCTIONS

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier... Belly Dancer?

Lene Lovich as Mata Hari in a tale of intrigue, sex and espionage.

A DUTCH GIRL who married an army officer, devised an erotic stage spectacle that was acclaimed by ecstatic experts as genuine Hindu religious dancing and had scores of besotted lovers who subsidised her exotic lifestyle, Mata Hari was shot by the French as a spy in 1917. Her unclaimed body, bearing the bullet wounds inflicted by the firing squad, was subsequently dissected for medical science.

These are the blank facts of a life that's left a legacy of mystery. There have been many theories advocating her treachery or innocence, motives and character. Into this fascinating controversy have stepped Lene Lovich, her partner Les Chappell and co-author Chris Judge Smith to create in effect a mini-musical of her lifestory.

Lene Lovich in the title role has obviously been drawn to the character by identification, and there are enough strange parallels, including Lene's own spell as a belly-dancer, to make this an interestingly layered portrayal — despite at times a crucial lack of acting experience.

Like the real Mata Hari physically, from the then fashionably plump figure to the flashing eyes that illuminate an unorthodox beauty, Lene makes her a spirited and unconventional young woman who grows into an endearingly mischievous adventuress.

Trapped in the rigid society of the Dutch colonies and condemned to a life as the listless consort of a boorish husband, she escapes to a gaily depraved turn-of-the-century Paris and the relative freedom of the demi-monde. By a strong will that feeds on others' foibles, she manipulates the media into portraying her as an oriental temple dancer recently escaped from strange priestly rituals. She is courted by the most exalted artistic circles, extravagantly praised by the critics and fawned upon by the public.

Lene's performance is most successful when portraying the irresistible rise of Mata Hari — a series of chocolate-box-pretty miniatures that culminate in her Paris debut, where two newspapermen declaim the hysterical reviews over their shoulders to the audience as their camera flash-bulbs explode over Lene striking whirling dervish poses.

The second half, portraying Mata Hari's fall from fickle public favour, her ingenuous brush with German intelligence services and her eventual hopeless entanglement with the international politics of First World War Europe, is less effective. The form of the entertainment — which uses songs at crucial points of the plot — and Lene's emotional range as an actress just don't dig deep enough for what has now turned into a tragedy.

That said, *Mata Hari* is a very entertaining evening, economically designed and inventively directed so that the progression through a wide time span and an even larger spread of locations is cleverly accomplished. Les Chappell and Chris Judge Smith supply an apt, unobtrusive electronic accompaniment that's part soundtrack, part special effects. And as the cast gains confidence, what's already amusing should develop into some very funny set pieces.

Rory Edwards, Jeremy Gittins and Peter Leabourne give sprightly performances as Lene's lovers, accomplices and accusers, mainly as the different sorts of soldiers with whom Mata Hari conducted her amorous adventures. The effect of this otherwise all male cast is to make Mata Hari seem isolated and enmeshed in the rigid male hierarchy that existed before the social upheavals that followed the First and most terrible World War.

Although at first she claims her victims through their own lust and stupidity that makes them only too willing to collude in the outrageous fantasies she weaves around her public persona, the balance alters as the play progresses.

Lene casts the Bombay eyeballs on a would-be suitor.

When her more mundane circumstances stand revealed, this male world revenges itself for its own gullibility by re-inventing another dangerous and inscrutable woman. From a blatantly sexual and voluptuous libertine, Mata Hari is transformed into a confused scapegoat for the military failures of the entire French army (and it would perhaps be unwise to speculate too far on just what predatory threat to machismo she symbolically represented.)

Born out of a fertile imagination with no acceptable outlet, a passionate personality with the charmed courage that made her trust too much to her own luck or a blind innocent whose life was dictated by an infantile attention craving, Mata Hari was destroyed by the very forces that ensured she is still a byword for exotic intrigue. A classic femme fatale who was ultimately fatal only to herself.

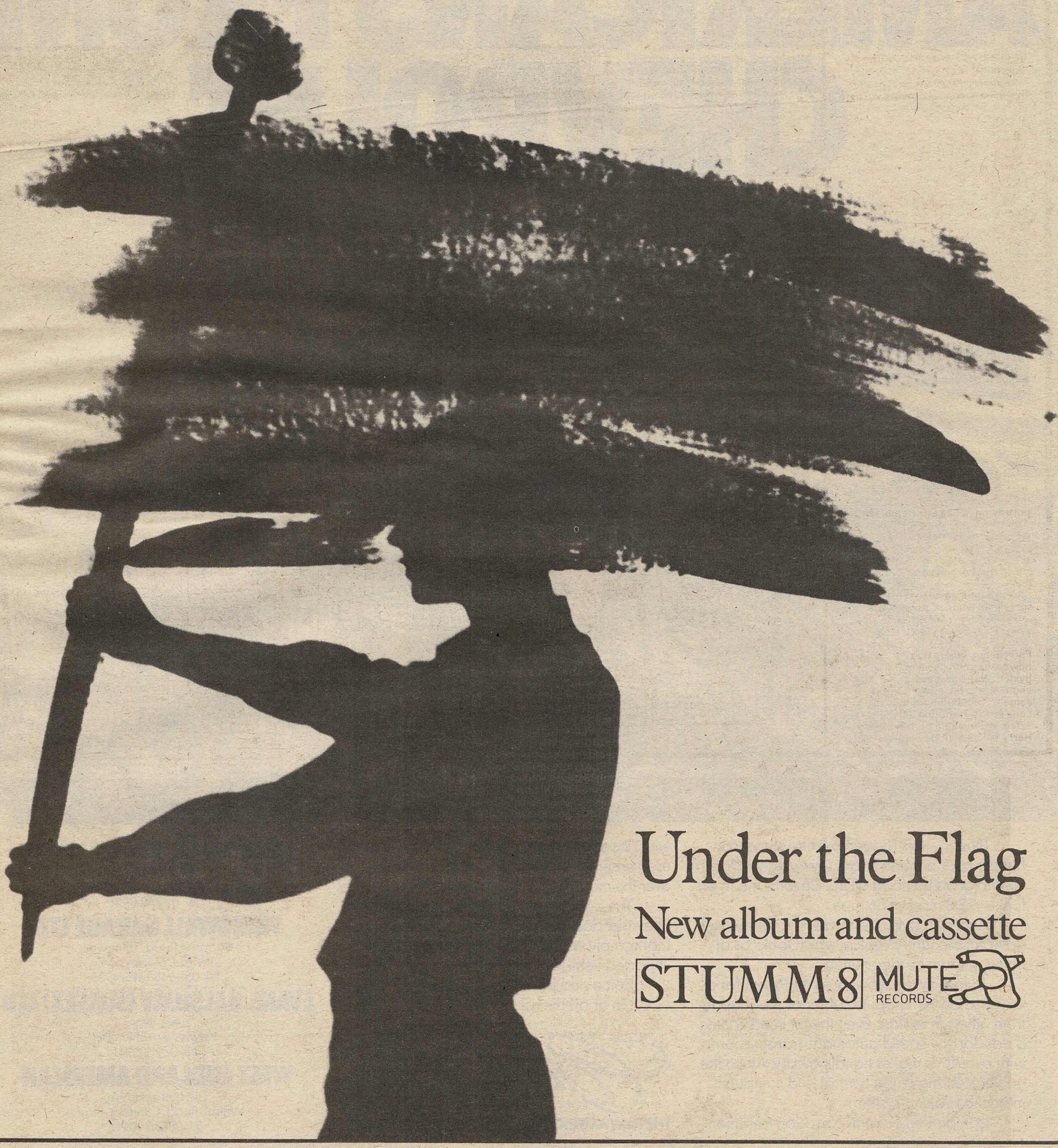
LYNN HANNA

not only rock and roll — lowry

NAIVELY, PERHAPS, MONTO HAS BECOME CONVINCED THAT HIS COUNTRY CONCEPT ALBUM-A LA RECHERCHE DU TEDS PERDU-CAN BRIDGE THE GAP BETWEEN THE GOOD OLD DAYS AND THE WORLD-WIDE 'CRISIS' OF "CAPITALISM"..
OF COURSE, IT SOUNDS BETTER WITH MY GROUP...
A&R
IT'S BRILLIANT..
ZZZZ...
ROCKY MOUNTAIN RECORDS
IS THAT NME? WE'RE SIGNING THE HILLBILLY CAT..
JESUS, I DIG YOUR BOOTS!..
REAL
SEMI
DAZZLED BY HIS SUCCESS, MONTY STROLLS THE STREETS OF TOOTING BEC...
DOWN HERE, YOU COULD SWEAR THERE WAS NO SUCH THING AS A COUNTRYWIDE RECESSION...
JOIN THE PROLETARIAN REVOLUTION, SISTER..
NO THANKS-I ALWAYS CATCH COLDS IN CROWDS.
I UNDERSTOOD LONDON WAS CRAWLING WITH BOLSHEVIKS.* THIS LOT AREN'T READY FOR COUNTRY AND WESTERN COMMUNISM...
FIRST DOUBTS
GIN
*SEE 'WHAT IS TO BE DONE'-R. ELMS.
AT THE GOLDEN COCKEREL. NIGHT CLUB.
ONSTAGE TONIGHT-MONTY AND THE MONOGAMOUS MOUNTAIN MEN!.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE POST-MONETARISTS?.
I ADORE VAN GOGH'S BLUES PERIOD..
NEXT-A LA RECHERCHE DU TENTS PERDU.

CHINA CRISIS
SEVEN INCH VS 521
NO MORE BLUE HORIZONS (FOOL FOOL FOOL)
COUPLED WITH
NO ORDINARY LOVER
TWELVE INCH VS 521 12
NO MORE BLUE HORIZONS (FOOL FOOL FOOL)
EXTENDED VERSION, COUPLED WITH
NO ORDINARY LOVER
AND
WATCHING OVER BURNING FIELDS
NO MORE BLUE HORIZONS PRODUCED BY PETER WALSH
COBH
Virgin

FAD GADGET



Under the Flag

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The all-Armenian one man riff-raff freak show

ERIC BOGOSIAN — turning New York sleaze into new performance laughter.

"HEY, HEY, Hey, Look at Me, I'm talking to you! I'm the big little guy you are so scared of! I'm the bug man. Hey, I'm on drugs. Hey, I'm on welfare. Hey, I'm drunk and I want to rape you!"

Walking in on an Eric Bogosian solo performance is the next best thing to being on the Lower East Side.

On stage, accompanied only by a tape recorder, the *enfant terrible* of the Downtown performance scene explores the madness of the everyday in a way that lets you know that he's looked at and absorbed what the rest of us prefer to pass over.

"I've always been attracted by the dangerous and the strange," he says. "I went through a disturbed period that began when I was six and ended two years ago. I only had one friend till around puberty and he used to find me about once a week and beat me up. Coming from working class roots, I always aligned myself with tough guys. I lived on 42nd Street and spent years checking out every element of sleazy New York life I could think of. I have seen a lot and it infects my work. It's interesting but it also involves a lot of pain and suffering."

When not checking out sleaze, Bogosian found time to write, direct, and perform in solo pieces and plays at venues like the Mudd Club and Danceteria, as well as the more proper confines of The Kitchen Center in Soho, and the even more proper Public Theater. One play, *Sheer Heaven*, featured an entirely Hispanic cast and was performed in Spanish. *Voices of America*, his most recent one-man piece, is a speed talking adventure through the wonderland of American radio in all its corny, noisy promotional glory.

On October 27, 28, and 29, he'll do his stuff as part of the new work from New York series at ICA on the mall.

As a kid in Boston, the lone ethnic (read Armenian) in a brawling Irish neighbourhood, Bogosian got social when he realized that he wouldn't meet any girls if he didn't talk to them first. From then on, he says, it was "Quadrophenia, scooping up pep pills and staying out all night." After Hendrix died, he listened only to jazz until punk rock started. "That's what I wanted to do," he says, "to do it loud, fast, hard, to make my show as exciting as a rock concert. I want to kill myself on stage for another ten years. Iggy can do it, why can't I?"

Abrasive, aggressive, temperamental, given to mood swings, he stomps around the stage, an insecure boy who wants to be just like dad one minute and a sadistic bully tormenting a homosexual another minute. Swarthy and curly-haired, looking disturbingly much like his hero Lenny Bruce, he somehow gets the audience laughing at his freak show of characters and voices.

"You, yo man, right here," he says in a bit from his nightmarish lounge act, *The Ricky Paul Show*. "Joints and bags, joints and bags, coke and smoke, LSD, DMT, STP, PCP, and XTC! Yo man, you got a quarter, do you know what time it is? Got a cigarette? What's a matter, yo deaf man? Yo, I'm talking to you man! (pause) Love Love Love Love Love makes the

Continues over ▸

Bogosian: "I want them to think it's funny then scary." *Pic: Paula Court*

Killing The Cortina

A NATION MOURNS —

Our motoring correspondent ALEXEI SAYLE reads the elegy.

Alexei Sayle welcomes the Sierra. Pic David Corio

"IT'LL PROBABLY be a lot more difficult to break into, but I can remember saying that about the MkIII and the MkIV!"

The object of this Balham Taking And Driving Away specialist's concern was the all new, all mod con, awe-inspiring Ford Sierra, unveiled recently before a slobbering motor press. It is the culmination of some 52 months of design and planning at a budget of one million dollars per day with the sole aim of replacing that symbol of British motoring, the Cortina.

Although the Sierra will replace the Cortina on the salesroom floor, it can never hope to touch the heart of the nation as the Cortina did in its 20 years of production. After all, how many motorists over the age of 25 can say they've never owned one? Could Ian Dury have talked convincingly about a love affair with Sarah, in the back of his Sierra? Would Tom Robinson really have wanted a grey Sierra more than anything else?

Probably not, but the person best qualified to speak about the nation's most popular car ever (4.27 million sold since 1962) has to be the man who, in his own words, "purposefully never learnt to drive so as to devote his life to the objective study of the motor car"! The gentleman in the pork pie hat, Mr Alexei Sayle!

"The Cortina died with the introduction of the MkIV, it's just taken them until now to bury it!

"That was a phenomenally dull car. The MkIII, for me, was the definitive Cortina, after that Ford lost it, they replaced simple intuition with computer programming, aiming at the middle management Euro-exec living in Basildon, rather than the ordinary bloke with a bit of spare cash in his pocket."

When the Cortina line started rolling, the car's vaguely American and rakish appearance seemed to have been developed from aesthetic indulgence and guesswork as to what the public actually wanted — the result incorporated as much of Detroit's affluence/arrogance as possible within a package of European practicality.

After the change Sayle spoke of, and even more so now, the object of the laser/computer technology was no longer to satisfy Joe Public taking the wife and kids "down to the coast", or even a couple of the lads out for "a bit of fun" on a Friday night, but to meet with the approval of the Fleet Manager. For it is he, quite regardless of the fact that he drives a Merc or a BMW, that Ford's design team consulted at every step of the Sierra's realisation.

And, as if to repay a consideration shown, it will be he who will buy 80 per cent of the little beggars as they roll off the production line under the dubious slogan "The man/machine relationship has never been this close!"

Truly a Company Car.

"That's it," continued Sayle, "any notions of youth have nothing to do with it any more — plus the fact they won't be able to afford it. Now that the affluence of the '60s has gone, Ford know that only firms will be able to buy it, so there definitely won't be any 'Alright John, got a Sierra!'. The company probably doesn't even like the idea that people should form any sort of affection for it!"

However, Sayle firmly believes that, like old soldiers and old hippies, old Fords will never die — they'll just lose their bearings. (Did I really say that?)

"They'll live on, there's no doubt about that. I mean mini-cab drivers will always use dodgy motors! You know, the bloke with 20 Rothmans and 'Trafalgar Square? Where's that?' 15 years from now you'll still be seeing Cortinas going the wrong way up one way streets!"

So this isn't really a 'good-bye' at all, more an 'I'll see you around'. Did Alexei have a good word to say about the Sierra? Did it have even one good point?

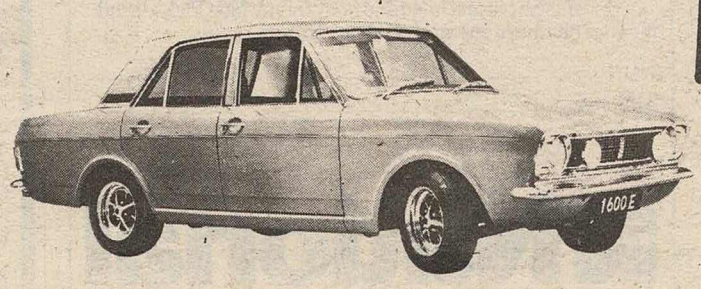
"Well, I can see it being handy in South London bank hold-ups! It's a hatchback y'see, so to save all that shaggin' about with the doors and the front seat and all that, they can just fold the back seats down first, open the hatch, sling the loot in and dive in after it! That's got to be an advantage!"

Hmmm, about the best place to leave you, but before I go, if you see any Ford Sierras outside your local Nat West with the rear seats down and the hatch back up, remember, we'd like to hear from you here at The Yard.

Goodnight all, keep 'em peeled!

"BACK SEAT" LLOYDIE "RACEY"
RICK CHISWICK

MkI



MkII

SIERRA

Freak show

From previous page

world go round! Who knows the meaning of love?"

Frequently accused of being gross, Bogosian has a ready answer for those who find fault with his obsession with riff raff. "I get criticised for my characters being negative subjects, being dark and so forth," he says in his well modulated voice. "I don't want it to be cute. If a bum is actually a funny thing, it would be retro. I want them to think it's funny, then scary. The fringe world questions the rules of bourgeois society. It's scary. It has to make you think about your own life. I can't compromise my work. I can't do it. I can't leave out certain things or the entire work would collapse."

Lately he's been kicking around the question, What is evil? Perhaps he's made a pact with the devil in exchange for the answer. "No," he says, "I haven't found the answer yet. But I'm working on it, on the issue of the transcendent qualities of evil — negative values — and how they place themselves in our minds. Evil can be a route to that. If people say 'that's bad,' I say, 'fuck you, that's life'."

—DAVID HERSHKOVITS

RUDOLF THE RED NOSED GREEN

Rudolf Bahro, East and West German political radical, comes to test England's unpleasant land. Is the grasp all that Greener on the other side of the wall? Contradictions plotted by Peter Culshaw.

AS THE 9.30 pulled out of Kings Cross, Rudolf Bahro pointed above his seat and said "We are going to pull the communication cord on the industrial system." None of the other passengers actually spluttered into their *Financial Times*. The soberly dressed, bespectacled Bahro doesn't look like a bona fide ex-East German dissident. He seems such a nice man to hold such subversive views.

Bahro became known in the West when his critique of the Communist bloc *The Alternative In Eastern Europe* was published in 1977. The authorities were not amused and clapped him in jail for an eight year stretch for 'espionage'. After an international campaign to get him freed, he was expelled from the GDR two years later and is now living in Bremen in West Germany. Instead of joining some obscure Marxist sect, as many expected, Bahro immediatley threw his lot in with the newly formed Green party.

Were it not for his experience of East and West, and his prominent position with the Greens, he could, perhaps, be dismissed as a political crank. But the rise of the Greens ("A minor miracle" — *The Sunday Times)* has meant that, although running at only 10% of the vote, they will probably hold the balance of power after the next national elections between the conservative CDU and the old left SPD. This in the most industrialised country in Europe, and NATO's front line. "We are the centre of the cyclone," says Bahro. The Establishment is getting rattled — in the day after the Hesse local elections, where the Greens clocked in at 8%, billions of marks were wiped off the German Stock exchange.

Bahro's approach to unemployment is, well, *different,* from both the traditional left and right — he believes that "the abolition of at least half the work now performed must take unquestioned precedence over the demand for full employment". The Greens hold that most work is alienating, uncreative, destructive in its endless ravaging of resources, patriarchal, and ruthlessly exploitative of the Third World; in a word "deadly".

So won't that leave a lot of people on the streets? Bahro won't be drawn as to exactly what his alternatives are — any blueprint might smack of Stalin's five year plans — but he does say that the Greens will divert funds from the nuclear industry, from armaments and the subsidies being used to prop up the old industries (cars, shipbuilding, etc) into "socially-useful production", creative work and small communities and small industries where people are able to have a say in running their work. Being decentralists, different Green groups have different priorities — the Hamburg Greens, for example, are particularly keen on abolishing the police.

So who are the Greens? An apoplectic Bavarian right-winger was pleased to call them "a bunch of commies, nut-cutlet freaks and poofs of no consequence". In fact, they are a maverick crew of anarchists, feminists, utopians, animal liberationists, plus some old style conservatives who don't like the forests being uprooted and have an aversion to concrete.

What does Bahro think of the Labour Party in the UK — won't they at least try to disarm? "Socialist parties always say they will disarm in opposition." Bahro met Tony Benn recently and told him that Labour "should abandon their traditional union with industrialism". The message fell on deaf ears.

Unsurprisingly, he is dismissive of the Social Democrats — "an average between two failures".

If the Green's policy for Germany to disarm, leave NATO and the EEC were implemented, wouldn't there be a danger of Russian aggression? "If the American forces left Western Europe, the Russians would have to leave Eastern Europe, their legitimation for being there would disappear."

With the Greens' and Bahro's utopian vision and emotional style, and talk of "a new era for Europe", "smash the concrete monstrosities" and "the people's will", there are those who have compared them to the Nazis. But the radical pacifism and feminism of the Greens could hardly be compared to fascism. "It is true, however, that we are the first popular political movement in Germany since the War," Bahro comments.

Bahro now shares a flat with his 20 year old son Andrej who came with him from the GDR, and who works for a street theatre group, circles the A when he signs his name, a la Crass, and often brings round his punky friends. They represent those with a healthy distrust of political parties, up to now politically dispossesed, but many of them now voting Green.

Despite the peace loving nature of the Greens in general, this branch aren't above some 'creative violence' within the compounds of a nuclear power station, for example.

Although Bahro blames industrialism for everything from cancer to crime, he doesn't have a sacred cow approach to the law. He might not go out spray painting with his son, but he wouldn't want to ban them. "Andrej tells me," says Bahro, "you can't change people's minds fast enough by speeches and writing."

It's of course possible that the Greens will be co-opted into an alliance with the SPD, where they can all cosily hold hands under the IMF duvet, but not if Bahro and Andrej have anything to do with it.

Why did Bahro think the Green Movement was slow getting off the ground in the UK? "Every country has its own tempo."

If PR comes in, of course, then the Ecos would be transformed overnight. Bahro's hunch is that we will see an activist Green movement springing up here in the next year or two — a hunch I'd back after a visit to the 'Green Gathering' this summer in Somerset where 4,000 or so mainly non-aligned Greens got together — things were undoubtedly, if creakily and uncertainly, starting to *move.* "Don't forget that the parties are the most conservative element in the Green movement," Bahro reminded the Eco delegates.

The presence of people like Bahro in the Green movement means ecology is finally shaking off its dippy earth shoes and brown rice image.

As we left, Rudolf the red-nosed Green looked serious for a moment "my hope is that, with Germany's unhappy past, we will be able to make a positive contribution to European history."

Why are you an optimist, Rudolf? "Because I do not think that the worst possible outcome is necessarily the most likely."

— PETER CULSHAW

('Socialism and Survival' is published by Heretic Books at £6.95)

Rudolf Bahro, eco-optimist

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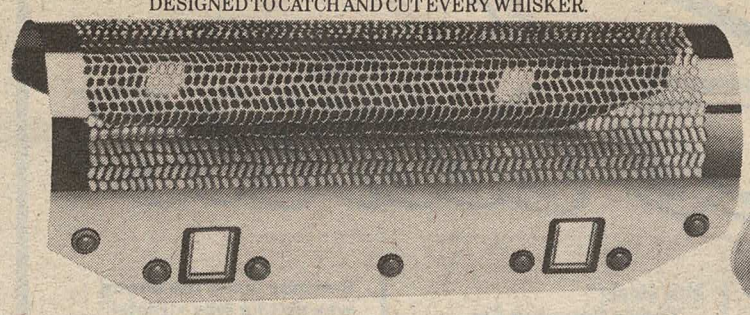

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"Peachy" Melba Moore

MOORE'S CODE

AT ABOUT eleven o'clock in the morning, Melba Moore looks a lot perkier than she ought to, considering she was up until two being snapped at the Camden Palace in the dubious company of Steve Strange and Boy George!

That's what she's like though — agreeable.She was asked to do this interview and she agreed.

Melba Moore — who readers that don't mind admitting an interest in the '70s disco boom will remember for her genre classics 'Pick Me Up, I'll Dance' and 'This Is It' — seems to have been an unwitting victim of her own agreeableness for about the last four years. Until the release of her current single, the upwardly mobile 'Love's Coming At Ya', her recording career has suffered at the hands of a series of Celebrity Producers, that US phenomenon that is beginning to take root in England. Pete Bellotte (part of the force behind early Donna Summer), Van McCoy, McFadden and Whitehead have all tried to revive their own sagging careers at the expense of her albums, while she sat back and agreed.

"This type of material is the type that I feel happiest with, it's the easy to get on with, musically simplified stuff that I've been trying to get back to," she explains.

"When the disco thing died out, I practically had to start all over again, and that meant getting involved with things that weren't quite right, but had to be done. I personally prefer the productions to be more open and simple, when the people I was working with used much fuller orchestrations. I seem to have spent my entire recording career trying to scale these productions down to where the finished products sounds less cluttered!

"It's difficult trying to explain that to recording executives who don't really know what to do with you and definitely don't listen to you, until you've had a hit — and you're not likely to have a hit until you get the right production and material! You just have to agree . . . and wait."

This vicious circle has been broken by her latest offering, which together with its guardian album 'The Other Side Of The Rainbow' is right in the aerobically orientated, big beat groove of Shalamar and the like which has swept out of the Pineapple Studio, through every high street disco and into the national Top Twenty.

Apart from her easy-going nature, another reason for Ms Moore to bide her time so patiently is that making records has become something of a secondary career. In the US she is quite a famous actress, both on the small screen and the stage.

"Over the last few years, I've become much better known for my acting than my music, even though, in comparison, I've not really done much.

"I never did any kind of acting training, but I landed a part in *Hair,* and went straight from there to do the lead in *Purlie* (a big Broadway hit), which won me several national drama awards. That led to TV parts, and hosting a syndicated arts series for PBS-TV, which deals with all aspects from Picasso to contemporary ballet. It's very interesting!"

The two different avenues do not pose any problems, as she is quite content to take life as it comes, changing direction if things stop moving.

"I never really had any aspirations to act, but since I've been doing it I've found I'm quite good at it and enjoy it a great deal. I love recording and I love television too, so I don't really mind what I do . . . I'm just enamoured with show business, and want to do it all!"

It's nice to know that she's got her back covered in case disco music dies on her again, because people as 'nice' as this in the US entertainment world are pretty few and far between — and anyone who can still smile after a night at the Camden Palace deserves some sort of reward.

—LLOYD BRADLEY

THIS IS YOUR CAPTION SPEAKING

WISH YOU were deep instead of just macho? Want to stop the jukebox of eternity and spin out? Feel stranded out there on the quiff of eternity? No prob, Bob you just need a Biff roundabout the old brainbox.

Biff Products Ltd (badges, postcards, T-shirts, cartoons, etc, as reported last year in NME) are put out by two friends: Leicestershire-born underground press vet Mick Kidd and Devonian Chris Garrett. This week they've unleashed a slim collection of their unique graphics into the publishing maelstrom, under the title of The Essential BIFF.

The book costs £2.95 and is the work of Pavement Press, a new company created by Chris Render of Compendium Books. And if you've got a keen take on fads of the ME decade, inner dialogues, the free lunch, the age of the teenager, seminal hippy cliches, Socratic dialogue, lit crit, B/C/D-movies, summer romance, truth and megalomania it's worth every penny. BIFF's "deconstructed scenarios" ('non-hierarchical', 'non-sexist', 'non-racist' and 'non-aligned') are utterly hilarious.

Pavement Press can be contacted via Box 10, 234 Camden High St, London NW1 and The Essential BIFF can be found in better bookstores from this week.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

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30 BIRMINGHAM, Odeon.
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1 BANGOR, University.
3 EDINBURGH, Playhouse.
4 LIVERPOOL, Royal Court Theatre.
5 SHEFFIELD, Lyceum.
6 BRADFORD, University.
8 LONDON, Dominion.
9 WARWICK, Arts Theatre.
10 NOTTINGHAM, Rock City.
11 LOWESTOFT, Leisure Complex.
12 NORWICH, UEA.
14 POOLE, Arts Centre.
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DETROIT

MARSHALL CRENSHAW: The Usual Thing (Warner Bros)
Actually the flipside of 'Someday, Someway' but the better song, Marshall Crenshaw borrows the riff of Chuck Berry's 'Rock & Roll Music' to sing with the kind of joy and energy unheard since the demise of The Everley Brothers and even achieving something of Don and Phil's sound with its multitracked vocal. Might this be the herald of some American renaissance?

LEYTON

MODERN ROMANCE: Best Years Of Our Lives (WEA)
All fizz and little substance is the formula for this infectious, zestful, salsa spiced follow up to 'Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White' and marks the vinyl debut of Michael J Mullins who replaces founder Geoffrey Deane. Like its predecessor the song wears out its welcome after a few hearings, but in the meantime a hit.

JAMAICA

JOHNNY OSBOURNE: Yo Yo (Oak Sound)
GREGORY ISAACS: Cool Down The Pace (Island)
If not for the likelihood that cynical eyebrows would be raised at the notion of Reel offering up reggae releases as single of the week, then either of these two would certainly qualify, as both are infinitely superior to anything else on offer, of greater musical merit and better sung. The Johnny Osbourne title is a masterful little ditty from an accomplished vocalist, the preface of which — *"Oh boy! I really don't like it. I'm telling you man"* — has already become something of a catchphrase. He rides the Cornel Campbell 'Boxing' rhythm to exploit the same theme of flirtatious girlfriend: *"the milkman, the mailman, the butcher man too. . ."* Mr Isaacs sings in customary seductive style a track taken from his 'Night Nurse' LP remixed with a lengthy instrumental intro and issued on 10". A quality item.

DUDLEY, WEST MIDLANDS

UB40: Tyler (Graduate)
An underhand move by Graduate, belatedly issuing UB40's best ever tune *"Tyler is guilty, white judges said so"* following the group's decampment to Dep Int. I'm not sure whether the 'Tyler' referred to is present *NME* journalist "Red" Andrew, former *NME* journalist "Big" Tony, 'Fool Em Devil' orchestra leader Jimmy, revolting peasant Wat or pioneer of the continental walk Lennie.

CROYDON

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE: Croydon (A&M)
I said what? Eccentric autobiographical account of the good Captain's college days at South Norwood Tech and employment in Fairfield Hall cleaning toilets. Dumb, endearing and disposable.

DERBY

ANTI-PASTI: Caution In The Wind (Rondelet)
Pick of the punx. Crisp, incisive production driven by a whipcord snare, featuring lasagne guitar and vermicelli vocals declaiming *"there's a caution in the wind in the bombs of '54. The British submarine beneath the valley floor."* As for the *entree*. . .

NEW FETTER LANE

THE MEKONS: This Sporting Life (CNT)
SPORTING LIFE: Save The Children (Crash)
The lightly recorded Mekons could be the answer to a tricky event. Favourites when runners-up with 'Where Were You' to Scars' 'Horrorshow' in a Fast chase during the 1978 season, The Mekons also ran a decent third to prag VEC in a novice hurdle at Uttoxeter.

Dropped to selling company in Cambridge last time, they were a first-flight faller, but on their best form would have a bright chance here.

Nick Battle and Simon Humphrey as Sporting Life were lightly weighted when writing the successful Techno Twins single 'Falling In Love Again' at Chepstow last time but will find it a different proposition under handicap here, although they are a consistent pair of composers who are sure to give it a good try.

BRAZIL

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK: Carioca (Virgin)
Lightweight but mildly pleasant Latin lilt which improves upon repeated hearing and crescendos to something almost approaching excitement on its flipside reprise.

LEICESTER

WHITESNAKE: Here I Go Again (Liberty)
Whenever that bastion of public tastelessness Capital radio compiles its list of the best singles ever made, the upper reaches of the chart are invariably occupied by huge epics such as 'I'm Not In Love', 'Bridge Over Troubled Waters', 'Bohemian Rhapsody', 'Nights In White Satin', etc. This latest Whitesnake waxing is a kind of lesser variation on the same dramatic, full-blooded theme, with the singer — *"just another heart in need of whisky"* — prevaricating on his desperate and intensely lonely state. Ponderous, pompous and in no way pleasant, it is nonetheless almost admirable in a kind of perverse fashion. A hit.

LIVERPOOOL

ELLERY BOP: We Deny (Base Ideas)
THE ICICLE WORKS: Nirvana (Troll Kitchen)
COOK DA' BOOKS: Rich Men Don't (Kite)
GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS: Ferry 'Cross The Mersey (Columbia)
Current reflection concerning the Merseybeat sound on its 20th anniversary is how the mighty have fallen and great the fall thereof. The trio of contemporary contenders under review here suffer from a pronounced thump thump drum sound and over serious approach, with Ellery Bop from former Prime Minister Harold Wilson's constituency of Huyton marginally the better of the three, on account of providing something resembling a tune. The Icicle Works debut would not be out of place on Charly's psychedelic various artists 'Not Just Beat Music' LP, which is in no way meant as a compliment, while Cook Da' Books are merely forgettable.

My scouse flatmate became extremely maudlin when I played him 'Ferry 'Cross The Mersey' last week, though I doubt if I'd have been similarly moved, even if it was titled 'Ferry 'Cross At Woolwich'. Gerry may have sung the Anfield anthem 'You'll Never Walk Alone', but I could never find it in my heart to love the stunted midget overmuch.

BERKHAMSTEAD

CHRIS FARLOWE: Let The Heartaches Begin (CBS)
You thought you was a clever chap flogging your Gestapo crap. You can't come back with a lousy Long John Baldry riff. You're obsolete Chris Farlowe, my poor old-fashioned nasty. I said baby, baby, baby you're out of time.

BIRMINGHAM

THE NIGHTINGALES: Which Hi-Fi? (Cherry Red)
Working within the amateurish confines of John Peel session-style music, The Nightingales nevertheless contrive to offer something a bit different on this four track 12" EP. Musically crude and repetitive, the saving grace of these light winged dryads of the trees is a singer who sounds as if he has plenty to say and says plenty. Indeed, the lyrics come tumbling forth in confused profusion, throwaway lines like, *"when is a bus not a bus? When it turns into a street"*, *"I don't want to hear the ballad of Mott The Hoople"* and even *"it's my party and I'll cry if I want to"*. Unlimited scope for improvement.

LUTON

THE STARGAZERS: Tossin' 'n' Turnin' (Epic)
Insomniac novelty item originally recorded more than two decades ago by R&B shouter Bobby Lewis for a huge US hit and equally huge UK flop, faithfully desecrated here.

SWEDEN

THE RUDE KIDS: Nar Sommaren Hittat Till Stan (Smash)
THE RUDE KIDS: Palisades Park (Smash)
Further desecration, this time of Freddy Cannon's paean to America's most famous amusement park. Not the most wonderful tune even in its original form, choose here between indifferent English and Swedish lyric both.

CHELSEA

MARCEL: I've Been A Bad Bad Boy (Red Bus)
Mike Leander composition on a theme previously wrought to superior effect by Shane Fenton for 'I'm A Moody Guy' and proving why Marcel, "hailed as the face of '83", presently remains the backside of '82.

HADES

HAYSI FANTAYZEE: Holy Joe (Regard)
Excruciating vacuous noise utterly without merit.

BRISTOL

MARK STEWART + MAFIA: Jerusalem (On U Sound)
Anarchic cut up rendition of William Blake's hymn given ravaged utterance by the anguished former Pop Group vocalist and a backing group of London based reggae musicians. This is actually a very dangerous lyric to transcribe in any manner, as it can and has been construed to have definite fascistic overtones. A salad restaurant calling itself Green And Pleasant Land recently opened in foul Covent Garden and currently advertises itself as putting the backbone back in the British Empire.

Mr Stewart is no stormtrooper but a nice engaging man who contrives to treat Blake's lyric in the spirit the poet intended, as upliftment, even though I was obliged to leave the hall when I saw his Pop Group onstage at Manchester once, such was the cacophony of their presence. This Adrian Sherwood production is a challenge, uncompromising and difficult, but not without a certain vigorous depth among these dark, satanic mills.

BARNET

ONE PLUS ONE: Autumn Leaves (R&B)
A melody from the French and big hit for Roger Williams circa 1955 here rendered as cocktail muzak in the shallow Shakatak style by Imagination writers/producers Tony Swain and Steve Jolley. It's just an illusion.

GARY, INDIANA

MICHAEL JACKSON / PAUL McCARTNEY: The Girl Is Mine (Epic)
Ebony and ivory engage together in imperfect rivalry for the affections of Johnny Osbourne's yo-yo on this latest Simon & Garfunkel single. Limpid orchestration, soaring strings, cloying lyrics are collated in an embarrassment of mock antagonism. *"Michael, we're not gonna fight about this. Okay?"* says one. *"Paul, I think I told you I'm a lover not a fighter,"* returns the other. Free plastic bags provided for the queasy with the first ten million copies sold.

CORK

MICRODISNEY: Hello Rascals (Kabuki)
Caledonian duo Cathal Coughlan and Sean O'Hagan deliver dirge, the brevity of which is its outstanding virtue.

SLOUGH

PUSH: My Heart (Excaliber)
Pleasant though plain item of British funk enlivened by some rippling guitar sequence midway through its course, but which suffers from that empty sound endemic of the genre. Danceworthy, derivative and ultimately dull.

LYTHAM ST ANNES

THE ROY HARPER BAND: No-One Ever Gets Out Alive (Public Recordings)
Still convoluted after all these years, Roy Harper paraphrases a line of Jim Morrison's to beg the question *"can you imagine TV in heaven . . . Elvis and Jesus on Johnny Carson?"* and other trite utterances. The flipside is called 'Casualty' and was recorded live at this year's Glastonbury Festival, which information bespeaks volumes.

JAPAN

SANDII & THE SUNSETZ: Dreams Of Immigrants (Sire)
Hybrid single remarking a theme greatly beloved of the reggae fraternity when in full Pan-African flow, with some inspired instances and the odd flash of vivid vocal from Sandii: all finally marred by a heavy-handed rock production.

"It is too often with the Title of Books, as with those painted representations exhibited by the keepers of wild beasts; where, in general, the picture itself is made more striking and inviting to the eye, than the enclosed animal is always found to be." Such is the conclusion of bookish commentator Isaac Disraeli, father to English Prime Minister Benjamin, and such the case here.

VALENTINES PARK

SMALL FACES: Lazy Sunday (Immediate)
A legacy of perhaps half-a-dozen spirited singles is the contribution to mankind exacted by the Small Faces, each a screaming pisstake, and lead singer Steve Marriott one of the most vicious little brats ever to commit his petulant voice to record. On 'Lazy Sunday' it cuts like ice, retaining its vibrancy even now. Search out also 'Tin Soldiers', 'Itchycoo Park' and 'Here Comes The Nice'.

NEW YORK

VELVET UNDERGROUND: Heroin/Venus in Furs / I'm Waiting For The Man / Run, Run, Run (MGM)
TELEVISION PERSONALITIES: Three Wishes (Whaam!)
Vital in their day, these recordings of Velvet Underground now come across mostly as diseased and irresponsible vacuities, though Lou Reed's *"first thing you learn is that you always got to wait"* line from 'The Man' remains true to this day in the matter of illegal transactions. The latest object of producer Andy Warhol's depravity TV Personalities, unlike Reed, have absolutely nothing to say.

Come in mister Pop Art your 15 minutes are up.

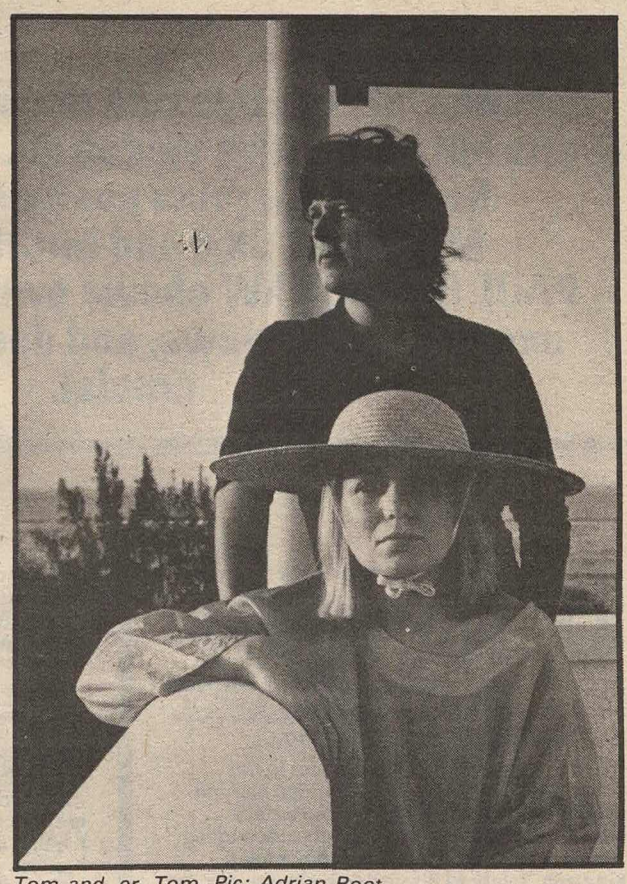
SINGLES

OUTERNATIONALLY YOURS
PENNY REEL

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

SOUTH ACTON

HOWARD WERTH: 4D Man (Metabop)
Prescribing codes of conduct directed at bits of the anatomy instead of the whole being is now rejected by a number of forward-thinking cardiologists. Positively encouraged by this development, former Audience vocalist Werth relates his experiences in Gunnersbury Park and discovers *"I'm a 4D man living in a 3D plan"* by way of a set of equally daft lyrics. Bold orchestrated sound relieved by acoustic guitar accompaniment, Howard sings in a catch break voice loaded with conviction and sincerity, filtered through the inspiration of Brett Ansell. Unashamedly rockist nonsense.



Tom and, er, Tom. Pic: Adrian Boot

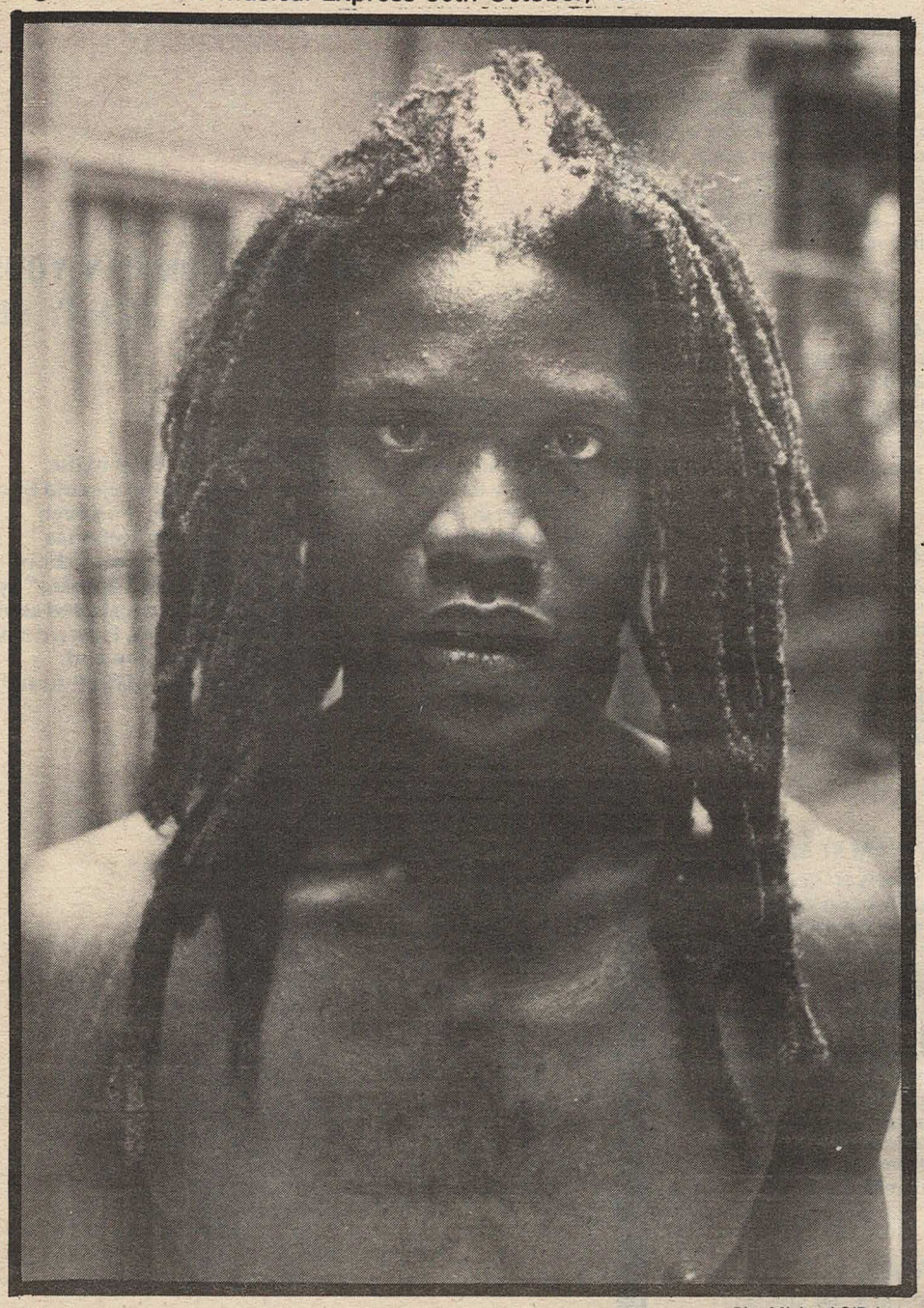
REISSUE OF THE WEEK

NASSAU

TOM TOM CLUB: Genius Of Love (Island)
Originally released last year and reactivated here on account of Tom Tom Club's chart exposure with 'Under The Boardwalk' and Island's continued faith in the record. Personally, I find the Club's vocals slightly irritating and prefer the 'It's Nasty' cut of this sturdy rhythm. Nevertheless, reissue of the week.

PLAYLIST

STEREOS: Big Knock (MGM)
TOMMY MAKEM: My Father Loves Nikita Kruschev (Polydor)
BROOK BENTON & DINAH WASHINGTON: Rocking Good Way (Mercury)
DELACARDOS: Hold Back The Tears (HMV)
VAN MORRISON: St Dominic's Preview (Warners)
HYMIE GALINSKY: Meshuggeh Goy (Egg Stores)
RAL DONNER: I Didn't Figure On Him To Come Back (Parlophone)
THE LAFAYETTES: Life's Too Short (RCA)
DERMOT O'BRIEN: Merry Ploughboy (Release)
THE CAPRIS: There's A Moon Out Tonight (Columbia)
NATHANIEL MAYER AND THE FABULOUS TWILIGHTS: Village Of Love (HMV)
HANK BALLARD AND THE MIDNIGHTERS: What Is This I See? (Parlophone)



Mutabaruka Pic: Michael O'Brian

DUB

POETS OF THE EIGHTIES

Michael Smith Pic: Adrian Boot

Jamaica '82: the DJs rule the nation's charts and hearts but alternative voices are making themselves heard in the roots poetry of artists like MUTABARUKA and MICHAEL SMITH. PAUL BRADSHAW chews over the muse in two exclusive interviews, and declares the matter crucial.

ONE OF the high points of this summer's Reggae Sunsplash festival was the performance of Mutabaruka. His poetry provided an oasis of powerful, vibrant lyricism and some swingeing attacks on Jamaican society at all levels.

Muta lives high in the mountains in the Potosi District overlooking Montego Bay and spends little time in Kingston, but as luck would have it at the end of an afternoon idling and sweating in the 94° heat of downtown Kingston, I sighted his distinctive figure emerge from Chancery Lane.

A dark, stocky, barefooted and shirtless dreadlocks, Muta is easily identifiable by a conspicuous forelock of white hair as striking as the white streak that flashed in the beard of late great spiritual tenor player Albert Ayler.

Muta is an articulate and off the shoulder 29 year old who lives and breathes Rastafari, and as we sit in the service alley behind the High Times record store he's quick to inform me that few of the interviews he's given have been printed. A controversial figure, his poems won't have won him many friends amongst the international dread set; at Sunsplash he dedicated his forthcoming disco 45 'Drug Culture' to all those dreads who "use their nose as vacuum cleaner". Muta is not impressed with the superstar living of some reggae artists, seeing it purely as a projection of "locks and 'erbs" with little else on offer. He insists that it is spiritual purity and consciousness — "the Livity of I and I" — that must be put forward now.

Strong words, but then Mutabaruka does not regard himself as a reggae artist. Reggae is his medium, a way to reach the people, just as his poetry is a tool "like how a man has a gun or a machete or a fork".

Growing up in poverty in Kingston, it is some 14 years since he first put pen to paper as a response to both the seeming irrelevance of the English literature taught at school and the emergence of the black power movement. "In them days we were revolutionary a way and bitter within certain vibes."

Swing magazine, once JA's premier music mag, published Muta's first poems in 1973 in a volume called *Outcry* and in '76 he jointly published, with Fabian Miranda, *Sun And Moon*. Both volumes were reprinted as *Mutabaruka — The First Poems* last year and he is enthusiastic about the book's reception with it being used in schools and for Jamaica's Festival.

From the early days Muta did readings and set his poems to music — he recounts his involvement with Jamaican percussionist Larry MacDonald, who has since worked with Taj Mahal and Gill Scott Heron.

Last year he teamed up with Earl 'Chinna' Smith, the high priest of reggae guitar, to produce a dramatic reworking of an old poem entitled 'Every A Ear De Soun', and what an evocative platter of dub poetry it turned out to be. It surfaced on a 7" single in Britain and despite a limited distribution established Mutabaruka as a poetic force alongside Oku Onuora and Mikey Smith.

The aim, says Muta, is to fuse the reader with the listener; giving the ghetto youth the impetus to check out a book and the middle class poetry reader an inroad into reggae music. He rejects the label of 'dub poet', seeing it as potentially limiting, as he has poetry which uses neither reggae nor dub.

Neither does Muta like to be categorised with the DJs. He is particularly scathing about their "down grading women" through "slackness" and considers that most DJs are hooked on gimmicks and looking only for rhyme.

"I can't deal with that," he says emphatically. "We a deal with a work. We a deal with words. We a deal with certain things that if you not writing poetry then you'd pick up a gun. But you know that you can't win with a gun right now so you have to raise the consciousness of the people by using the word. The word is power; politicians use the word, preachers use the word. I feel we can generate a certain interest in terms of the liberation struggle in South Africa or what's takin' place in England right now just as Linton Kwesi Johnson is doing. Linton is doing a great work."

LKJ's activities on the political front with the Race Today collective are well known, but political activism for Muta is an ism which generates little enthusiasm.

"I is not a politician. I'm not a Marxist or a capitalist. I feel that black people can't use another man's ideology to free themselves. African people must use African influences to free themselves.

"Right now is a crisis we face. We are a people not even at the bottom of the pyramid, we are under the pyramid. We have to deal with our own house before we can relate to that wider universality."

MUTA'S growing reputation has led him to perform in Cuba alongside Jimmy Cliff and more recently Nigeria with Steel Pulse. He and the Handsworth posse are very close — "coming like a big family" — and though the tour was marred by bad organisation Muta performed with Fela and met both the Ju Ju King, Sunny Ade and Sonny 'Fire In Soweto' Okuson. The African experience was invigorating and educational and the reception contrasted sharply with an LA audience who were outraged at a Mutabaruka, dressed in rags and performing a poem called 'It Nah Good To Live In A White Man Country Too Long'.

"Some of the white people in the audience were not too broad minded about that poem which, as a matter of fact, was motivated by Linton's 'Inglan Is A Bitch'.

"My reasoning is that there's a lot of black people in England saying, England is no good, and yet they're still trying to be British. Now, I don't see black youth surviving in Britain, because you are a minority and history does

not teach that the minority will ever govern, especially when you are suppressed."

Mutabaruka's humanity and insight into the survivalism of Jamaica's sufferers is vividly projected in his 'Hard Times Love' and the stunning 'Wid Me Lickle Butta Pan', a story of the down and outs, or "mad people" as they're labelled in JA, who dress in rags or go naked, are found lying by the roadside or seen walking nowhere in particular and who always carry a tin which once held cheese, called a 'butter pan', for cooking or water. The poem was first performed at the Belle Vue mental hospital.

"We decide to present it visually, so we tek slides of the people walking the streets and also the Salvation Army late at night giving them food. Well, bwoy I put myself inside that man deh and show them it's not he that mek the bigger society stink, but if you check the bigger, wider society is a bigger Belle Vue out deh, 'cause this man don't trouble nobody . . . *'A jus me one travel de lan' wid me lickle butta pan an' dem nah understan'. . .*"

From the pressures of ghetto life to its ironies — as reflected in his *"A siddung pon de wall a watch im a watch me"* — Mutabaruka's poetry demands no more than the title of his forthcoming album suggests — 'Check It'.

THE SOUNDS of Count Ossie and The Mystic Revelation of Rastafari rise and fall on the slight breeze across the Red Hills valley where Michael Smith sits in the shade, nursing a Red Stripe.

He is tall, slim 'n' dread, with a distinctive limp and a serious expression which breaks often into a broad grin and wicked laughter.

A dramatic and electrifying performer, Mikey has matured considerably since the release of his classic 'Mi Cyaan Believe It' in '78. Now his Linton Kwesi Johnson produced LP is about to be released along with his first volume of poetry and a forthcoming BBC2 *Arena* documentary.

Meanwhile he has represented Jamaica at Carifesta, taken a course at the School of Drama, and consistently carried his poetry into the community through readings in youth clubs.

He talks fluently and rapidly, ever willing to reflect on the culture out of which his poetry is born or reason about alternatives to Jamaica's partisan party politics, which resulted in 800 deaths during the last election. He is more guarded about himself.

Growing up in Jones Town, in Western Kingston, he started writing around the age of 13, inspired by his immediate surroundings, "the contradictions within the system, the tribalism, the bombings, the bad housing . . .". Like many other youths he suffered what he describes as "tenement instability", moving from one yard to another, from town to country and back again. Mikey Smith was raised "ghetto style" but qualified this comment as quickly as he'd made it.

"When I say ghetto style I don't want it confused with any damn romanticism. There is a tendency within the press to feel that one of the basic characteristics of a reggae artist should be ghetto, along with herbs and Rasta, and nothin' nuh go so. If you are oppressed and dispossessed you will naturally react to the social injustice around you, whether you are Rasta, semi-dread or baldhead."

The "corner culture" of downtown Kingston and the harsh realities of a subsistence, growing up in yards "which part everybody think dem better off then de other" forms the cornerstone of his writing and he recognises in Kingston's "bend-down-plazas", lined with higglers and vendors, a society in crisis. Deliverance' as promised by Prime Minister Eddie 'CIA-ga' Seaga is not at hand.

"It's jus' limited perceptions of progress. The Government's new thrust for tourism means more tourists come, more hotels go up and as far as they're concerned that's progress . . . 'Deliverance' as such. Jamaica is becoming a pawn of the United States; you walk through Jamdown and it's hamburger and ice cream stands— Crazy Jim or Kreemy King — everyone's 'getting' down."

With deep roots in Jamaica's oral tradition, Smith's poetry combines militant concern with a fascination for different styles of communication; from the DJ at the sound system dance to the rhetoric of the preacher of the politician, from proverbs, riddles or nursery rhymes to the inspirational example of the Pink And Black store in downtown Orange Street where, from inside the store, a man would chant, *"Come een, come een, come buy-up, buy-up; but no come een an tief-up, tief-up, for we beat-up, beat-up."*

His fascination with Jamaican creole and its rhythmic patterns correspond to a deep respect for Louise Bennett aka Miss Lou, Jamaican folklorist and linguist.

"I consider Louise Bennett to be the mother of the young dub poets; Linton, Oku, Mutabaruka and myself. She has really stood up against colonial values, in which it is understood that real communication would have to be in the Queen's English. To really communicate and be understood by all, you have to communicate in the language of the oppressed and dispossessed people you're dealing with.

"She elevated the language so the people can take pride in and a feeling of positiveness about themselves."

In the Jamaica of 1982 it's the DJs who carry the swing. Mikey Smith, like Muta, would like to see them play a more positive role but is not optimistic.

"There's a lacking of cultural awareness, of their responsibility to the community. Not understanding the reality, they're just giving off all these negative images of women; where one feels that the motivating force within the ghetto environment is one of sexuality and that man have fe jus' get up and screw a woman and that's all.

"The woman is being seen as a contributor to man's social frustration and his being kept down, when the women have within themselves a lot of frustrations that the system has handed out. The women have to play an important stabilising role within yard culture; she have to be economist, she have to be mother; she have to be father; she have to be economist; she have to be hustler and pon top a dat she have to be a WOMAN.

"That's a lotta strain, and when the man in turn can't realise all of what the sista or dawta is goin' through then he's jus' fucked up in the head. He's comin' like a crab; full of shit and nothin' else."

"The DJs either get caught up in the star trip or lose their early impact through not having consistency, like Bob Marley had. Many actually started out doing very authentic stuff, trying to communicate to a wider community, but as soon as the cameras and the pens start then the message stops and they degenerate. I have to guard myself, so that I don't get caught in the old trap of the El Dorado."

Ironically, though the poetry of Mikey Smith, Oku Onuora and Mutabaruka enjoys literary and academic acclaim in Jamaica and has gained wider acceptance through their appearances at events like Reggae Sunsplash they, like many other local artists, will have "to go foreign" and create an international impact before reaching a mass audience at home.

Though their often harrowing and revolutionary vision of Jamaica is well within the tradition Marley spearheaded, they could suffer, as the Gong did, by being at odds with the local media's fondness for banning the controversial. Mikey is less than convinced by the system's sudden adoption of Marley and is concerned that the deep, well-founded respect for him is being exploited.

"When the system is saying, See it there, we elevate Rasta, we give Rasta the Order of whatever and now he's a gentleman. For them to give that sanitation is just pure hypocrisy. The rebel is being incorporated into the system that he never really stood for.

"Anytime you see the system and these hurry-come-up, fly-by-night people start jump up and say Yeah! Yeah! This is our artist, you know there's sump'n kinda wrong, 'cause when alive the artist was opposed to certain tings. Their awakening to Bob Marley is since his death so them did dead all along."

At present it's in Brixton rather than Kingston that Mikey is hailed with shouts from the youth of "Bwoy, mi cyaan believe it" and the growing sense of community appreciation he experienced on his last trip to England will be boosted by the release of his album.

Enthused by the energy and commitment of Dennis Bovell and others on the record, Mikey is convinced that his JA experience meeting the UK sound gives the album "a unique cross-over character, creating a new dimension" but he is aware that the choice of rhythms at times induces a rhythmic progression alien to his poetry, forcing him to lose some of his Jamaican-ness and sound, ironically, sub LKJ.

But 'Mi Cyaan Believe It' contains nine universal classics of dub poetry at its wicked, incisive, visionary best and for proof just take in the crucial 'Trainer', included on NME's *Mighty Reel* cassette.

Mikey Smith plans to return this month for readings to coincide with the LP's release. He was amused at the thought of the approaching winter and our conversation returned to the English literature he was taught at school, and how at long last he might be able to comprehend all those poems about "daffodils and snow — you know dem weh deh?"

ON VINYL
Mutabaruka — Every Time A Ear De Soun (High Times 7" JA)
Hard Times Love/Me Naw Give Up (High Times 12" UK)
Check It (High Times LP) (Soon come release)
Michael Smith — Mi Cyaan Believe It/Roots (Disco 45 on Light of Saba (JA) and LKJ (UK))
Mi Cyaan Believe It (Island LP)
Oku Onuora — I A Tell/Reflection In Red (Kuya Disco 45 UK)
Wat A Situashion (Kuya 7" JA)

IN PRINT
Matabaruka — The First Poems (Paul Issa Publications, Jamaica)
Oku Onuora — Echo (Orlando Wong)
Michael Smith — Untitled (Race Today)

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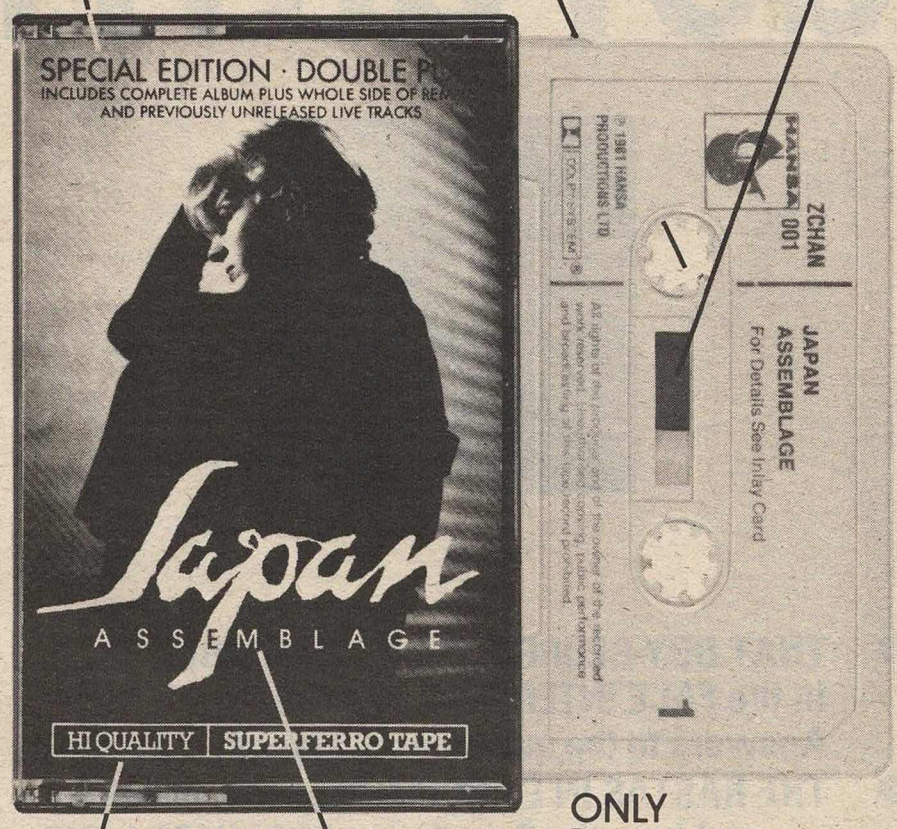

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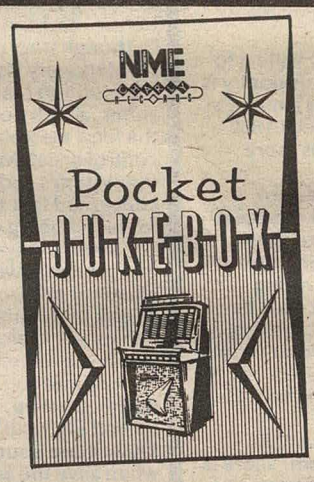

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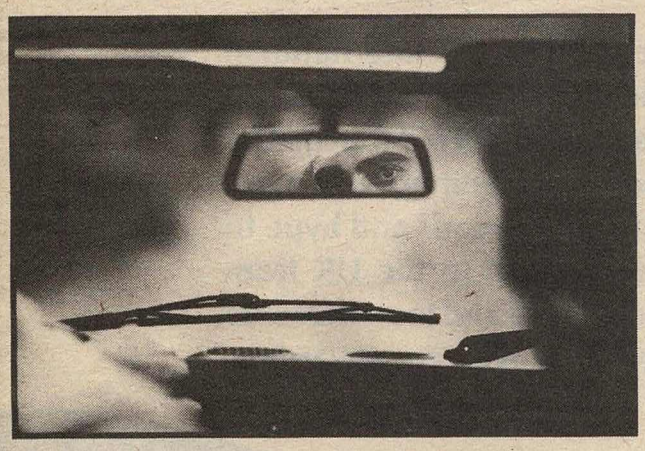
STORY CHRIS BOHN PHOTOS ANTON CORBIJN

DISMANTLING THE SEX MACHINE

DEUTSCH AMERIKANISCHE FREUNDSCHAFT DECONSTRUCTED



D.A.F. have now joined the list of departed. Though they failed to break the stubborn English language barrier, their synth-sex sound established them as Germany's first great pop stars. In this, their last interview, Gabi and Robert of D.A.F. remain unrepentant to the end.

IN A YEAR OF big kiss offs, Germany has lost its Socialist/Liberal coalition government and its first bona fide — at least the way we know them — pop stars in Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft.

The Germans were cheated out of Schmidt's shaky leadership by liberal treachery; they were denied D.A.F.'s sensual obsessions by liberal guilt.

There must be something to be learnt here — never trust a liberal, perhaps. Ever known a liberal with good taste?

The liberals deceit has brought to an end the illusion of a young state led by Europe's most handsome statesman. Their alignment with ugly cabbage head Kohl (a pun for our German readers), and fat-shit Strauss has helped shift Germany into an uncomfortably stuffy middle age. Not that youth ever had it that good under Schmidt, but at least he made a few friendly overtures in their direction by promising them a future of sorts in his 1976 campaign.

They wouldn't co-operate, though, and in less than two years his vision of a stable Germany was soured by an escalation of the anti-nuclear debate, the rise of the Greens and the spreading hardcore enthusiasm for punk. The youth he so hopefully courted one year were lumped together and dismissed as *chaoten* the next.

Ironic, then, that the last great German success of Schmidt's reign should be Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft — erstwhile punk *provocateurs,* whose most influential song 'Kebabtraume' provided the marginals with their most enduring slogans in *"Deutschland, Deutschland it's all over!"* and *"We're the Turks of tomorrow".*

D.A.F. and the Schmidt government came to an end at roughly the same time. D.A.F. decided their own fate though, whereas that of Schmidt's Social Democrats was decided for them.

It is fitting, nevertheless, that Robert Gorl — the musician half of the D.A.F. partnership — arrives for this final encounter in Dusseldorf in a brand new red Fiat sports car, looking like nothing if not one of those affluent youth, whose future was assured in Schmidt's '76 campaign posters.

Such a mark of success is the very thing that angers D.A.F.'s first supporters, the marginals, *Chaoten* and punks who feel totally alienated by D.A.F.'s relocation from the underground to the forefront of Germany's first broadbased teen pop culture. But really the worst thing he should be accused of is excessively bad taste.

Robert's got the looks, but Gabi Delgado-Lopez — the vocal half — has always been the one with the style, the gift of the gab and the ruthless cutting edge.

Sitting together at the top of Dusseldorf's TV tower, they turn teen heads, just as they always planned. When they made such a declaration in their first *NME* feature three years ago, it seemed eminently sensible, even if their commercial potential wasn't so discernible then, either in their music's violent and beautiful rejection of the Anglo-American way, or in their starved, mutant skinhead appearance.

The measure of D.A.F.'s success is easily gauged. I'd argue that for once popularity is an accurate reflection of value, especially as D.A.F.'s aesthetic incorporates commerce. The cult who lost them argue otherwise.

"To come out of a certain grouping and to produce things only for that grouping is so bourgeois, though," counters Gabi, with characteristic directness. "It just becomes a cult thing. I don't find that liberating for anybody. It has no social importance at all."

Once D.A.F. became a household name in Germany, was its mission accomplished? (At what costs will be worked out shortly.)

"The whole concept of Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft was fulfilled," Gabi pronounces. "It's like when you're painting a picture. Once it's ready, why keep putting things on it?"

I've said it before. I'll say it again. The best part of breaking up is having the good sense to recognise when something is over.

"There are so many bands who should have stopped after a few records," spits Gabi. "It's so obvious. For us it was the real obvious solution to the whole thing."

No use getting sentimental about these things. Make your move. Make it quick and make it stick.

"It takes courage to finish," asserts Robert.

"Yes," concurs Gabi. "It's not easy. We like D.A.F., love it in a way, but we clearly saw this concept was quite finished."

Just for old time's sake, kiss me once more, as if it were the first time.

GOVERNMENTS fall with regularity. Ultimately, who cares? Groups like D.A.F. are a much rarer thing.

D.A.F. were the first European mainland group to apply a sophisticated view of the Pop Look and the Pop Sound to their home market. What's more they sang in their native tongue. D.A.F. were the world's most fully integrated group. They sounded the way they looked, and vice versa.

Dressed in black leather, their hair close cropped, sweat gleaming on foreheads, eyes heavy-lidded, mouths poised open, they breathed dark sex onto the slightest synth/drum skeletons. This was music scaled down to primitive urges, at the point of which words became irrelevant. And, indeed, vocalist Gabi's words were often banal. To notice was beside the point. The words, as he duskily intoned them, were only ever intended as the final accessories to The Whole he was fashioning with Robert's sequencer/drumpatterns.

The D.A.F. style was the Germanic equivalent of Grace Jones. Both operated in areas of gender ambiguity, gambling on the gay angle giving them the edge over blander competitors, like their Berlin neighbours Ideal.

The D.A.F. strategy for Germany was well planned and executed, but their success could never have been guaranteed. There was no precedent for D.A.F.'s songs. Until they started selling there was nothing so obviously commercial about such a brutally minimal music of so few signs. They skilfully reproduced the emotions, the tensions, the giddiness felt in the disco without resorting to hard funk riffing and hysterical high voices.

Though it could hardly be described as subtle, its lack of conventional shape would have consigned it to the obscurity of the cult following D.A.F. already had, if that cult following hadn't expanded enough to catapult their first mainstream LP 'Alles Ist Gut' (their third altogether) into the charts. They capitalised on its placing with TV appearances, and, once they were seen, the combination of look/sound/sex sold them to the German teens.

The elation of seeing one of their own rising from the underground to overground chart status was shortlived. Inevitably D.A.F.'s long-term followers, who stuck by them from their art terrorist beginnings as a five piece in Dusseldorf, through their temporary exile as a four piece in Britain, and their eventual return as a trio to Germany, treated the D.A.F. duo's popular success with contempt.

Once betrayed, the old guard — an alliance of punks, avant gardists, '68 survivors and a national media noted for its witchhunt/watchdog activities — savaged D.A.F. mercilessly. It took its toll after the release of 'Gold Und Liebe', which repeated, as it refined, the formula of 'Alles Ist Gut'. Record sales were slow and the expected sell-out tour was disappointingly attended.

At its end, D.A.F. announced they would split up on the release of their fifth LP 'Fur Immer'/'For Ever'.

Basically a fitting summary of D.A.F.'s obsessions, it nevertheless introduces a light touch to their customary darkness. It contains their single finest moment in 'Prinzessin' — an innocent fairy story played out against the barest shimmmer of an electronic melody — and their finest single — 'Kebabtraume' — reworked and ruined. Then, D.A.F. never held anything to be sacred, not even their own history.

D.A.F.'S DANCING around ideas, cherishing of ambiguity, dazzled and blinded dogmatists.

From their earliest moments D.A.F. have remained resolutely non-aligned. They would take potshots left and right, peck causes on the cheek and dash off before they got locked into suffocating embraces. Their throwing-up of questions, breaching of taboos, evidently wasn't enough for the '68 survivors, whose spirit had been institutionalised in the Green Party and the Alternative Lists. Their orthodoxy had become as restrictive as anybody else's and as such it has been rejected by many of the German young. (They, too, might hate D.A.F., but for entirely different reasons.)

"In Germany it is really a case of the more progressive groups still being influenced by the left wing or the '68 groups," says Gabi. "In a certain way they are like the enemies. They concentrate on a very narrow line and everything that stands a little bit outside it they're a little bit afraid of. They need a little more imagination, really. A little more fantasy."

D.A.F.'s fantasies didn't appeal. The pussyfooters found fascist connections in D.A.F.'s every gesture: the leathery look, the machine precision, the apparent body worship, the very *banality* of a D.A.F. song. (Ferreting out fascists, incidentally, is a national pastime in Germany. As usual they're looking in all the wrong places, but that's another story.)

The pussyfooters offered D.A.F. no end of chances to redeem themselves, but D.A.F. always refused to comply.

"There were so many people who tried to get us to say this or this," recalls Gabi with silent contempt. "It was, Please say, no you're not fascist, you know? Here's a microphone, say it: We are not fascist, and then everything will be OK. *So* easy.

"But we never said it. I'm really happy we never said it. Never ever, and we will not."

Instead, in songs like 'Der Mussolini', D.A.F. tottered precariously between party lines.

"But they only used the Mussolini thing as the rail for the attack," claims Gabi. "Behind this often was an attack on sex and love songs. They were far more a taboo. The main thing they had against us was the sex association.

"The funny thing with D.A.F. was that we got the very conservative people and the '68 left wing people walking hand in hand against us. There was suddenly a coalition between these left wing people, who couldn't understand words like lust or fantasy, and the conservative people, who don't want lust or fantasy or pleasure or such things. The people who were reacting against D.A.F., you can really call them the lust enemies. Ha ha! Really. They cannot handle lust or pleasure, they have a really puritanical attitude towards these things."

UNREPENTANT, Gabi's post split material promises to take the whole thing a lot deeper, to far murkier depths, where the varied manifestations of guilt, be it via crime or amorality, meet in some unholy erotic charge.

"For me the most interesting themes are those where people are refusing to participate, to produce in the normal terms of production. Criminals, lovers, insane people, children — all these things are taboo because they are not fulfilling the function of serving production.

"All these things are thus really forbidden. Lust is always non-productive; if you go over the top in love making it gets too much and you are no more able to work. And criminals are obviously anti-social. These things interfere with economic interests at a certain level, and it's at this point where the fantastic and the erotic starts.

"I'm really interested in these things that are not fulfilling economic functions. With D.A.F. I was beginning to see this, but I didn't develop this anti-social aspect.

"What I'm doing now will be more difficult to integrate into the normal production of things than what we've done up to now, so in a certain respect it is more radical."

His new music will be a collage of quotations, he says, drawn from pop, his Spanish roots, the tango, Hubert Selby, Nagisa Oshima, *Pickpocket.* If D.A.F.'s singular lines confounded the logic of the German left, right and centre, his solo work is hardly likely to clarify things.

"With the new project I haven't thought so much about the German scene," Gabi puts in. "I'm not taking any respect of the tastes of the German audience. It'll probably do better in other countries, like England, where you have more signals, more pop tunes in your head."

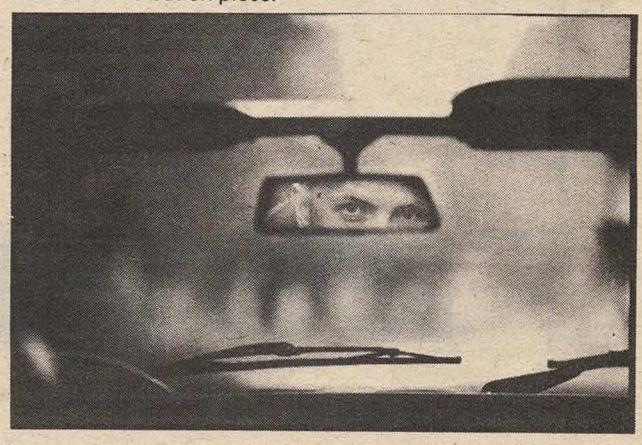
AND ROBERT? Nobody need worry about Robert. Along with Kraftwerk's Wolfgang Flur he is the most beautiful boy in German pop. Not exactly a gigolo — way too innocent for that — he is something to be looked at; and everybody does.

But he's more than just a pretty face. As the creator of D.A.F.'s sequential electronic throbs, he's inherited the skeleton of the D.A.F. soft machine. His first solo single — 'With You', released shortly before Christmas — will flesh it out with something warmer, more romantic.

THINGS FALL APART as they ought. At least D.A.F. died by their own hand, secure in the knowledge that they were the first. The Ghost of D.A.F. stares aghast at the mediocre mess of the Neue Deutsche Welle it helped create. But, noting nobody even thinks about Neue Deutsche Welle anymore, his eyes light up with a glint of vengeful satisfaction.

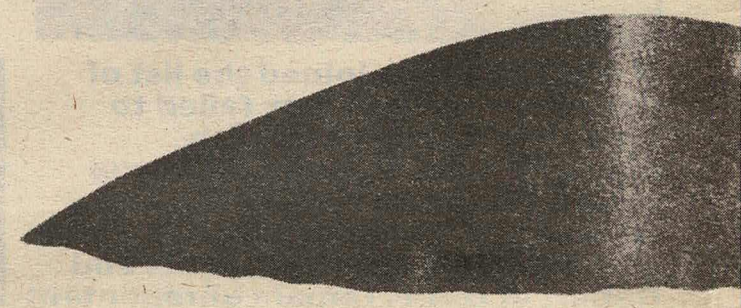
"The worst thing in the world is to be mediocre," spits Gabi. "Not to be extreme."

"We gave people much to talk about," smiles Robert, "D.A.F. were a conversation piece."



A Flock o

Refreshing isn't it, that a band can achieve major international success by relying on inventive lyrics, musical ability and a vision all of their own. Such is the case with A Flock of Seagulls. Their debut album is stunning in its maturity and is being discovered by more and more people who have waded through the fashionable trends and hype to find an original statement. Now, with their return to the UK from major success in North America, comes a new single and tour. The force of their performance and recorded work will prove very rewarding.



THE SINGLE
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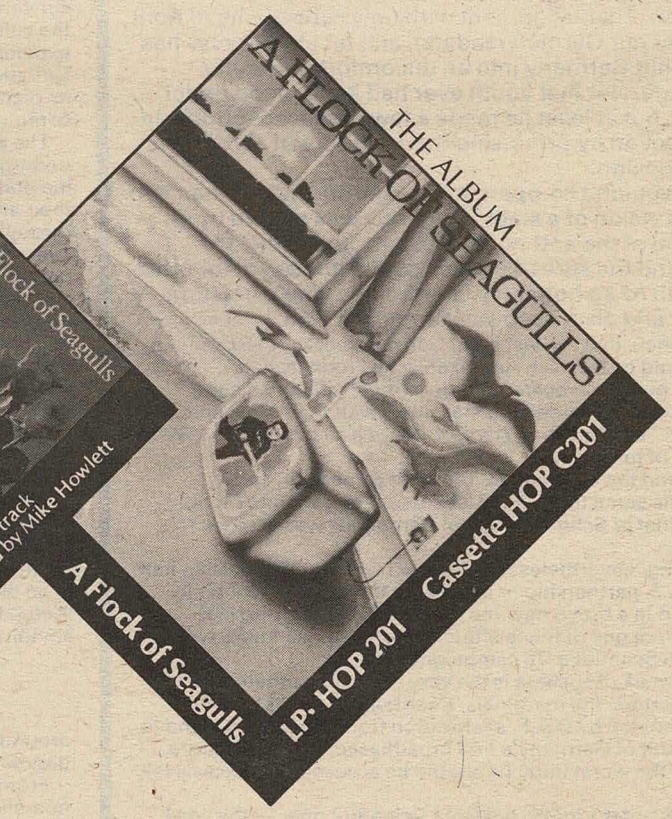
7" IIVE 25 12" IIVE T25



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A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

A Flock of Seagulls

NOVEMBER TOUR

7 CARDIFF Top Rank
8 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
9 NOTTINGHAM Rock City
13 SALFORD University
14 * BRIGHTON Top Rank
15 * LONDON Lyceum
16 EAST ANGLIA University of
19 STRATHCLYDE University
20 LIVERPOOL Royal Court
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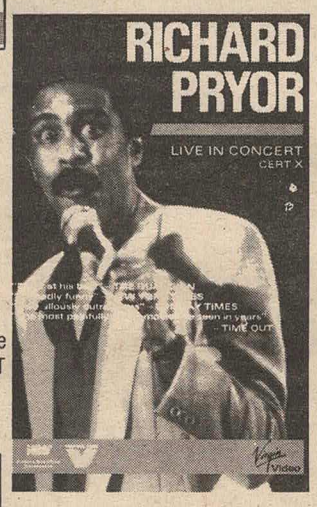

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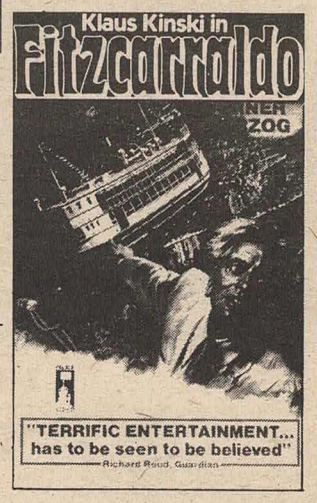

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Hopper on the job in The Last Movie (note classic Silver Screen logo style)

LAST RITES FOR THE LAST MOVIE

HOW UGLY CAN an Ugly American get? *The Last Movie* endlessly lists contenders.

Frontrunner is a fat Ugly American businessman, bored but too stupid to be jaded, who takes his whole family whoring in South America.

Running him close is the bullying, bigoted Ugly American crusading his way through the country, upsetting the economy, scaring the natives, scarring the primitive psyche. Plug Ugly American parading bullets and medals.

The feeble, good natured American, his face contorted ugly by his own powerlessness, is small consolation. Neither is the dumb, deluded Ugly American, lusting after gold in them than hills, the shock of discovering its worthlessness killing him.

The Ugly American hops continents to guest in other apocalyptic movies. The weak wimp American, turned ugly on the order of his renegade American guru, a shaven headed maniac surrounded by skulls and savages someways upriver in wartorn Cambodia. The killer American friend, composure masking his ugliness, who upsets the balance in Europe and leaves it too late to make amends.

At home the ugliness isn't apparent, but it is latent in the outlaw peddling hallucinations from the back of his chopper during an oddysey through redneck America. It is more noticeable in the innocent American driven into ugliness by the unattainable Dream — drunk, drugged up, destroying his family, defiling his child.

But who amongst his countrymen dares to hold up the mirror to the Ugly American? Of the many, the most consistent is Dennis Hopper, who, in the course of a scattered, troubled career, has portrayed or desribed more manifestations of American ugliness than can be expected of one man.

He was the snivelling cur antagonist of James Dean in *Rebel Without A Cause;* the hopelessly inarticulate pusher in *Easy Rider;* the oddly principled killer Tom Ripley in *The American Friend;* the crazed photographer in *Apocalypse Now;* the horrible drunk trucker of *Out Of The Blue.* In a parade like that, the muderous Ripley appears the most sympathetic. At least he has some charm.

"Yeah, but you always wonder who he is," drawls Dennis hopper, laughing. "Well, I didn't have much choice what I played in back then. They were things that I was picked for. It wasn't like I had a lot of scripts and I could just turn them down. I didn't have any choice but to do what was offered to me. And I got lucky some times. *Kid Blue* I liked a lot."

Hopper, who is currently in Britain to celebrate and promote the long delayed *The Last Movie,* made 10 years ago and immediately shelved by Universal Studios, is a mild-mannered veteran of Hollywood squabbles and tempestuous confrontations, many of them of his own making. Whatever, the scars don't show in his character.

In his mid-40s, he looks far better now than he ever has done. His neatly clipped greying ginger hair is mainly hidden beneath a voluminous hat, his soft eyes are echoed in the deceptive laidback tone of his voice.

IF HE WAS typecast by others as an ideal Ugly American, his few films as director — *Easy Rider, The Last Movie* and *Out Of The Blue* — must have provided them with clues. Particularly *The Last Movie,* over which Hopper exercised complete control. (Hence its shelving.) Financed to the tune of a million dollars by Universal, who were hoping for a repeat of *Easy Rider*'s extraordinary success, Hopper took the money and a heap of drunken music and movie biz friends and ran down to Peru to film some 40 hours of partying, movie making and play acting.

From the mess he extracted the muddled, if occasionally intriguing and often funny 100 minutes that is *The Last Movie.* Imagine a Jean Luc Godard analysis of the film-making process refracted through the mind behind the disillusioned hippy idyll *Easy Rider* and you'll begin to get its feel. Here, portentous allegory replaces Godardian rigour; the alienation/audience confrontation techniques, however, do throw up some good jokes.

Set in a small Peruvian town, it's ostensibly about the disrupting influence of a Hollywood crew on the populace during the making of a ludicrous Billy The Kid picture. Once they've gone, the natives take over the set, ritualising the procedures grotesquely mimicking the Americans' behaviour. (They've got nothing on the real thing as represented in the film.) One thing they don't understand, though, is the illusion of film. Consequently, to them everything is real — even bullets.

One overwhelming impression the film leaves is Hopper's disgust for some aspects of his countrymen, specially abroad.

"Well, specially at that time, yeah," says Hopper. "It was 1969-70 and I was thinking of the way movie companies go into a little place and screw up everything, like, building sets on Inca ruins, just totally dominating the whole trip and then just leaving, evacuating the place.

"What happens after? Do the Indians make a ritual out of it? I mean, where did they suddenly all go? Where are the spaceships? Ha ha. Does it become a religion? Do they act out the violence? I mean, just what kind of responsibility do you have making films?

"I was wondering whether people were getting off seeing a violent film. Was it a release for them or an input to go out and do violence themselves?

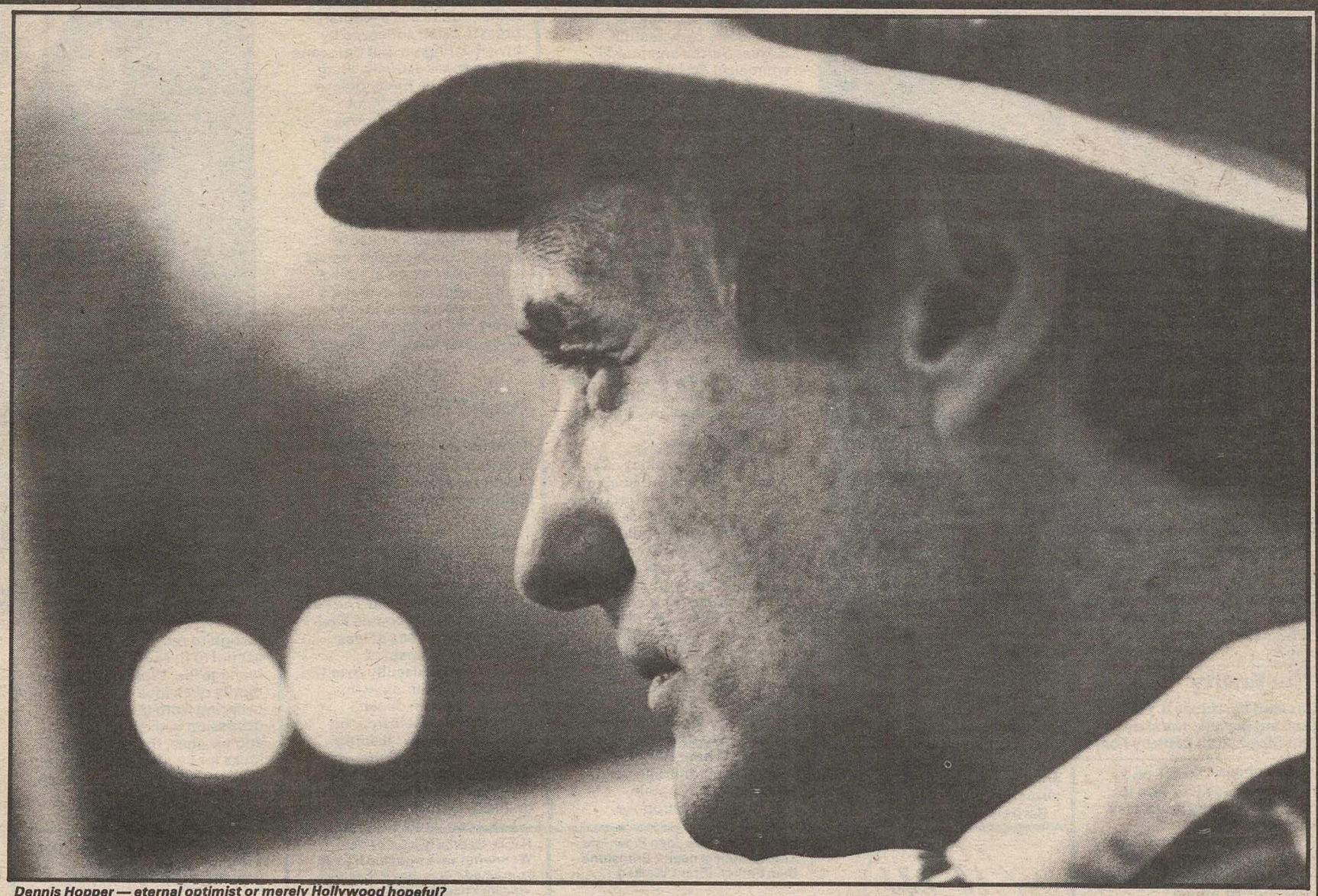
"So that's what I was really screwing around with. I was also screwing with the audience, trying to suck people in, saying 'OK, now I'm going to, like, make you believe these things are happening and then turn it around and say HA HA HA, man, it's only a movie!' You know, and you're the audience sitting there being sucked into believing this is reality . . . I sort of felt the painter's power.

"It was possible to do all these things, possible to fool around with the audience and then at the end stick my tongue out at them. It was sort of punk, now that I think about it."

Needless to say, the Hollywood Fantasy Factory wasn't impressed by Hopper's attempt to punture illusions . . .

"The people at Universal were saying then they wanted new kinds of film, and I said: 'Boy have I got a new kind of film for you . . .' I thought that

The Last Movie . . .



More than ten years on the shelf, The Last Movie has attained a shakey cult status (no one's seen it!) thanks to the rebel reputation of Easy Rider Dennis Hopper. Chris Bohn meets the man who tried to change the face of Hollywood — and failed.

Dennis Hopper — eternal optimist or merely Hollywood hopeful?

Pic: Peter Anderson

maybe it was the right time."

It wasn't. Then, *The Last Movie* isn't really the right film. It is too clumsy, for one. Shelving it, though, was perhaps a little drastic, if only for the undeservedly disastrous effect it had on Hopper's career.

"After *Easy Rider* I could have done anything I wanted," Hopper recalls wistfully. "Which is how I got to do *The Last Movie*. But once that wasn't distributed, well, you're only as good as your last picture, so I didn't direct any more films until I fell into *Out Of The Blue,* which I directed in Canada in 1979."

BY THIS time he was accustomed to his role as Hollywood pariah. He was first expelled in 1958 by the dictatorial Henry Hathaway, after a protracted battle of wills over a five-line sequence in *From Hell To Texas.* Insisting on applying The Method, Hopper was made to do some 80 takes before Hathaway got his way, after which he vowed headstrong Hopper would never work in Hollywood again. He didn't — right up until Hathaway decided that he had been punished enough and invited him back to play alongside John Wayne in *The Sons Of Katie Elder.*

"I blame myself for being stupid enough to stand up to Hathaway," Hopper concedes magnanimously. "I've always thought that I've been involved in art. And I think of art as change, you know. In the '50s we were fighting a system — me, James Dean, Brando, Montgomery Clift — we were fighting the way things had been established, the way everything had to be done a certain way."

Unfortunately, unlike Brando, Clift and Dean, out of whose shadow in *Rebel Without A Cause* he emerged, Hopper has never been protected by box office status. Back then he was just a former child star, an uppity punk who struck lucky by landing parts beside Dean in *Rebel* and *Giant.* When Dean died, Hopper seemed to believe he had to carry the imaginary torch alone and has kept up a quixotic battle with Hollywood ever since.

His being figured for a rebel hasbeen both an advantage and a curse. "I think people in Hollywood take me seriously as a film-maker," suggests Hopper, "but do they seriously want to give me money to make a film? No!"

TO OUTSIDERS he sometimes appears to be hanging onto his youth, consistently staying abreast of changes, from Bohemianism, through his Warhol pop/art phase, the hippy *Easy Rider* period, right up to punk, but he has never been so foolish as to pretend to be anything other than what he is: an interested observer.

"I haven't kept in contact with anything, but I don't have any problem watching the changes," he says. "The establishment has to change, new ideas have to keep coming on. The only way you can do that is to tear one movement down and start another one."

Hopper as midwife to new youth movements? Whatever, his *Out Of The Blue,* which he directed, starred in and co-wrote, is the one film about punk to get the mood right, even after he transposed it from an urban environment to a miserably narrow-minded small town community.

"I identify with the movement, I sympathise with it," claims Hopper. "I shot it in Vancouver, which might not be England, but the punk movement was heavy there, and as to the despair of punk I was pretty close to that myself. Ha ha . . . It all comes out of the same feeling of not being wanted, of wanting things to change. It's always there."

How does he feel about the change in the Hollywood establishment, now that the '60s brats have taken over?

"They're doing all the things we fought against," remarks Hopper ruefully. "They may be doing things a little better — Spielberg's quite exciting — but it seems that so much shit's coming out again. It's a drag that they've fallen into the same patterns, buying studios and whatever. The desks haven't changed. The studios haven't changed — there are just people you know sitting behind them now!"

The one difference being the studios are far more sympathetic to Hopper than they used to be. Though they haven't given him a film to direct, he's busier now than he has been for years. Just before arriving in London he completed shooting on a new Francis Ford Coppola film *Rumblefish,* in which he plays father to a couple of teen gang members. When he returns this week he'll be working on a computer thriller with Sam Peckinpah and next year he is reunited with Peter Fonda for a recreation of their most famous roles in a satire called *Bikers Heaven.*

"It is set 100 years after the holocaust," explains Hopper. "The Americans won by the way. And the whole country is dominated by bike gangs — lesbians, lunar cults, black nazis, white ku klux klan. Well, the leader from the bikers heaven comes down and reconstructs us and our bikes, saying we're here to restore the flag. Except it's not the stars and stripes flag, but the early revolutionary flag with the snake, which says *don't tread on me . . .*"

Fitting. When the time comes, *don't tread on me,* harking back as it does to a nobler, more idealistic period in American history, might read as a suitable epitaph for Hollywood's hardiest rebel.

. . . easy as falling off a horse.

PACINO FINE — FILM PATCHY

Author! Author!
Directed by Arthur Hiller Starring Al Pacino, Tuesday Weld and Dyan Cannon (20th Century Fox)

IT'S SOMETHING of a pleasure to find a domestic comedy that works without undue recourse to gross sentimentality and/or slapstick. *Author! Author!* is no masterpiece, but in its modest and downbeat way it plays on the failure of harmonious American home-making with an insight overplayed by calculating emotional shoot-outs like *Kramer Vs. Kramer.*

Al Pacino slips perfectly into the shoes of harassed playwright Ivan Travalyan, suffering through endless rewrites and rehearsals of his latest Broadway number, fielding troubles galore with the residual kids of his runaway wife's previous marriages. Face permanently five o'clock shadowed, tie hopelessly askew, eyes swimming in aghast complaint at the breaks, Pacino taps a beautifully detailed energy in a role that calls for (and gets) very natural capabilities; a real comic talent is lurking in this man.

There are foils aplenty for him among the wisecracking waifs that make up his family, and they're all given a crackling set of rejoinders from a script that steps lightly between smartassery and plain home truths. Unfortunately, Arthur *(Making Love)* Hiller's direction seems so sleepy that half the time the gags misfire through pure inattentiveness. What's needed is pace, not this slothful treatment.

Detracting further is the weak contribution from Tuesday Weld as the errant wife, finally proved heartless in a way that makes you suddenly wonder how the film's spent so long treading water. Dyan Cannon, as the actress and temptation to Ivan, is predictably gorgeous and not much else.

In spite of that, *Author! Author!* effects a minor miracle in that is actually covers a formula — tug-of-love histrionics framed with a backdrop of urban tensions — which looked completely worn out by Hollywood's recent crop of domestic tragedy. The one plus in Hillier's lazy approach is the avoidance of the belting crescendo of sobs and cheers that usually dogs this kind of outing. His performance for smaller touches results in a roll-call of minor characters making up a sneakily attractive set of New York eccentrics.

And as an offbeat turn by Pacino the picture comes up a treat — whether leading an idiotic attempt at a rooftop escape after a visit from two bewildered cops or fending off entreaties from half-crazed backers and producers, he's in great form. You should have fun.

Richard Cook

"That's the last time I change a fuse." Barbara Hershey takes on The Entity.

The Entity

Directed by Sidney J. Furie
Starring Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver (20th Century Fox)

A DISAPPOINTMENT on as many levels as you care to count, *The Entity* touts itself as a slick, flashy, voyeuristically nasty horror movie. In fact, it is a tedious, incoherent, voyeuristically nasty horror movie.

Sidney J. Furie — an inappropriately named director if ever there was one; on the evidence of *The Entity* he should seriously consider changing his name to Sidney J. Apathie — and his scenarist Frank DeFelitta spend well over two hours introducing plot threads which are then forgotten about, characters who seem to have strayed in from other films, interminable stretches of dialogue the significance of which should later be apparent but isn't, special effects which may once have been special but are now merely hackneyed and lines so bad as to be virtually unplayable.

Barbara Hershey — best-known for her title role in Scorsese's early feature *Boxcar Bertha* and for her whimsical decision to change her name to Barbara Seagull for a few years — plays Carla Moran, Southern Californian single parent, trainee secretary and victim of sexual assaults by an invisible man. The psychiatrist she consults, Dr Phil Schneidermann (Ron Silver), is convinced that she is simply suffering from exceptionally vivid delusions, and so do his colleagues, as fatuous a pack of Freudian rationalists as could possibly be imagined. After what seems like several centuries, the film turns into a parapsychological procedural *a la Poltergeist* with the biggest, wettest anticlimactic ending in the world.

So what is it that is terrorising poor, plucky Carla? Could it be her dead husband, violent drug and motorcycle type person and father of her eldest offspring? Could it be her insane religious maniac of a dad, who spoke on thees and thous and "touched like a father shouldn't touch a daughter"? We don't know. The reason that we don't know is — as far as I can tell — that Furie and DeFellitta couldn't be bothered to work it out.

The sequences that are supposed to draw the flies are the ones where Hershey finds herself in an ongoing sex situation with Captain Invisible. It is, I suppose, rather odd to see a woman's breasts being squeezed by invisible fingers, but the scene where she is actually being fucked by The Entity before the horrified eyes of her revolting boyfriend (Alex Rocco) is merely ludicrous.

With an intelligent script and a director who gave the impression of being in control of his material, *The Entity* could have been the tight scary, unpleasant picture which it's supposed to be. As it is, it limps along in such a pitiful inept fashion that it's hard to stay awake for the whole two hours plus, let alone raise any objections to it.

Charles Shaar Murray

"Hey, Linda, dig those guys on page 29."
"Somehow, Stacy, I don't think it'll work out."

Fast Times

Directed by Amy Heckerling
Starring Sean Penn, Jennifer Jason Leigh and Judge Reinhold (UIP)

IT SEEMS like the agonising rites of adolescent sex are fast becoming a primary staple in American movies. After *Grease 2, Porky's* and *The Last American Virgin* comes *Fast Times.* which does at least emphasise the pain of awkward promiscuity over the hilarity. Unfortunately this truthful premise doesn't revive a film lost inside the first quarter-hour: it stinks.

The script is by Cameron Crowe, ageing whizz-kid of American 'rock' writing, based on his own book about an incognito return to high school to (it says) research teenage life. Whatever the merits of an idea that seems to spring from the tedious obsession with spying on adolescence, the screenplay looks for an identity in nothing deeper than Gidget and beach party movies. . . haven't I suggested this before? Reel for reel, the only contemporary about *Fast Times* is its increased quota of nudity and dirty talk.

Inexperience actually sinks everything, this being director Amy Heckerling's first feature and a fumbling assemblage of ideas: like subject, like movie, except the technique doesn't rhyme. Or maybe there's another excuse — when the first version went out it garnered an extremely tough X certificate in the US and a horrified Universal trimmed all the sex sequences to the point where it's difficult to see what the fuss was about.

What's left certainly doesn't challenge Peter Yates' *Breaking Away* as the smartest, funniest and probably least inaccurate account of growing up in what is now Reagan's America. Painful, but not painful enough.

Richard Cook

IN THE CAN

Brimstone And Treacle (Richard Loncraine). I prefer Dennis Potter when he lets his Good/Evil divisions got a bit scatty and indistinguishable, but this is a very stable and stridently crafted modern fable. The Father's (Freudian) guilt is a bit too simple, but Denholm Elliott's characterisation adds unforeseen layers — as does Joan Plowright. The humour is nearer Brimstone than t'other. **(Brent Walker)**

Cat People (Paul Schrader). Which, given the current climate, is doing surprisingly good business in London — so all you satisfied punters don't neglect to re-view the current *Silver Screen Round Table* (round about one till three) Cult Fave *The Hardcore Life.* Approach *Cat People* as a modern *fantasy* with its own flair share of flaws — the bonus being that with a thoroughly cinematic demon like Schrader, the mistakes in his delirium are more engrossing than other hack's Epics. **(UIP)**

House Of Wax (Andre de Toth). Wonderful save from the frankly ham-lined grave, has irresistible Vincent Price waxing lyrical (Copyright, Arthur Thirkell, 1939) in the sort of roles he made his own. A Friend of Vincent Price writes: "Yes, Vince never bought a first round, he was always straight up to the Grub bar to purchase one spam and pickle and one liver sausage and cucumber roll. Almost ritual, it was. He really made them his own." **(20th Hour Hacks)**

Race For The Yankee Zephyr (David Hemmings). "The prize was gold . . . the competition deadly!!" says the poster. Talking about the casting stakes, by any chance? Old fashioned cardboard adventure yarn, all but superceded by a) *Raiders of The Lost Ark*-style big budgeteers and b) the so-called self-styled "high street video market" (where it will undoubtedly end up, mere months from now). **(Enterprise/Hemdale)**

The Secret Of Nimh (Don Bluth). If someone ripped this off, would it be *The Secret of Pseudonihm?* It wouldn't beat this *nihm*ble cartoon epic!!

Guest Reviewer: Dashpool Hammmityville Hacker, III

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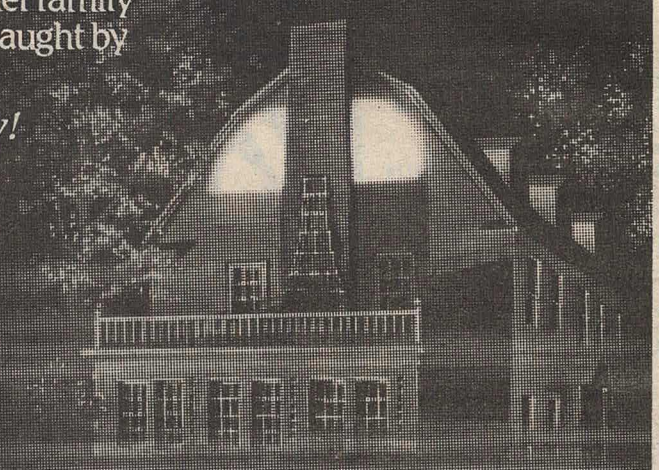

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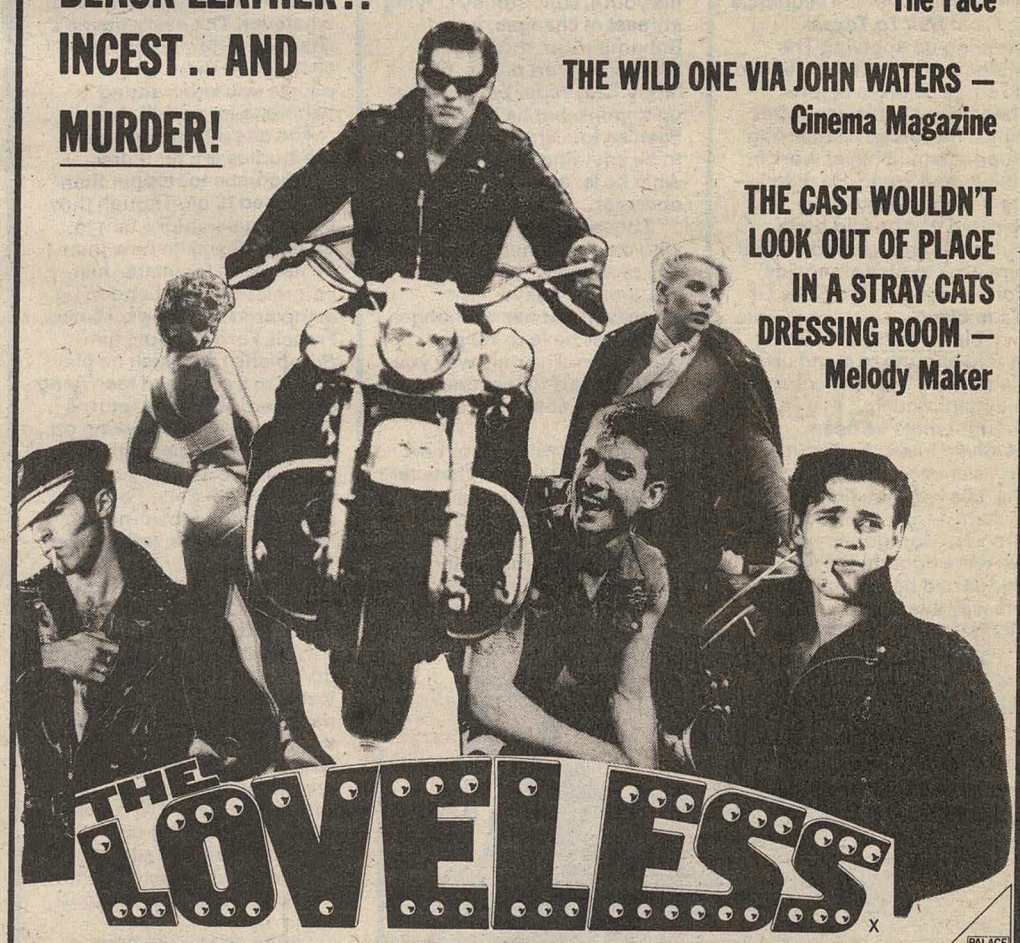

THE LOVELESS X

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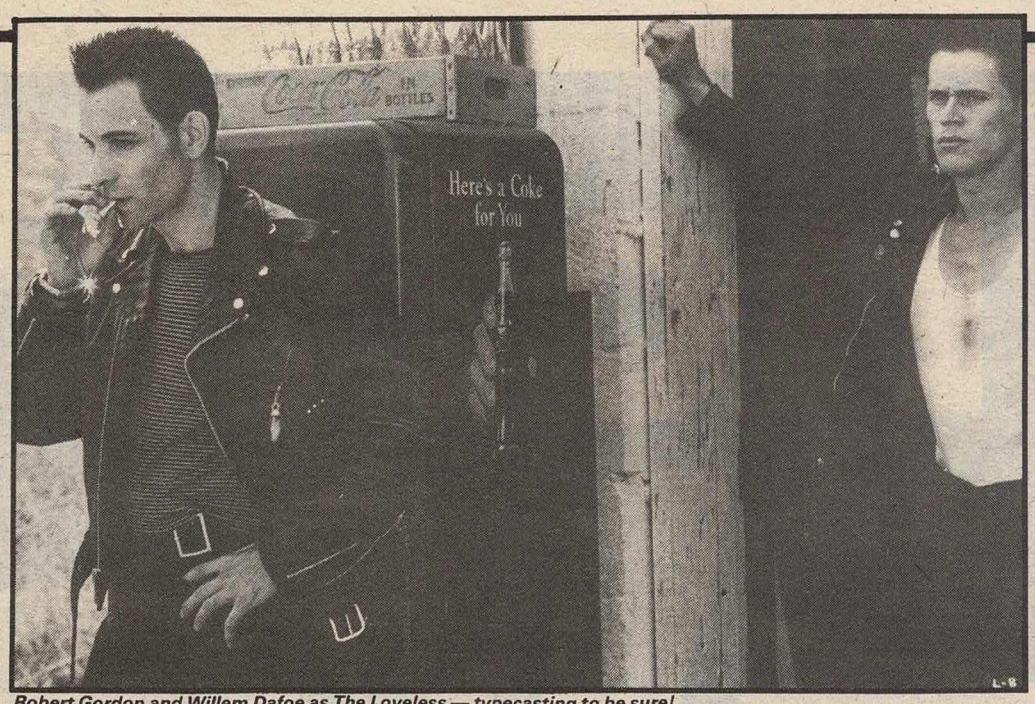


Robert Gordon and Willem Dafoe as The Loveless — typecasting to be sure!

THE FAG END OF BIKE CHIC

Cynthia Rose meets Kathryn Bigelow, co-director of The Loveless, a would-be biker epic that chokes on its art-house pretensions and minces its way into the turkeys of all time

MYTHOLOGISED FROM 1953's *The Wild One* right through the '60s with the likes of *The Wild Angels* and *Angels Hard As They Come*, the motorcycle gang once personified ideas of counter-culture rebellion and anarchy. But by 1966, when Kenneth Anger made *Scorpio Rising*, it had begun to putrify, and was ripe for affectionate parody.

Two years ago, when New York scriptwriters Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery decided to collaborate on a first feature, they wanted to do "a biker pic for the New '50s". Tall, brunette Bigelow was a painter who had encountered film while working with performance artist Vito Acconi (also an inspiration to Laurie Anderson).

"We wanted to do a genre pic anyway," says Bigelow, "because it was nicer aesthetically to remove the material from everyday life. We chose a biker movie partly because at the time none had been out for so long.

"Also we wanted to try some kind of marginal cinema — we wanted to try and work it into a more mainstream film. It's great to work on a '50s period — because it's such a prototype for today and because all those repressions are an interesting backdrop to set things against and to work off."

Biker movies have always tended towards the self-conscious (after all, they're usually shot in high summer when rain is unlikely to fizzle the small budget, with the casts clad in leather from finger to toe). But *The Loveless* out art-houses them all.

Shot in six weeks in Georgia under a working title of *Highway 17*, it was first shown as *Breakdown*. Its saga is the biker-pic classic: just 'passing through' a small Southern town, a bike gang become marooned there from dawn-to-dawn by engine failure. Their unsettling presence unveils the less acceptable side of the town, culminating in the suicide of an androgynous young girl they meet. This waif turns out to be a victim of incest with her redneck Dad, and he's turning profits by illegally tapping the local gas supply.

"Originally," says Bigelow, "it centred more round the father, because it was based on a newspaper story about a man caught tapping a gas pipeline in the South. Be we got interested in drawing on the iconography of the bikers and combining that with language out of William Burroughs. Burroughs was a major influence, even on how the narrative was constructed, how we cut up the flow of the narrative."

Deliberation indeed seems about the only animating force in the film — actors seem to wait for a Polaroid of each pose to develop, ensuring their aesthetic 'rightness' before they dare to drawl out a bizarre line in jaded "heptalk". Bigelow concedes that it's the sort of movie which requires an immediate, considerable suspension of disbelief, lest it consist entirely of parody:

"What we tried to do was invent a *version* of 1959 — create a whole suspended reality which isn't 1959 or 1982. All those very cliched ideas of freedom, violence, emancipation, liberation — you have to take them as givens because of the whole biker iconography.

"We tried to use those givens but also to go against them. I think maybe we ended up with a *studied* look at a bunch of guys who happened to be motorcyclists, caught in a very ironic sequence of events."

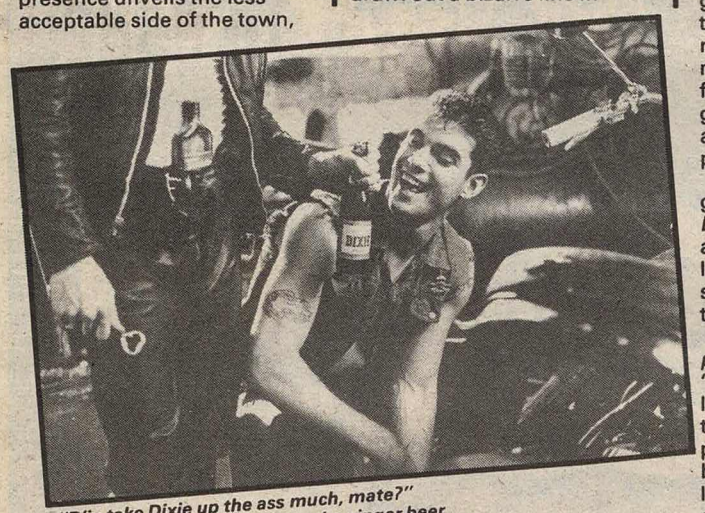
THE MOVIE'S musical themes are provided by '50s preservationist Robert Gordon. And they're very good, particularly the opening theme (not his typical rockabilly piece). Gordon also makes his acting debut in the film as Davis, the biker with a girlfriend ('sportster Debbie') and a fear of capital punishment.

Most biker films become gay favourites but *The Loveless*, with its androgynous skin scenes and lengthy leather-thigh shots, seems aimed specifically at the gay market.

"We didn't anticipate that *per se*," responds Bigelow. "We were more interested in less clearly-defined notions of the relationships between people, like keeping the girl boyish and the men maybe less masculine to a certain extent. We tried to keep a guilty side, a sleazy side, to things.

"*The Wild One* probably put it all together first — the idea of a group in which the family structure, the community structure, has been abandoned, so you have the option to re-invent your lifestyle — it represents power and strength. But it's an illusion, a real capsule you put yourself in — it only functions socially.

"Those marginal groups have no access to real power — only the beginnings of individual power: realising that you can make a decision."



"D'ja take Dixie up the ass much, mate?" Phillip Rimbrough gets offered a ginger beer.

ON THE BOX

Thursday October 28
Vertigo (Alfred Hitchcock 1958). Only secured weeks after the final season's running order was solidly decided, this trail(er)s late; and justly so. The Master's story of double-encounter and elusive designation should stand apart from even his flow of excellence. Is Kim Novak a cipher for the veils of feminine "truth(fulness)"? James Stewart a victim of death's hallucinatory after-effects? Aren't we all victims of the after effects of . . . something or other? **(BBC2)**

Diva (Jean-Jacques Benelux 1981). Surprise of the week, as ITV scupper their sceheduled Alastair MacLean hackwork, and come up trumps with a little help from our generous friends at Palace Video. Sure, it's the box office surprise of the year in London — but who'd expect this? And, at the same time as *Vertigo!* Channel Four, who needs ya!? **(ITV network)**

Friday October 29
The Prisoner, episodes 3 — 8 (various directors). Not a movie, *as such*, but certainly deserving of our attention. Friday nights we usually get lumbered with some cranky old bad-cheese of a soap opera stinker (and let's face it, we're all too pissed-gormless to notice) so ITV again stealing CH4's glory with this marathon is a rare occasion to stay indoors. **(ITV)**

Taxi Driver (Martin Scorsese 1976). May be a bit hard to pass up *The Prisoner* for this, the first TV showing of what is, some say, the movie of the '70s. Travis (De Niro) is a somewhat unlikely character — as some critics have observed, the continuity of his habits is suspect — but Scorsese more than makes up for Schrader's shakey script. Someone better could surely have been found though for the (Harvey Keitel) pimp role: David Essex perhaps? **(BBC1)**

Saturday October 30
The Night Of The Hunter (Charles Laughton 1955). Marvellous oddity; that it's only a cult film is an indictment of . . . something or other. Laughton's only direction, one of Mitchum's one-and-only characterisations, and full of cherishable, everyday-surrealism. The most famous pair of knuckles in B-movie cinema. Don't miss. **(BBC2)**

Un Chien Andalou (Luis Bunuel). ITV really showing their trepidation over that Fourth Channel, and branching out into some bravura programming. This is the first TV showing of Bunuel's infamous paradigm of avant cinema (including a helping — or should that be melting — hand from Salvador Dali). May perhaps have befitted the late night Continental Movie slot over mid-evening, but Horror fans keep glued for that eyeball sequence! A cut above! **(ITV)**

Sunday October 31
A Day At The Races (Sam Wood 1937)/A Night At The Opera (Sam Wood 1935). Long time no see!! The movies on TV this week are enough to close a few rep theatres in London for good. The two 'classic' Marx Bros movies back to back for a lazy, loony Sunday afternoon . . . **(BBC2)**

The Jerk (Carl Reiner 1979). Unless you live in the LWT area, where this unexpected gem is on display, posing a problem choice for non-VHS owners. A deservedly big box office smash in the States, Steve Martin's first movie vehicle slipped in and out of our cinemas all too quickly. The best introduction to his absurdist (the absurdist guy alive!) genius, this is cunning screen slapstick at its giddiest. What have you got in the regions — *Von Ryan's Express* or something? **(LWT)**

Monday November 1
Emily (Christopher Neame 1976). Scandalous cash-in attempt by the Open University, who've had this Koo Stark pot-boiler languishing on their Modern Sub-Cultural Studies shelf for years. Soft-core semiologists only. **(BBC2 8.10am)**

1900 part 1 (Bernado Bertolucci 1977). Come off it! Risible attempt by ITV to buy off the Beeb's Ring Cycle viewership. The Australian TV "edited" version. **(ITV)**

Guest reviewer: Alan Ladd-Grillet

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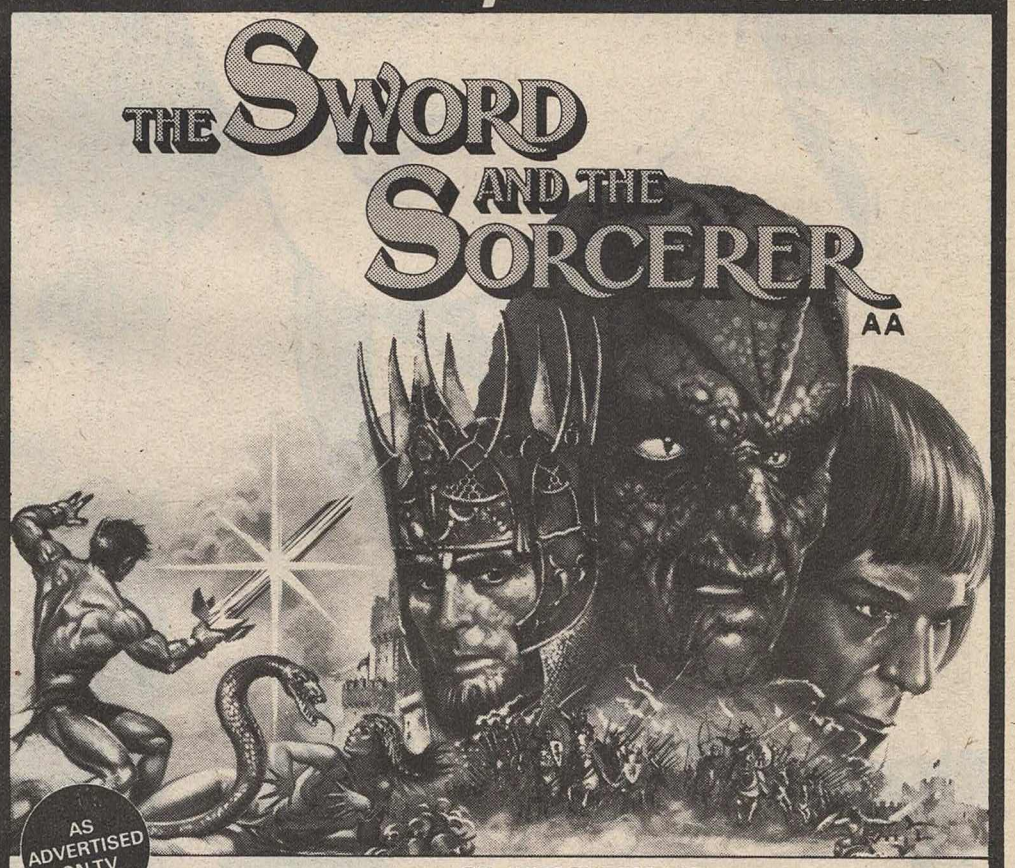

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HERE COME THE DIDDYMEN!

Martyn Dormer and Tim Harrison (right)

Up Roman roads, down Saxon tracks, THE DANCING DID dig up the past and spread it over vinyl.

Story by
PAUL DU NOYER

Photo by
PENNIE SMITH

DID WHAT? What did the dancing do?

Well, nothing. Did is just short for didicoi, meaning somebody of gypsy blood. It's one of the rural allusions that this group specialise in, part of a rich rustic heritage that they've moulded into a vision of mythic England — a body of work stuffed fat with tall tales, short stories, humour and intrigue and sundry other wonderful ingredients.

To the best of my knowledge, there's nobody doing exactly what The Dancing Did do. Their sources of inspiration are so fertile, the group are surprised that no one else seems bothered to exploit it all. The band are unique, well to the side of anything else that's happening. But not only are they unique, they're bloody good, too. Any fool can be unusual, but to be clever with it . . . that's living to some purpose.

In part, The Dancing Did's isolation is a product of geography. They're based in the ancient town of Evesham, a remote portion of Worcestershire that you reach via the Great Western Railway. Although the district did give us Wendy Wu, it's not quite the pulsating heart of the rock'n'roll universe.

The two main men of the Did are Tim Harrison (vocals) and Martyn Dormer (guitar), both 26, friends of many yonks' standing, both inhabitants of caravans (not the gypsy style, alas, but named "Shangri-Did" and "Dundiddin" anyhow) in what they're pleased to call the "shanty town" area on Evesham's outskirts.

Completing the quartet are drummer Chris Houghton and bassist Roger Smith, who is also a trainee shepherd.

To date they've come up with a couple of independent singles, then did a one-off with Stiff called 'The Lost Platoon', which was about a ghost-contingent of infantry, tramping across the landscape and through the centuries *"up Roman roads down Saxon tracks"* with lusty cries of lillibullero and, of course, bullen alla.

Signed now to Kamera Res, they've since done another 45, 'The Green Man And The March Of The Bungalows' — the Green Man being a timeless folk-symbol for the land, and the song speaking of the violence done to this land in the name of progress. It's robust, rumbling, stirring stuff, in a tough rock vein.

Just as fine is its B-side: 'A Fruit Picking Fantasy (The Time Bo Diddley Nearly Came To Evesham)'. The song's plot paints a ludicrous scenario of a labourer looking up from his toil to espy a godlike Bo approaching, all performed as some engagingly inept pastiche of bad-ass machismo, and suggesting it's not fruit that the teller is picking, but rather some species of indigenous mushroom.

As if all that wasn't fascinating enough to be getting on with, we now have an embarrassment of Did riches in the form of their LP debut, 'And Did Those Feet', the title being an obvious pun as well as a snatch of what some contend to be England's true anthem, Blake's 'Jerusalem'. More of that album as we go on.

TIM HARRISON writes the words, Martyn Dormer the music, and it's the union of their enthusiasms which have forged The Dancing Did outlook.

The group's humour is droll as opposed to wacky, thankfully, but on paper it could look deceptively whimsical. On record and live (they've played a few Bow Wow Wow supports, as well as in their own right), there's a bite to their beat, and a brittle attack that could be improved if finances ever permit them a more sumptuous production. They're crying out for a sympathetic manager, too, not being very skilful hustlers on their own account.

"It's my middle-class upbringing," pleads Tim. "I'm too worried about upsetting people."

They're drawn to the past, legendary and actual: "Because it's there". Upon that base the songs construct elaborate and bizarre works of imagination, often macabre and frequently sinister, yet always straightfoward, free of phoney mystique or ponderous obscurity. A favourite technique of theirs, I suggest, is typified by a song like 'The Day That Vikings Invaded The Cricket Match On The Village Green In Upton Snodsbury', mashing up time-scales, carrying a certain idea that the past is forever present. Everything still exists, all at once, somewhere in the air.

Tim's face (situated between a battered felt hat and a red neckerchief) lights up: "I'm glad you realised that. Because that's more or less the Did ethic. Martyn calls it the juxtaposition of time and space. It's a fantasy world, constructed out of what we know — but changed slightly. It's less weird for juxtaposition of time to occur to us, because we're living in a place that doesn't have much to do with progress. Whereas in London there's no part of it that's undiscovered — *Time Out's* been everywhere. But here you really do get people still living in the past century."

ALTHOUGH BARELY surviving, the traditions of England's Dreamtime offer artists a potent legacy. Where the DDs live, such imagery is so much taken for granted that they've had a long job building even the small cult following they now possess.

"Besides," says Tim, cynically, "a lot of people round here are very stupid. Very inbred."

Even if the group's sound is vaguely postpunk R&B their concerns are naturally akin to folk music. Both Harrison and Dormer admit their earliest heroes to have been in that area. The first band that Tim ever saw was Steeleye Span: "God, this is going to look bad," he groans.

"I'd say we were a modern folk band. I wouldn't be ashamed of that. I think it's a great thing to be . . . It doesn't mean you have to *play* in some traditional way."

Martyn: "When The Clash started, they were a modern folk band, because they were totally contemporary. The Clash's first LP was 1977's archetypal folk LP."

Yet you're working with what sounds to me like rock music. And rock has always been seen as urban, the sound of the city, the beat of the streets and so on.

Tim: "Ah, that's where our problem comes in . . ."

Martyn: "If we wanted to be obvious about it, then Tim would sing with one finger in his ear and I'd play an acoustic guitar."

Instead, The Dancing Did are going for an ambitious blend of the diverse elements that inspire them, old and new.

Tim: "I don't think you should turn your back on something just because it comes from progress. You should use the best of both worlds. I just think it's a shame that people ignore the past so much. Or if they do deal with it, it's in such a facile way, demons and dragons and all the rest of it . . . I think it's about time somebody *thought* about it properly.

"But it is a difficult thing to get across, there's a wall of ignorance that we face all the time: So you do country music then? You're like The Wurzels, then?

"Most people in the music business are ignorant. We're quite embittered towards it . . . I just think, blowing our own trumpet, that it's a bloody pity it's going to take us another three to five years to get in a big position."

They're too honest to disown any folk tag outright, but nor do they feel any affinity with anything else in current folk music: "The scene's gone back to what everyone takes the piss out of folk for being," says Martyn.

Tim: "A lot of people have affected a kind of rural feel. The obvious example, I suppose, is Dexy's — that's what they've pulled out of their dressing-up box this month. I don't suppose it'll last. But us, we've lived here all our lives. I mean, *(indicates his bucolic togs)* we fucking walk around in this stuff!"

THE DANCING Did believe they couldn't write any more if they left to live in London, which figures. The songs from the new LP are suffused through and through with what I can only call a sense of place: the feeling, the conviction, that each spot on a map is unique and special, host to a world of meaning for anyone sufficiently attuned to realise it.

Menace and danger lurk at every turn, mind. 'The Wolves Of Worcestershire', 'Charnel Boy', 'Squashed Things', all speak of death and carnage playing out an endless cycle beneath the facade of rural peace. Nature itself is red in tooth and claw, and the villages themselves are more *Straw Dogs* than hey-nonny-no and pink-cheeked milkmaids.

Even Evesham, says Tim, "is a dreadful place to be on Saturday night. It can be really nasty. It's gun law around here, a real mid-western town, nothing to do but drink. I don't want to fit into that cosy countryside image. Places right in the middle of somewhere natural and wild are going to be wild themselves, it stands to reason. It's only city slickers who are going to look on it as paradise, arcadia etc . . . There again, there are some beautiful aspects to it."

Martyn: "There's so much more to it than meets most people's eyes. And we try to put it all into what we do."

The seeds of what Barney Hoskyns once neatly described as The Dancing Did's "pastoral Edwardian rockabilly" have grown and given us a strange and splendid harvest. Hey! What happens next, lads?

"I think we'll just get more and more embittered. And by the time we make it we'll probably be real shits to everybody. It's very depressing."

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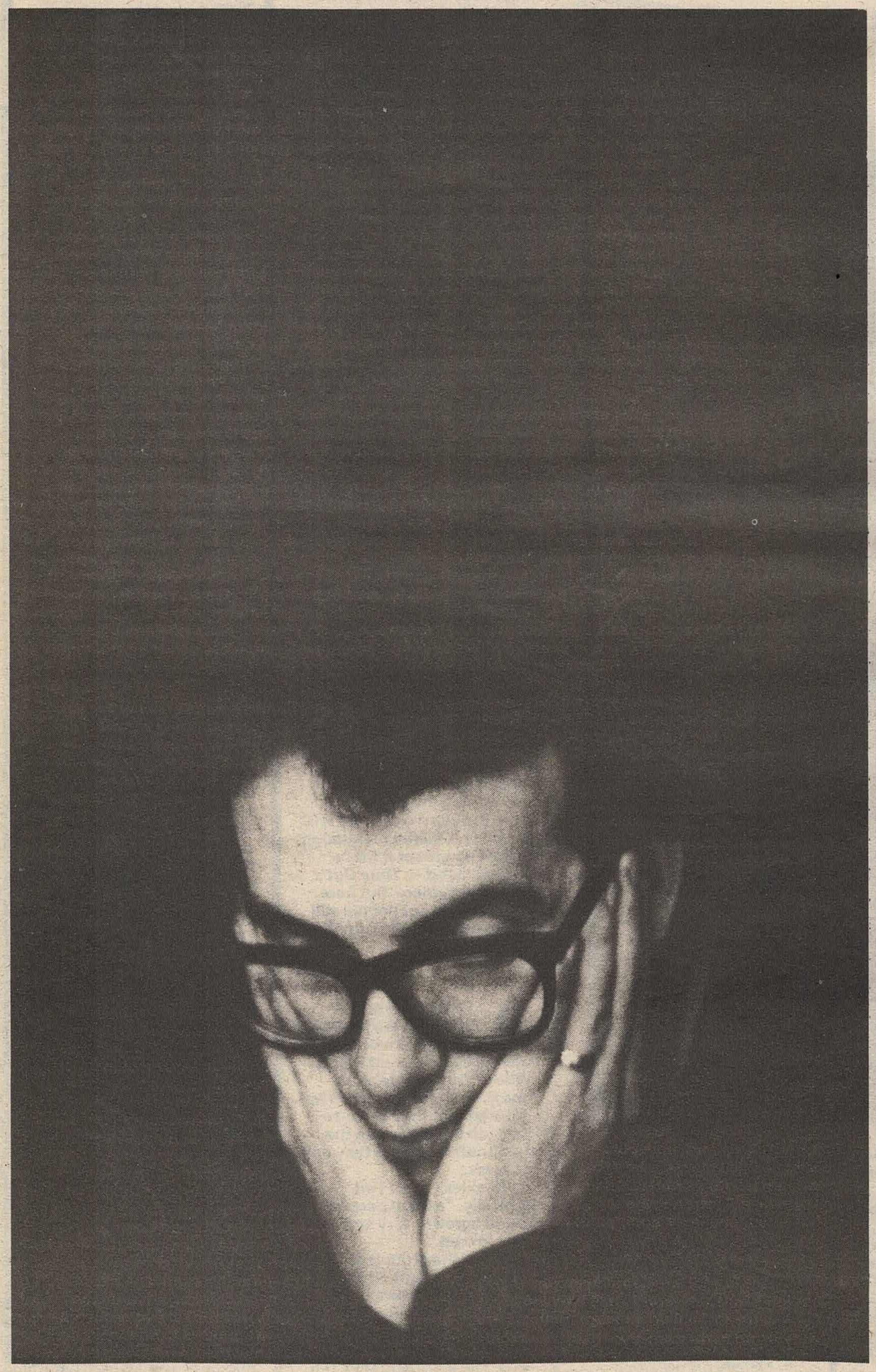

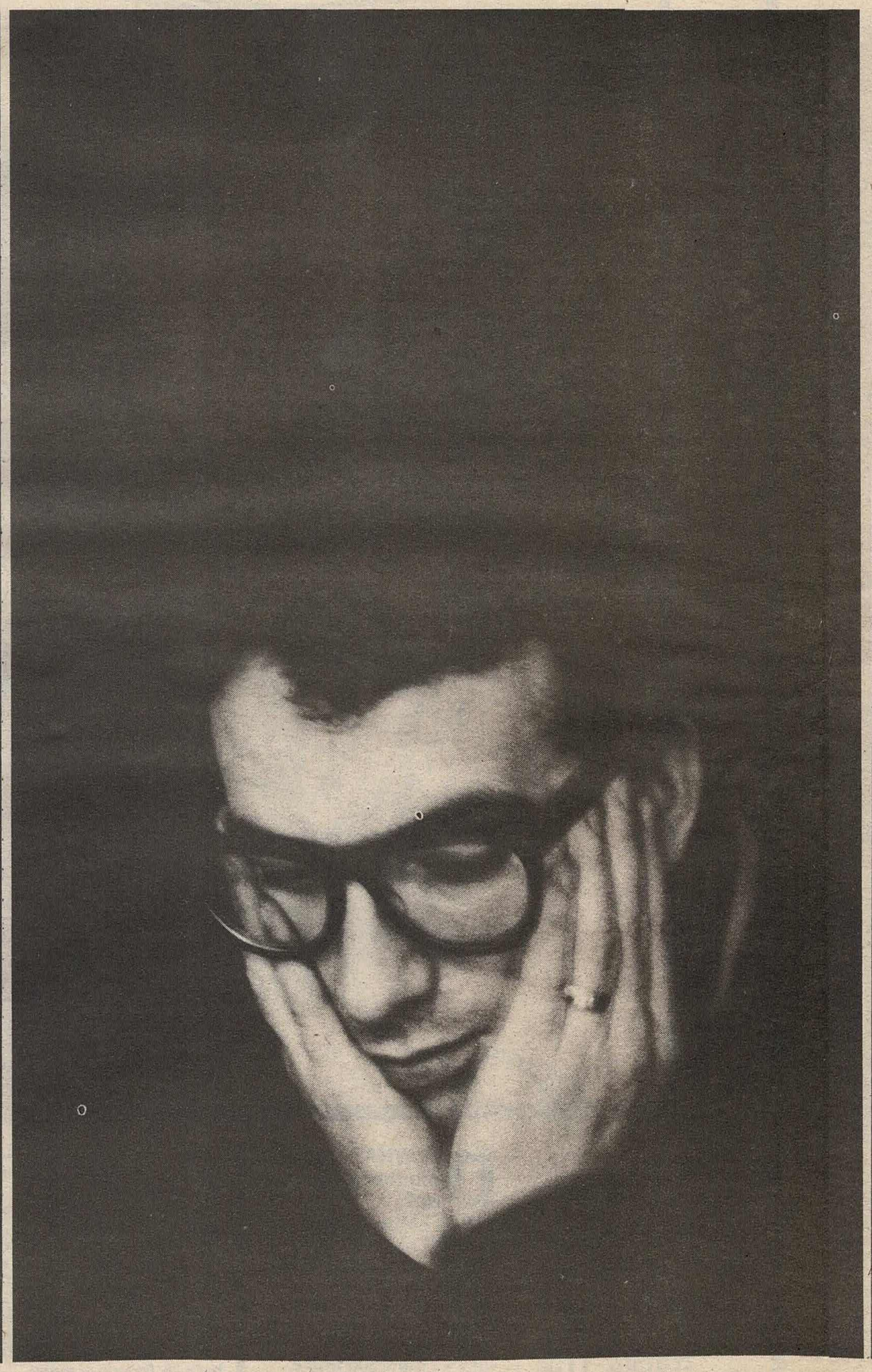

Elvis Costello is a man who has made a habit of teasing and tormenting the music press, but now after a four-year silence he has agreed to this exclusive British interview. He talks at length about his songs, his life, resolutions and confusion.

BY NEIL SPENCER

PIX ANTON CORBIJN

SOME things you never get used to.

It should be no surprise by now that our sundry 'stars' — those individuals of proven talent, inspiration and success — are as prone to self-doubt and uncertainty as the rest of us mortals.

Still, when the individual concerned is Elvis Costello admissions of fallibility are not the most expected of events.

Nor, for that matter, is an Elvis Costello interview.

Ever since the prickly EC persona was unleashed onto the world of popular music some five years ago with the resonant strains of 'Less Than Zero', the man's maintained an uneasy relationship with the gentlefolk of the press, at best maintaining a rigorous silence, and at worst launching some savage salvos against the critics.

It's now four years since Costello spoke to the British press, his dialogues with *NME's* Nick Kent being virtually the man's only forays into print, outside of some soft-core expeditions in mainstream journals like the *TV Times* and *The Observer Colour Supplement.*

This year, however, Costello has already given *Rolling Stone's* Greil Marcus an extensive interview, which the increasingly ponderous periodical had front paged as "ELVIS COSTELLO REPENTS" — somewhat to the chagrin of Costello as it transpires.

"That interview was specially to clear up that incident in Ohio on the Armed Forces tour," he tells me referring to a bar room run-in with a camp of American musicians fronted by Steven Stills and Bonnie Raitt which had resulted in a racist slur being attached to Costello's name.

"It coloured our career over there and I wanted to settle that once and for all," Costello says.

No one in Britain ever entertained such a notion about Costello or The Attractions — unthinkable given the man's songs like 'Less Than Zero' 'Night Rallies' or his appearance at a massive RAR concert — but few doubted that Costello was a prickly, unruly talent. No one wanted to be on the wrong end of his withering sarcasm or dismissive, offhand style of public relations. And for his part, Elvis seemed to revel in the role as wayward genius, at times showing something little short of naked contempt for his audience.

A lot has changed in the three years since what Costello now refers to as his "Armed Forces period".

Onstage, on record, and on his occasional radio broadcasts, the Costello we've witnessed has been a more measured, more humble, more appealing type of fellow, while

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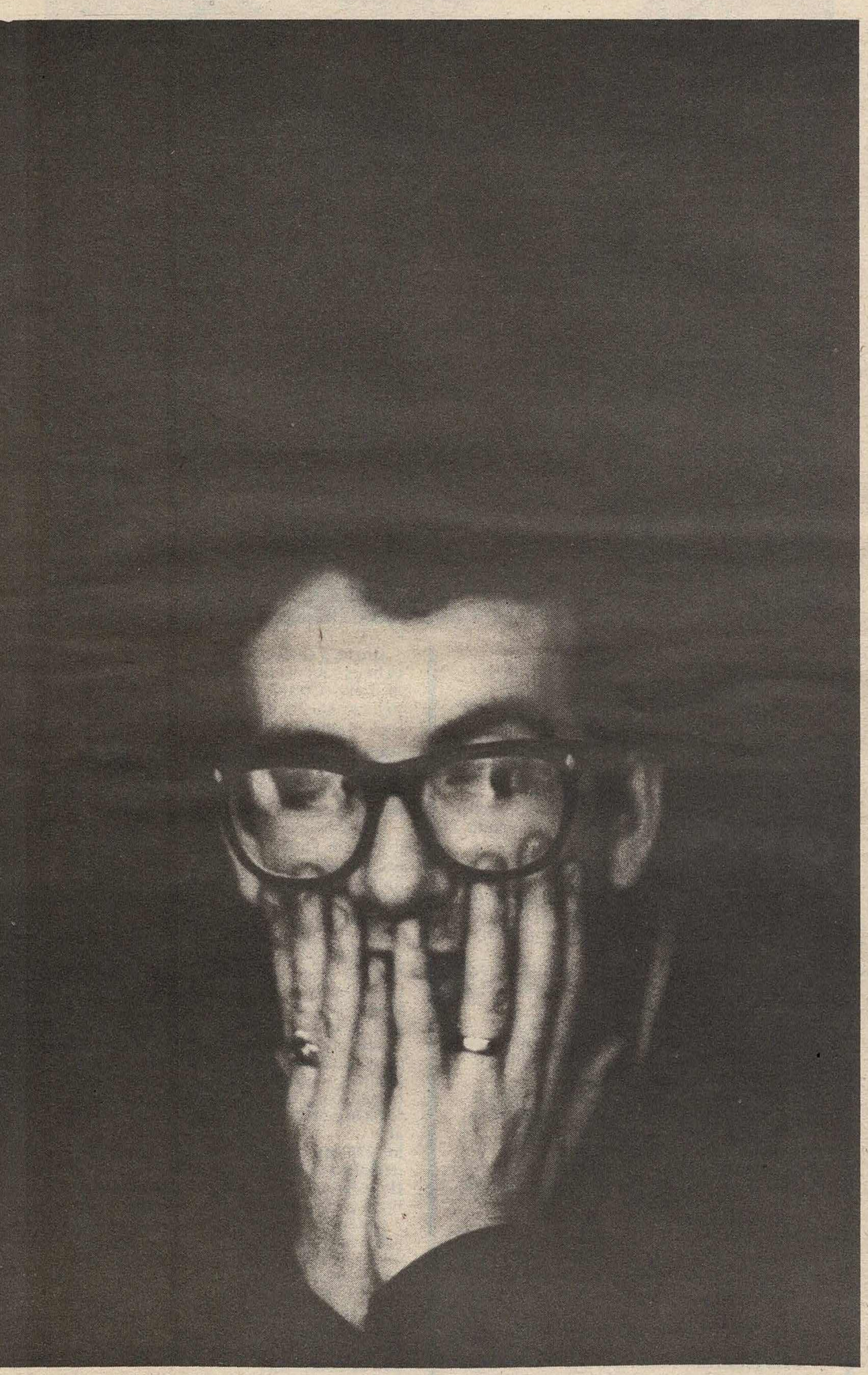

his meteoric ascendancy has been likewise arrested, his records noticeably less dominant in the charts and hearts of the nation.

"We were left with a warehouseful of 'Get Happy'," he says with disarming frankness about his follow-up to the phenomenal success of 'Armed Forces'.

The uneven 'Trust' and 'Almost Blue', his country and western album, likewise, made little impression on a music scene that was rapidly fragmenting into a new and as yet undetermined pattern.

All of which made the arrival of 'Imperial Bedroom' earlier this year particularly impressive, a superb collection of crafted, thoughtful and provocative songs that was both a return to the superlative form of 'My Aim Is True' and 'This Year's Model' (this critic always finding 'Armed Forces' something of a conceit), and an advance into new areas of composition and production.

One of the album's stand-outs was 'Man Out Of Time,' a song which Elvis says is "about unemployment — and the person unemployed is me". He talks of "dislocation" and "being out of control" in reference to his unruly, awkward period, and exhibits a charm, honesty and humour for which none of his records had quite prepared me; his intelligence, wit and verbal dexterity have always shone through his songs.

WE MEET IN the offices of Warner Brothers records, a location not without its ironies considering Costello's long-running distrust of, and battles with the music business. He's pert and fit, conspicuously trimmer than the overweight 'baggy suit' period of 12 months back. He's wearing a black leather jacket, a silver and black silk scarf, a grey straw porkpie hat ("got it in New York, made the taxi stop when I saw it in a shop window"), black slacks, white socks and black Doc Marten shoes.

The three hour conversation traverses his whole career and a lot besides. He rarely shows any reticence, and never seems happier than when music is under discussion — the breadth and familiarity of the man's knowledge of contemporary music is quite startling, and will mention Frank Sinatra, Bobby Darin and Kevin Rowland in the same sentence whether it's Dexys or Julie London that's under discussion.

In short, he is a consummate fan of music as well as one of its most subtle and skilful exponents.

Apart from the success of 'Imperial Bedroom' he currently has, with producer Clive Langer, half the writing credits on one of the year's outstanding records, Robert Wyatt's 'Shipbuilding', an oblique and telling response to 1982's militaristic tide, so aptly wrapped in one of Stanley Spencer's wartime paintings of the Glasgow shipyards.

He's also increasingly involved in production — having recently worked with Scottish popsters The Bluebells and seems proud of his other production work with the likes of Australia's Mental As Anything, and further back, on The Special's debut LP. He's also at work on the title tune of a forthcoming film, though which film he's disinclined to reveal — "It's the most unlikely title though."

What he'll do next seems particularly uncertain.

'Imperial Bedroom' marks the end of the second phase of his recording career he informs me, and with even his stage name under reconsideration, Costello's next move remains open to even more speculation than usual.

A FEW years ago it seemed as though people were turning to Elvis Costello songs to cover — George Jones and Linda Ronstadt say; but that doesn't seem to have continued. Are you disappointed your songs haven't been covered more?

No, I don't think that's true. There never were many covers — I always thought I could have had more. I could never understand the A&R men's lack of imagination in not picking up on some of the songs — and those you mention are about the extent of it.

But this year there's been a Kiki Dee, a Shaking Pyramids and a Dusty Springfield version of 'Just A Memory' — and that's just *one* song *this year,* more than I ever got before.

Who would you like to see cover your songs?

The two I'd like to start with first in case they stopped recording is Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald; I'd like to hear either of them sing 'Almost Blue'. . . er . . . Aretha Franklin, Randy Crawford . . . I dunno. I'll write for anybody. I don't sit round being precious about it. I've got this hack mentality on the other side from the one I take very seriously . . .

I wrote these three songs for Frieda's (of Abba) album, and they turned 'em all down. When I heard about the combination of Phil Collins and Frieda I assumed she was trying to make something less poppy, something meant to be taken more seriously. What you forget is that Phil Collins has moved in more to the centre; his records maybe appeal to people who like the more serious side of Abba, not the 'Fernando' end of it.

Actually I sent them two songs, the third was the 'Imperial Bedroom' that appears on the 12" of 'Man Out Of Time'. I thought it would be funny if they put the title of my new album on their record; I was trying to slip one under the wire there but it didn't work out.

Do you consciously relate to the tradition of songwriting represented by people like Bacharach/David, Brecht/Weill, George Gershwin and the like?

I'd like to, yeah, Sometimes I throw off a thing that might put me more in mind of a record I heard last week. I don't sit round thinking, Oh God, I gotta be like George Gershwin all the time. That'd be a hell of a weight.

I don't suppose George Gershwin worried about being George Gershwin.

No, that's probably what made him great.

How do you write in fact? Is there a particular place or method you use to get a song out of yourself?

I only wish there was some way. Not that I wish I wrote more songs — I write loads — but sometimes it's frustrating cos it comes when you least expect or want it, when you're trying to sleep, or walking down the street. I'll hear the most arresting idea in my head and I think Oh no, here we go.

So there are lots of things scribbled on the back of envelopes?

Yeah, sometimes I sit down deliberately to write, but I've never written many good things like that. Sometimes I sit down and go through old notebooks and a great line will leap out and I'll try and use it, work it in.

I used to write a lot on the road, but there's only so many songs you can write in that situation without getting into actually writing about being on the road, which I *dread*. I wrote one very simple song on this last tour, which we learnt straight away and performed, called 'Every Day I Write A Book', and that went really well, so maybe that's sometimes the way to write a song — finish it in half an hour, learn it in half an hour and do it.

We did a lot of songs like that at first, but I wasn't thinking enough about the quality. Now I've decided that half the repertoire of the next set is maybe gonna be stuff off the top of my head.

How many songs have you written?

Ever? I've no idea. There were lots before the first album, some of which turned up late, like 'New Lace Sleeves' and 'Watch Your Step'. I looked at them again and decided they were alright, whereas before they'd seemed a bit vague.

There's a current revival of interest in the 'classic' song; the era of Billy Holiday and the like. Do you think that the art of songwriting is looking up, or is it in decline?

That interest is healthy so long as it's not insubstantial; so long as it's not a passing fad that's gonna cream off the superficial aspects.

What disturbed me was when 2-Tone happened and there was the phoney mod revival thing, there were scores of soul reissues and I thought, Great, this is going to re-establish that style as part of the vocabulary. Not so much so we could sit round and dig up Motown records, but there had been this indifferent wave that came out of punk that didn't show any emotion and the soul revival really augured well. It left the way open for us to make 'Get Happy' which was a much more direct, feeling kind of record.

Then I was disappointed it was never followed through, it never happened. The clothes survived, and a certain amount of good records were made, but a lot of it was just The Lambrettas doing 'Poison Ivy'.

I feel the same thing might be happening again, when it's all just down to copping an attitude in *The Face*. It might be entertaining and pass the time, but it's not really gonna save the song which will still decline.

There are still the people who put the work in. I think Martin Fry is a good songwriter; I like Green from Scritti Politti as well; I like a lot of recent records, but not all of them have got very substantial songs on.

When I heard 'Only You' by Yazoo I thought, What a great song, you can play it on acoustic guitar, you can play it with an orchestra. I was kind of disappointed when I got the album that there was nothing good on it, but maybe the next record.

ONE OF THE proclamations of the so-called New Wave was that singles wouldn't just be pulled from LPs. You've stuck to that attitude more than most, at least as regards B-sides.

Well, we do still lift singles from LPs, but I'm a big fan of B-sides . . .

If I was pushed to put together a 'Best Of' — not that anyone would want to buy it — I'd want 'Big Tears' on it from the B-side of 'Pump It Up'; I think it's one of the best things we've made. People say, What the hell is this going on the B-side for? — we've done it time and time again.

In a company like this, there's a certain amount of stuff that's got to go along with them and you've got to do what you want as well. There's a few examples of things being released abroad and then filtered in: that whole Polydor business; I don't understand that at all, why it's done or anything. There's a lot of mysteries about the music business that I still don't understand. We just carry on ahead.

I like to put out good B-sides, a couple of tracks on the 12-inchers, tracks that don't fit on albums and I want them out somehow. I just like to make life more interesting.

I figure if people buy our album and then

OVER ▶

COSTELLO

CONTINUED

buy a single already on the album, then they're buying it for the B-side. which I usually try and make as good as the A-side; it just doesn't fit in elsewhere.

That was part of the idea of the 'Ten Bloody Marys' tape?

It was a companion to the American version, the 'Taking Liberties' album, which was to kill the collector mentality. There were these shops in Greenwich Village selling import singles for $30 and people would buy them.

Now, I'm a vinyl junkie but not to the point where I have to have it with that different colour sleeve. I don't care what the label looks like, it's what's in the wax.

Also those tracks weren't available to people who didn't live in Greenwich Village, who lived in maybe Ohio and were interested in our records.

Do you still feel as disgusted by the music biz as you used to?

Yeah, I do. What I find really amusing at the moment is this 'Home Taping Is Killing Music' campaign. Bad music is killing music, or lack of imagination is killing it. Whether you give the bloody records away in the street has nothing to do with it. People are always making excuses for the massive waste of money.

The situation where companies have to hype — and if you don't, you get pushed right out the picture, — has got completely out of hand. You can't call a truce because nobody will agree to it — there's gonna be somebody else doing it. It's got like controlled corruption, the whole thing is sickening. *(Shaking his head)* I can't think about it, if I did I couldn't operate at all.

Don't you worry about people taping your albums and singles?

It's never occurred to me as being that serious. I wouldn't have one of those signs on my records. I think it's a blind alley, they kick up a fuss to distract people from other shortcomings and failings.

So do you think the business is failing to promote a lot of good music?

Yeah, including mine. *(Laughs)*

I try to avoid reading *Billboard* and the like. I'll read it if it's on the desk there . . . *(Points and picks up a trade paper)* Look at this fucking thing here, what's that about? I mean, EMI, not only do they have that insulting campaign going round — "Do you realise it's 20 years since Paul McCartney was in The Beatles?" — now we've got to put up with this bloody nonsense, 'The John Lennon Collection'. It's just a complete accident that it's coming out in November, just before Christmas. It just makes you feel sick.

Would you say that the real artistry and value of music is being devalued by the behaviour of record companies?

I don't think that all that many people who are very interesting regard themselves all that artistically in this business. Most of the people I meet are generally just doing a job, and it's usually the people who haven't got much to say who are trying to make it look artistic.

The record companies like to play up that artistic bit so they can pull that stuff about, You get on with the art and we'll get on with the business, and hold that over you. Most of the people I've met, apart from a few who are naive, are not stupid at all, they know what's going on, they get on with their job, they make records, they don't sit round in garrets and fret. I've never understood that.

The press are a bit responsible too because they build up a mystique, a romantic image of these sensitive characters that are put upon by the record business.

You've always had a profound mistrust of journalists . . .

Yeah, I have, from bad experience. There are people for whom I have some respect — I think they know who they are — but that doesn't mean you have to do an interview about every single thing you do, because I really don't think it's all that interesting. There really isn't that much to talk about.

Most people in groups are dullards anyway. The best thing they can do is make records. There are not that many hidden meanings in my songs that I have to sit down and do an interview to explain them, cos I'd feel the songs have failed if they don't speak for themselves. There may be oblique things in there that I put in and I still wouldn't choose to explain them; they're set in there to work on the imagination of the listener, or work on my imagination when I sing 'em again.

How do you feel about the early albums now?

I feel that that the first three albums are in a group, and then it goes into another gear as it were — not necessarily better than the first three, but a different person made those records. Then the next four records are a group, and then that period ends. Not that the first three are a trilogy, God forbid, but it got more serious in some ways, more emotional, more committed post 'Armed Forces'. I was just a clever-dick up until then.

I didn't know anything from anything when I made the first album. I didn't even know if the record I was making was going to come out — Stiff only existed from week to week. The second record we were in making before we knew where we were. By the third one I thought I was God's gift, y'know? I didn't think I was that cocky at the time, but we totally thought we were kings of the castle. Whether or not we were, while making it I was completely convinced; I had no doubts. The doubts didn't settle in until after that album.

Because of appearing like an idiot, like a clown at that particular time, at the end of the 'Armed Forces' tour of America, we came back to England and I decided, That's it! I've got to get a grip. There's something wrong. The mission's gone wrong somewhere.

I didn't like the feeling; I felt completely out of touch with what we were supposed to be doing. By the end of the 'Armed Forces' period I felt completely disillusioned with the whole idea of making records.

I remember as early as the British 'Forces' tour — before America, which is where things really got hairy — I had a conversation with Bruce Thomas and saying, Look, I don't think I really want to do this anymore. And he said, You've got to think about it more positively; you're just being defeatist about it. And he talked me into it. He said, You can't just leave it to The Boomtown Rats; you've got to put up a bit more of a fight than that." *(Laughs)*

I was right about it in the long run, that I was disconnected from my original intention.

Up until then I thought I was bulletproof. When I realised I wasn't, I made different records from then on. There was more . . . self-criticism, I suppose.

That doesn't mean you become introspective because you still throw ideas out to other people. You couldn't be totally introspective and make records; you could, you could make very dull records *(Laughs)*, but . . .

The songs became more vulnerable?

More vulnerable, more questioning. Instead of just saying I can rhyme any word with any word . . .

Well, it's a bit glib to look at it like that now because obviously I had more heart in those songs at the time, and I think there were good things on 'Armed Forces', but somewhere along the way it got lost. And it didn't come back until we were actually in the studio making 'Get Happy'. That was a very emotional record to make. Very edgy, lots of drinking.

Were you disappointed by the reception of 'Get Happy' and 'Trust'?

Erm . . . I figure that's when things started to go wrong for us in this country in a business sense. I don't think we ever recovered from the court case — when we tried to leave Warner Brothers; whether or not it's been a conscious decision, I wouldn't like to judge the present hierarchy of this company on the previous one, which I had no respect for whatsoever. But I think we've paid dearly for that dispute.

You've got to account for a certain loss of your status and chart placings in changes in fashion. We were the new thing in 1978 and obviously by 1980 there were lots of other things came along. I'm thinking about the time we were a *Top Of The Pops* kind of group, like Blondie or something.

Also, the kind of records we made, we didn't follow up our big commercial success: 'Armed Forces' sold 500,000 copies, we had a gold single with 'Oliver's Army'. If we were to just make another record like that, then we would have followed a formula and those people who liked only that about us, who didn't even know about the first two albums, would have followed on.

So I couldn't be disappointed by the comparative commercial failure of 'Get Happy' and 'Trust', because I wilfully made those records like they were.

'Trust' maybe I was a bit more disappointed with in retrospect, because I think there's more bogus stuff on that than 'Get Happy'. We lost the idea of the production halfway through. We set out to make a really simple record with no overdubs, without having an over-riding style like 'Get Happy'. We were trying to do the same thing as we did on 'Imperial Bedroom' by taking each song individually, but the production was so lowkey it was almost non-existent. Only the very best songs survived it. The weaker songs were just like a jolly-up. Even 'Whisper To A Scream', although I had enjoyed it and Glenn sang great, it still rang hollow.

WAS 'ALMOST Blue' something you had long wanted to do, a bona fide country album in Nashville? Because you had that spell in a country and western group before you became Elvis Costello?

No, not really. That's one of the things that got added to the biography. The groups I played in were only country by virtue of using acoustic guitars and playing some country numbers in the usual mix of rock and roll, and what have you.

I picked up on those writers like Merle Haggard and singers like George Jones the same way a lot of people did, filtering back through The Byrds and Burritos. Suddenly a whole world opened up, cos we didn't have country as a tradition like they do; which is maybe why they can suffer Barbara Mandrell — Ernest Tubb and the rest of the original Honky Tonk singers and traditional stylists aren't held in such esteem as they are by the English country and western. It's mainstream MOR now, not what I call *real* country.

My original plan was to do an album of ballads, of covers. I had this idea to do a sad album, cos one of my favourite albums is 'Only The Lonely' by Frank Sinatra, all sad songs. I was even going to do a couple of Sinatra things if I could arrange them right. I had no idea if I had the voice to do it. I *thought* I did, no one believed I did cos I screeched over a load of guitar things.

Then I changed my mind. I thought it would seem like a Bobby Darin album — where he'd do really weird albums, one week a folk singer, the next he'd appear in a tuxedo, each album with a different mood but no real point, they'd be aimless.

So I thought we'd do a country album, then it would have a definite style and people would either love it or hate it. And a side effect might be that people who didn't like country music might hear these songs coming from us.

When we went to do it, Billy Sherrill couldn't understand why we wanted to do these songs, they were all so old hat to him.

I went there in a very depressed frame of mind anyway. I had this sad feeling, I dunno why, it wasn't anything specific in my life, I'd just wound myself up to it.

I suppose the records from 'Get Happy' to 'Imperial Bedroom' are linked in a way that they're some form of exorcism, post-the disasters of '79. Looking back now, I can't imagine how I was so miserable sounding. It was a genuine feeling, so I never accepted the criticisms that the singing wasn't authentic.

Was it badly received in the States?

Critically it was 50/50. Some people thought we were incredibly brave and out of our minds, the rest thought it was complete rubbish. Hardly anyone thought it was a good idea.

And the country audience, how did they react?

In America, zero. Nashville didn't do a single thing to promote it. I've heard vague reports that it got played on a couple of obscure country stations, but I guess they thought it was too weird, that an English group at all would do that, let alone an English 'new waver'. Country and western stations, they probably think I'm a punk still; they're that far behind with the press releases — when you imagine that the American record company don't know what we do really.

What was the experience of Nashville like?

It was only eight days. It rushed by really. The fact that we were filming it meant it was all really on edge . . . probably assisted it really — when I saw the indifference of Billy Sherrill on film . . . I wasn't aware of it at the time, I was too busy concentrating.

They got a good sound, you can't argue with the sound they got; it's the same sound for George Jones or Tammy Wynette. Sherrill's not interested in 90% of the records he makes, he mixes half of them from his office, he's got an intercom.

There were some bizarre reports about him on his yacht producing from there. . .

Oh, he's an odd character. He doesn't seem to have a lot of love for anything really, least of all music. God knows why he's in it. It seems to be a habit, he can't get out of making million selling records.

FROM *NME's* "REVENGE AND GUILT" headlines of '78 to *Rolling Stone's* "ELVIS COSTELLO REPENTS" a few weeks back, how does it feel to live in block capitals?

I think both headlines are misplaced and irrelevant. I obviously did various things to assist that 'revenge and guilt' image, but I found it frustrating early on. I never really revelled in it, though sometimes I added fuel to the fire by foolish things I said.

And the 'repents' thing — well, that's some sub-editor's idea. That's not even Greil Marcus' idea. I spoke to him afterwards and he was actually angry about that. The tone of the interview was nothing to do with repentance and the inner headline — "Explains himself" — was much more what I intended that article to be, clearing up specifically that Ohio incident, which in America was much more crucial to our career; it coloured our career. I felt it important to clear that up once and for all.

In 1978 you told *NME* "This job is not designed to make you nicer or more mature." How do you feel about that now? Do you think you've become more mature?

Not really. I don't think of myself as mature. I don't sit round thinking about myself that much. I have no opinion about that. I don't know whether I'm more mature; I try to be, about things that are important to me, but I don't necessarily disagree with that quote.

But something snapped you out of that ranting, rub 'em up the wrong way phase you've described.

I just got tired of it, it's only fun for so long. Also you become a bit pathetic after a while if you're still ranting on. You can only hit people with rage when they're not expecting it, otherwise they just switch off. You've no divine right to their attention. To hold their attention you've got to be a bit more cunning. You've even got to get them to like you. Maybe later you decide to rub 'em up the wrong way again. I'm not saying that would never happen.

If I wanted to make a very aggressive record I wouldn't feel inhibited about it as long as I felt it. It was then that the attitude started to dictate to the music and not the other way round; that's when I got disturbed. When I found what I was saying was making better copy than what I was singing I thought, Well, hang on, I gotta be a bit more . . . not deceitful, but careful and cunning about it.

Do you think it's taken a long time for you to get over that image of negativity?

I'd like to replace it with something that was as powerful but more positive. At the moment we're in an interim period where there are a

degree of people who understand what we're about and pay attention, and they number around 50,000 in this country.

Do you have a strong sense of personal history?

(Thinks) Not like The Clash *(laughs)* I don't have a strong sense of personal mythology, if that's what you mean. I suppose you qualify everything with hindsight: I go right off records and individual songs, but beyond my work, no, I don't.

It's one of the vanities of the business, and bands who play up to that are usually the ones with least to say. When you get up close to people it's hard to dislike them, with a few exceptions . . . Like Miles Copeland . . . *(Whispers)* . . . I hate him.

What's the most dangerous thing you've encountered in your profession?

Dangerous in what sense? Losing control of yourself, losing sight of your original objectives, allowing your bloody image to dictate to your personal life — *that's* dangerous.

Do you ever feel a little schizoid — like, Who is this person called Elvis Costello I've created?

Yeah. I've seriously thought about dumping it. Recently I've come to thinking that for this country anyway.

I think there's two different time-scales: there's America, where it takes you five years for them to wake up long enough so you can sing to them. Here it's kind of Oh God, it's old hat; that very snobbish attitude. We went down the Hacienda in Manchester and there were all these people sitting round looking like they should have been in Echo And The Bunnymen very obviously sneering, like, Oh, you're rockist. *(Laughs)* It was that attitude personified.

Would you ever stop performing?

If we stick around much longer we'll be the only group left from our particular vintage still going. I'd only stop if I felt there were no real point. There are no other people who do what we do. There are a lot of other groups that are popular. We're a one-off; not many groups are formed like that. I'm the odd man out. I'm the least accomplished musician. I always feel that The Attractions get a rough deal, that they aren't given enough credit for being superb musicians.

THERE SEEMS to have been a move away from songs written in the first person on 'Imperial Bedroom' to songs written in the third person, with more distance, on things like 'Long Honeymoon' and 'And In Every Home'.

In some cases it's story telling. Other songs it's using more songwriting craft rather than just pouring out your own experience carelessly hacked into some sort of metre and set to a tune. You're using more songwriter's craft to make life more interesting for the listener.

I had this horrible feeling, even though I didn't write all the songs on 'Almost Blue', of this man tortured by his own soul, wailing away in an abyss . . . That's to be flip and play devil's advocate with your own work, which it's always good to do . . . I could be more ruthless than all your cynical critics about all my records . . . it doesn't mean I'd write that way for the next record; it's just what I did with those particular subjects.

I couldn't imagine you writing a song as compassionate as 'Little Fool' a few years ago.

There aren't many songs written from the point of view, slightly disparaging but also sympathetic. Maybe it only seems unusual because I was branded as a misogynist around the time of 'This Year's Model', which I thought was *completely* wrong. A completely mysterious thing to deduce from that album because the main song, the title track, was saying *'Don't just be another face'*, and that applies to men and women, so I always thought there was compassion there. Maybe the overall tone of the album overpowered some of the intentions of the lyrics, or I was singing them as if I wanted to murder somebody.

'You Little Fool' was deliberately meant to sound archaic, with a harpsichord and 12-string guitar, this phoney kind of . . . I wanted it to sound like Vanity Fair or Left Bank or someone.

The whole LP seems more compassionate, not feeling sorry for yourself but for people caught up in situations over which they have very little control, or which they don't understand.

Maybe. The real horrors were all on 'Get Happy' or 'Almost Blue', that's when the real black moods were. There was some kind of light on 'Trust' . . . I actually thought 'Bedroom' was a lighthearted record myself. 'Man Out Of Time' is a pretty grim song, and the bridge of 'And In Every Home', cos it's a song about being unemployed and the person who's unemployed is ME. The bridge at least, I felt *'I don't have any purpose, I don't have a job, I'm disconnected'* . . .

What?

I still do feel that way a little bit.

You mean not clocking on?

No, the fact that we make the records and people buy them and appreciate them, and the work that's gone into them, but at the same time, the loss of greater interest in them . . . This is getting to the point of Graham Smith's live review in *NME:* What is going on? How can they be this good and not sell any records? Which seems to be a very fashionable thing to say in all the papers, it's become the fashionable thing to say.

It's something I'd like to arrest. As I said before, I've thought of hanging up the name, or doing something drastic like recording under a pseudonym, cos I'm actually beginning to think that the name is a jinx. I'm actually starting to get superstitious about it because I think, Well what more is there I can do? I don't want to put any *more* in because I don't want to be one of those people like Pete Hammill who's tearing his own head off in private.

WHY DO YOU have such a problem getting airplay?

You can't even pinpoint that — we had great airplay on both 'Little Fool' and 'Head To Toe'. I think we have got a problem politically with this company, something that stems from a previous time, it's not the responsibility of the people now, I think they're trying to deal with it. But I do think that reflects our bad relationship between the end of Radar and the start of F-Beat.

F-Beat's never really developed consequently into what I wanted it to be, it's been a disappointment. I wanted it to be a much more important label. I thought it had the ability to be a 2-Tone, to change things. It's been just another sticker on the bloody record, even though it is nice to have control over sleeves and adverts and all the things that people signed to big companies have to put up with.

I've got off the point, I was saying something about 'Man Out Of Time' . . . it was about that feeling of not having a job, of making these records aimlessly, might as well be Kevin Coyne or something really.

It's very difficult to balance the two things, because on the one hand you make serious records, but on the other you've got to be in competition with Haircut 100. Doesn't mean I'm gonna start wearing leggings or silly yachting caps or act like I'm 18 because that would be embarrassing.

But it's important that the next record — if there is a next record, and at the moment I'm weighing up what the next record should be or whether there should be a pause of some kind. Cos on the one hand I'm just a songwriter who sings and does my best and puts my heart into it, on the other hand I understand the business better than a lot of people I know, where I stand in it, that side of me says hang on, what is the point of bashing your head against a brick wall, to throw it away, because you're gonna put all this work in and people are not going to accept it because of who you are? They've decided they don't like you so you might as well not bother to make records and be off like John The Baptist. It's a question of presenting it, the production, the kind of song even . . .

Maybe you're expecting a lot from the pop song. Maybe you're too smart to be involved in an area as dumb as pop music.

No, I can write dumb lyrics like anybody else.

Were you shocked by the success of 'Oliver's Army', considering its subject matter?

No, not really. It was what I always hoped I could do; it's what I hoped to do from the very first single. I didn't choose 'Less Than Zero', but we would never have released it if we didn't think there was a chance of pulling that stunt of having a hit record where the musical content took it into the charts before anyone realised what the lyrics were about.

Nick Lowe's theory of "Subversive Pop"? . . .

Yeah. The minute you say it's subversive it defeats the object. We're gonna release a really subversive single folks, are you ready there at the radio? *(Laughs).*

That's what happened with 'Radio Radio'. Radio One realised it was anti-radio and not pro-radio when they listened to the lyrics of the verse instead of just the chorus, radio play stopped overnight and the record dropped like a stone. It was steaming away up until then.

They'll play anything with "radio" in the title.

They even use it as a jingle sometimes, edited down.

I don't hold any animosity, I don't really think there are any evil minds at work in British radio; I think there's a lot of under-achievements. But I do think there's a conscious, almost conspiracy in America. It's much more sinister.

The American radio by comparison is really sinister. They've got to the point now where they won't play new records. They'll play old records because they know they hold the listener, and the sponsor wants that.

ALTHOUGH IT was written two or three years ago, 'Oliver's Army' is about the only record that seems to have any relevance to the Falklands conflict.

Hmmm. That's why when I was going round the radio stations on this last tour I tended to plug Robert Wyatt's record ('Shipbuilding') more than my own, because I had more concern really in the fate of that. I'm really proud of that record, both from writing it and being involved in it. It was great to work with Robert because he's such a great singer, and he's also one of the nicest people I've ever worked with. He was unbelievable to work with.

I hate to sound mawkish, but I actually got

CONTINUES PAGE 61

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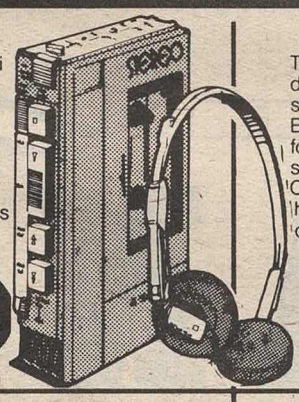

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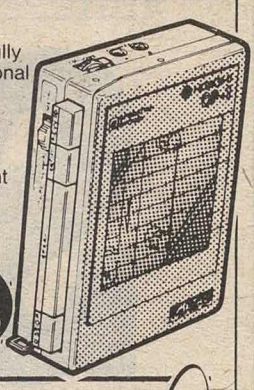

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The Mandingo Griot Society

THERE'S A GRIOT GOIN' ON!

MANDINGO GRIOT SOCIETY

Mighty Rhythm (Flying Fish)

ANOTHER NEW flavour, or — to be more precise — a new recipe that combines known flavours in a new and deftly stimulating way.

Not so much a discovery as much as a recognition of previously unexplored relationship between existing musics, 'Mighty Rhythm' blends its various ingredients with such dexterity and imagination that it would seem slickly and knowingly eclectic if it were not for the corresponding degrees of passionate joy and creative vitality with which the perfromers present their music.

The Mandingo Griot Society are, I suppose, an American band, even though their leader, Jali Foday Musa Suso, is from Gambia, and it is Suso's vision which informs the band. According to the sleeve, Suso is a genuine Griot (oral historian) of the Mandingo people, and his music is blended with everything you'd expect to hear from a Chicago-based group whose collective experience includes stints with Sun Ra, Don Cherry, Earth Wind & Fire and Peter Tosh.

The illustration on the back sums things up perfectly: Suso, carrying a suitcase and an extremnely large stringed instrument, is crossing a wide street which separates a Gambian village and the South Side of Chicao.

The music is a riot of shapes and colours and textures: Rhythms switch from Latin to reggae to funk to High Life to any combination of the above to all at aonce, while Suso's amazing collection of stringed instruments — kora, dusongoni and bolon, if that's any help — create sounds that range from banjo to sitar to multiple African guitars to Caribbean steel pans to lowdown, menacing Mississippi bottleneck to the courtly Celtic romance of Alan Stivell.

The album's most attractive facet is the sheer exuberance of 'Disco Gate' and 'Woman Dance With Me', the latter being the most uncomplicatedly high-spirited piece of music that I've heard sing Explainer's 'Party Time' (his next single, unless something's gone seriously wrong up at Stiff's A&R department). The way that Suso sings the seemingly innocuous line *"I never know I never know I never know I never know"* is several degrees better than wonderful, and the song should be a single soonest.

The album's opener 'One Man Dancing' smears healthy quantities of Suso's chanting and banjo/sitar flurries over a reggae bounce in a kind of Marleyesque 'Lively Up Yourself' style, complete with Junior Marvin's guitar solo.

Generally speaking guitarist John Markiss performs in an exemplary manner, covering all the bases with funky-reggae chops and flowing, Afro-soca rhythm'n'picking, but on the final track 'Festival On Crazy Street' he lets loose with a lapse of taste so ludicrous that it has created dropped jaws and muted hysteria from everyone I know who's heard it— an overdubbed H Metal eruption that sounds like Ted Nugent wandered into the studio high on buffalo puke of whatever it is that he's into, plugged in, played this . . . this . . . uh . . .thing, realised where he was, unplugged and stumbled out again. It is the most grandiosely inappropriate piece of playing imaginable.

Elsewhere on the album, Suso switches off the amplification for some traditional Mandingo tunes, which add considerable light and shade to the programme. Over the last ten days, I've spent a lot of time convinced that 'Mighty Rhythm' is the best album I've heard so far this year. Now I'm not quite so sure, but some of it is certainly among the best music of '82, and its wild, whirling Afro-American-Carib-JA-Cuban melange should provide numerous reference points for anyone looking for a quick way in, while Suso's impeccable credentials should be sufficient to reassure the anxious of the music's authenticity.

Mandingo Griot Society have already been over here to appear at WOMAD, where — according to a nasty whingeing press release from Rough Trade, who are distributing the album here — they were pissed about by the horrid commercial manoeuverings of that terrible capitalist combo The Beat, which is demeaning to all concerned and cheap shit-stirring of the worst kind.

I hope they make it back soon so that I can see them — and so that other people can see them as well, of course. Selfish? Moi?) but in the meantime 'Mighty Rhythm' serves as both an exhilarating debut album from a unique band, and as a solid new entry in the current index of musical possibilities.

Charles Shaar Murray

Alexei Sayle

Illustration: Ian Wright

CAK FOR SAYLE

ALEXEI SAYLE

Cak! (Springtime)

"I DON'T know if you like the suit, I got it from a shop that specialises in clothes for the fuller figure. The shop's called MISTER FAT BASTARD . . ."

Oi oi and c(r)ack away here comes Alexei to sort them out — rude and rumbustious, rough and ready. Alexei who cuts such a menacing, unpleasant figure, who seethes and roars at social strife, political deceit, art-ache, institutions. Alexei the alternative, Alexei the man who never left the vanguard that was born in London's Comedy Store 18 months ago.

Or . . . the man who got caught in a trap, who had to keep raising his anger to an ever more hysterical pitch to get the desired effect. The man who by now, nearly two years later, is banging his head against a brick wall with an LP that has the same sketches; the same suit, bald head, hollow rage . . . Is / was his meteoric rise through The Comedy Store, *Tiswas, Over The Top* and Amnesty International any more than cultural cognescenti needing a little bit of radical chic to appease the consciousness?

"Hampstead is an area of London where all the rich left wing people live. They have the same expensive cars and flashy furniture as the rich right wing, they just feel MORE GUILTY ABOUT IT."

Like some but not all great comedy, Alexei's work is the result of anger, often *is* pure rage. At first, on one of his better moments like 'Stoke Newington Calling' this can raise a few hearty chortles, but very soon you begin to find that his sketches are sounding a trifle *forced*. All his songs and raps have the right (left, natch) political bent but soon build up, the punchline bawled at the end — like it was a warning, a threat or a stab in the back — begins to ring hollow, sounding repetitive and contrived.

The best programme on television at the minute — Alan Bleasdale's *Boys From The Blackstuff* — achieves all the things Sayle's humour attempts to (and much more, but that's another story). The problem is that Alexei wants to be more than *just* a comic, he can't accept or see straight belly laughter as enough. He wants to make us think, give us some good advice.

If you know any of Alexei Sayle's material it's probably on here. Side one has 'Happy Days Part 1' with its piece on childhood sexual perversions, the aforementioned 'Stoke Newington Calling', 'Some Stuff' — about 'bourgeois holidays' and the sort of social deviants that you meet at bus stations. Side two has more songs than side one. Most of Alexei's songs are the sort of 'parodies' that don't get far enough away from who or what they are supposed to be parodying, so you get pale imitations of Bruce Springsteen, Leonard Cohen, Spandau Ballet, and consequently a much blunter edge to his acerbic wit.

Running right through the LP is a near paranoid attempt to carry posey middle class conscience out on a stretcher, put it on the operating table and pull its heart out with a boat-hook. It's an operation I wouldn't be alone in donating a few pennies towards but ultimately Alexei doesn't really come across as the man to perform it. He's outrageous, irreverent and most of his humour is well over the top — so far in fact that more often than not it goes beyond humour and becomes a sick, directionless diatribe. Jokes about anal retention and sick pervo schtick are of the same standard as the material I heard on the road with the Anti-Nowhere League.

Ultimately, the sad thing about the position that Sayle is in is that all the wrong people are listening to him. For all his indictments of middle class attitudes and activism, his audience is made up of the same people that he's criticising. Who else would laugh at a golden-hearted scumbrain endlessly repeating *"Shit, piss, wank, fuck, cunt"* or esoteric jokes from *The Guardian* Agenda page? Anyone for one on Jean-Paul Sartre? His rants try to deny it but he's become part of the middle class conscience; they keep him in business, he keeps them laughing and feeling a teensy wee bit more guilty, and at the end of it all nothing's really changed. How's that for bitter humour?

Gavin Martin

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IS DICK THERE?

THE VAN DYKES

No Man Is An Island (Solid Smoke, import)

HAVING ALREADY released one of the most economical and best-looking James Brown compilations in the history of James Brown compilations, 'Can Your Heart Stand It' (of course not), Solid Smoke continue to venture in the slipstreams of soul in a restless and fanatical manner rivalled only by Charly. Their most recent haul of treasure includes a "Chi-Town Showdown" with The Esquires and The Marvelows and an album of pre-'Only Have Eyes For You' doo-wop by The Flamingoes.

Oh, and this. The Van Dykes — sounding from the depths of memory like echoes in a subterranean grotto. The Van Dykes were an Impressions-style vocal group formed in the early '60s in Fort Worth, Texas. Rondalis Tandy, a distant but passionate worshipper of Curtis Mayfield, started the group while stationed with the US Army. From barren fields precious flowers sometimes bloom indeed.

Caught, like The Impressions themselves, in the limbo between R'n'B and Tamla Motown, The Van Dykes struggled against all odds to keep the show on the road. When the inevitable happened, and poverty loomed over the horizon, Tandy, with his inimitable bald bonce and apparently irremovable dark glasses, vanished into another long night of the soul. He was possessed of one of the few genuinely piercing falsettos of the era.

Of course Tandy wasn't Mayfield, and The Van Dykes weren't The Impressions, but 'No Man' itself is easily the equal of 'It's All Right' or 'I'm So Proud'. Both groups tried their hands at the old Johnny Ace number 'Never Let Me Go', but Tandy's wins hands down with a vocal performance bordering on the ecstatic.

So even though several of the numbers here are merely competent sketches from a Curtis Mayfield blueprint, 'No Man Is An Island' transcends any identification of roots and vibrates in the mind as an experience so formally, sensuously pure it attains a kind of cerebral autonomy from the hearer's life. It *becomes* him (most fittingly): curling and dipping through the shingles of a crestfallen guitar as shadowy and fluid as Keith Richards on a blues ballad, the song is so elemental it sounds as though it were recorded in the hollow of a cave. Balancing the bitter and the sweet as if they really *were* life and death, it places the listener in a confessional of sound. No man is an island, its tender breath wails, but love is . . .

Like The Impressions, The Van Dykes were sweet but never saccharine — saccharine has been known to cause cancer in less suspecting laboratory animals. The harmonies may glide and whirr like sea breezes but their edges are laced with pain. The atmosphere may be one of subdued gospel but the beat is uptown symphonic; over a discreetly humming organ is stamped crisp, rough percussion. By 1967 they were busy turning Whitfield's 'Save Our Love For A Rainy Day' into an almost brutal classic of northern soul — a storm of horns, flower-power fuzzbox guitars and raging criss-cross vocals.

'Save Our Love' was one of The Van Dykes' last moments of glory before disbanding. Rondalis Tandy is probably now running a boutique in Amarillo. He may even be an island on the streets. But now you can bring him into your living-room and shatter a glass heart.

Barney Hoskyns

The Van Dykes

FEELS THE SAME AS EVER

DR. FEELGOOD

Fast Women and Slow Horses (Chiswick)

THIS BAND has often asked the musical question: how long can a fellow chew a stick of gum without it losing all dint of flavour? With this latest opus the answer is the same as it's always been since 'Stupidity'. That is, pretty damned quick, particularly when said wad of gum is now shared between four blokes who'll periodically remove it from their molars to stretch it over twelve inches of vinyl.

Dr Feelgood have always provided a good beat to masticate to but, without the added nutriment provided by 'challenge', that beat gets . . . well, old, and *fast*. On 'Fast Women And Slow Horses' there's a whole bonanza of stuff that's been done better before and nary a new conceit within spitting distance. The Feelgoods as practitioners of 'rhythm'n'blues' have *never* gone beyond the "white blokes havin' a jolly-up" stage which is fine usually for *one* album or one single. That album remains the live tour-de-force, 'Stupidity'.

Everything else has been usually pleasant, inoffensive, jaunty, limited three to four chord thramp-ups. Nothing wrong with that, particularly, nor is there that much *right* with it. Certainly there is nothing on this record worth forking out four-odd quid for. Not the 'She Does It Right' riff-off 'Sweet Sweet Lovin'', not the sub-sub 'Aftermath' out-takes with titles like 'Bum's Rush' and 'Rat Race' that make up the original material, and certainly not another 'reasonable' version of Chuck Berry's 'Beautiful Delilah'.

Nick Kent

Maximum Joy

UNDIVIDED JOY!

MAXIMUM JOY

Station MXJY(Y)

WASN'T THE original aim behind the independent label to make record production possible for those not swimming in ready cash? And wasn't this step at eliminating the elitism behind the majors-dominated music biz a direct result of the realisation that it's the music and not the label that counts? So if the label's unimportant, how come everytime I see an indie record/band I can hear it shrieking its morality a mile off? Home made covers and jumble-sale cast-offs can look as smug as studio gloss and glitter.

The most irritating thing about this self-consciously basic school of nitty gritty budget-bands is their perverse idea that they have to hack up the established properties of pop music to prove their non-conformity to musical stereotypes. And since melodies, on-key vocals and rhythm are old hat, most of these righteous activists are happy to jam and jarr forward in dismal basement gigs until they find a better way of bringing in the housekeeping.

Maximum Joy originally hailed from this pit of no-hopers but thankfully they seem to be growing up. A year ago, supporting Ratio at the Lyceum, they were a nightmare — screeching vocals, piercing whistles, clumsy sax solos, and cacophony without spirit, fun, chunk or mystery, softeners which let the likes of Rip Rig, Pigbag and Ratio make an art of noise. Bitty, jagged and obnoxious, they weren't so much a Pop Group offshoot as a ragged waste product, flapping wildly in a desperate attempt to be different but landing solidly on their faces.

'Station MXJY' isn't the debut I expected to hear. They've introduced a discipline into their sound that does things to feet that grooves and grooves of contrived 'spontaneity' couldn't. The incongruous noises don't clash with the same proud 'unconventionality', and the vocals, though still a bit flat, aren't so overbearing. But best of all is their new flirtation with details — touches of sax and trumpet, hints of echo, funky overtones — and lighter moods. As well as the inevitable *joie d'etre oppresser* there's a new *joie de vivre*, lines like *"So many people of a strange kind, telling you just what to do with your mind"* ('Searching For A Feeling') being counterbalanced by others like *"I only want to be your lover for a day, don't wanna share my life with you in any way"* ('Do It Today').

At a time when so many people are going ape on frivolities and churning out bland crap, it's strange to have to recommend them, but garage bands need a straight-faced approach like they need a truck to run them over.

Leyla Sanai

STEVE LACY

Ballets (Hat Hut Import)

'A SPECTACULAR representation of dance or mime' — this is a set of music for the form. Lacy's ideas are always balletic in substance, the unique grace of the soprano saxophone describing an infinite curve that can hunch into squeak or gargle or swoop through a switchback of cadence that reverberates like a whisper in a vault.

Appropriate enough in 'Hedges', the first sides of this double set, which were recorded in a Swiss church of ringing acoustics. Lacy plays solo, accompanied only by a silent dancer. Riff patterns are born and age into ugliness — they dissolve into the shadows of dream — the sould pales senility.

Inspirations are plucked from a rushing current of melodies as a diver might chance on a treasure — unerring accuracy is disguised as a fortuitous strike.

The titles are drawn from the woodlands — 'Hedges', 'Squirrel', 'Fox', 'Rabbit'. Lacy says he tries to elucidate a creature's character as well as his own, On 'Fox 1' he plays out the animal's dignity with a resonant spiral that seens to drill the stone of the building itself.

The second record, 'The 3 Edges', is a suite for the four elements, played by Lacy's current group. Six instrumentalists crowd these interlocked suggestions — what the expansion loses of the compoer's astringency it gains in a hurtling, almost impetuous quest to strip the surface guile of themes that secrete multiple variations. Steve Potts' alto is a practised foil for the leader, Bobby Few's piano casts clouds across a nebulous sphere.

Primary forces are prodded in the Taoist manner that Lacy appears to live out with every record. This easily sustains his daunting standards — a great set.

Richard Cook

HOLY JOE

THE NEW SINGLE

holy joe

holy joe

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Virgin

SQUEEZE DRIED POP

SQUEEZE

Singles: 45s And Under (A&M)

IT'S ODD to think that record shops used to file Squeeze singles in their obligatory 'new wave' box. Because, listening to this strictly chronological collection of A&M 'A' sides, the best tracks evoke similar sensations to a faded snapshot from hazy days long lost. That wistful scent is upon them even as they leave the pressing plant.

Squeeze offer simple pleasures and simple sleaze, and this album takes you from '78's initial hit, 'Take Me I'm Yours,' through all the artistic and commercial troughs and triumphs right up to 'Annie Get Your Gun'. 'Singles' is an admirably straightforward compilation. There's no hopeful marketing tripe about 'greatest hits', no appearance from never-before-recorded rejects to wrench open the fanatic's purse strings. Its relative modesty befits a group whose public projection always matches their low-life preoccupations. Squeeze have always been more intrigued by scurf ingrained on your collar or the greasy girlie glossies in your closet than the fanciful stuff of fantasy. And this delight in degradation's details has spawned some picaresque pleasures for the ear.

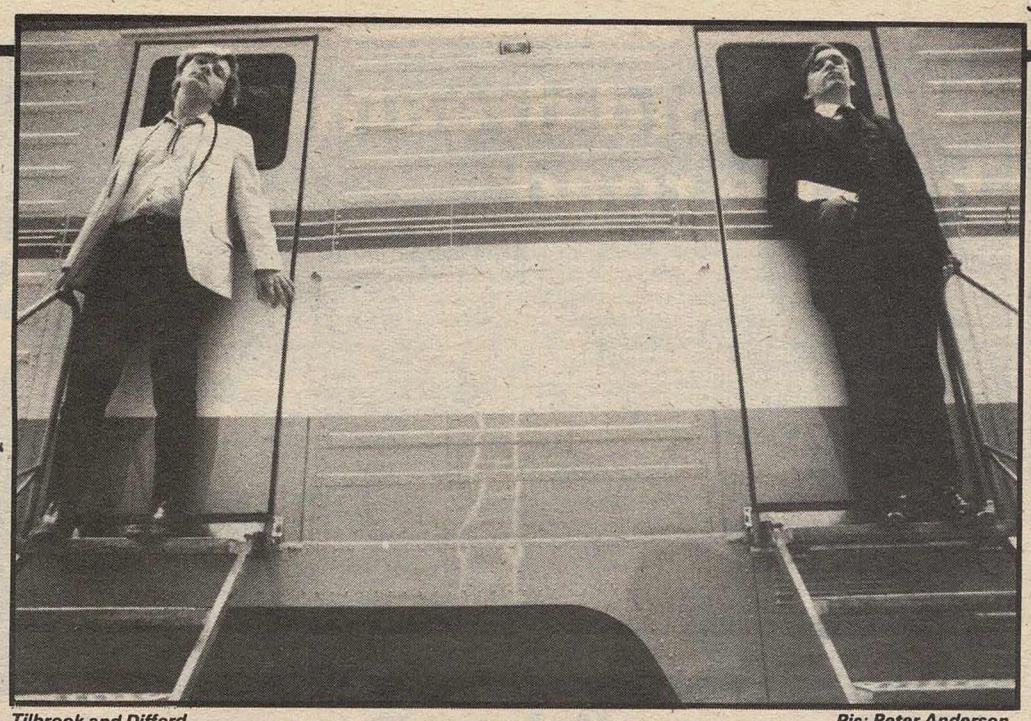
You know most of the titles. For me the highlights are where soap-operatic sentiment dominates the show, and Squeeze please me least when the sweat shows through their dirty macs. 'Cool For Cats', for example, (the number one from '79 which booked them a priority place with the playlister's ear) I never cared for. An ugly, clumsy bit of cod cockney nonsense, I thought. Their debut, and the failed 'Slap And Tickle' are similar, sinister efforts, and though the latter contains a specific storyline (I always like those), it lumbers, and its finale disappoints. Then there's the Beatley middle-period, of which the cutely rude 'Pulling Mussels (From A Shell)' has most charm.

But it's the slush that I like best. 'Up The Junction''s madly logical lilt and its lyric's blase corn were beautifully suited to Tilbrook's sweet, undervalued voice. Exquisitely crafted tooth-rot for those not too proud to sob, its radio popularity established my fondness for the group as seedy intruders into the routine heart of the charts.

Last year Difford and Tilbrook met Elvis in some bloodshot singles dive, and went back to their roots. And if 'Labelled With Loves' twang was a little ornate, the R&B stuff is the best they've done. 'Black Coffee In Bed' is just lovely, as is 'Tempted'; true steaming soul as Tilbrook once more Squeezes the empty toothpaste tube of life.

Squeeze trot timelessly on. This album has been fun to play at home, and its sentimental sections please a laconic, late-night frame of mind. As a volume of dusty narratives, it leaves *A Book At Bedtime* firmly on the shelf.

Dave Hill



Tilbrook and Difford *Pic: Peter Anderson*

TOM ROBINSON

Cabaret '79 (Statik)

THE IRONIC thing about Tom Robinson, in retrospect, is that his one burst of genuine anger, 'Glad To Be Gay', was never intended to be performed to anything but a gay audience. It is here, in what seems to be his element, that he's found on this peculiarly-timed cheapo release, recorded at the Collegiate Theatre during Gay Pride Week in '79. Reverting to the role as showman he performed with Cafe Society, Tom sings (bloody appallingly, incidentally) over a piano, double bass, drums, sax format.

In this context Tom is at least free of the Reverend Robinson pose which made his TRB material so wearing, but the strong stench of sentimentality it exudes negates this relief, while the all-homosexuals-together cosy atmosphere alienates any listener who wasn't there and isn't gay.

If you were there, this album will no doubt trigger memories — to anyone else it's a collection of average novelty songs, badly sung and coated with sentimentality.

Don Watson

LIGHTNING STRIKES

BILLY JOEL

The Nylon Curtain

WITH THE review copy of this album you get a little booklet of the lyrics "and some of Joel's comments". About the song 'Surprises' he says: "I was thinking it was a broad metaphysical statement which I'm not even sure I can explain ..." The case for the prosecution rests. Dammit, it doesn't even make a good curtain: can't get the rings through. Neither use nor ornament, as we say in Barnsley. That's Barnsley, California, of course.

Ian McMillan

THE 49 AMERICANS

We Know Nonsense (Choo Choo Train)

CHOO CHOO Train are trying to get music back on the right track but I really couldn't tell you to buy this compendium of cool crap from frigid people. The almost-fifty Americans run a gamut of musical styles from rock 'n' roll through soul to doo-wap and right back to their hippy roots. Dismiss under 'waste of time and plastic'.

Amrik Rai

THE DARK

The Living End (Fall Out)

CAPTURED at the 100 Club, a lacerating live recording of the final Dark performance. A numbing, depressing earful, actually, especially in view of the setting, original punk's first regular home. I don't think punk is dead. I just don't think it sounds like this routine babbling anymore. A dull disc.

Dave Hill

PERFECT ZEBRAS

Mixing With Wildlife (Focus)

MORE puttering paranoia for fancy-footing it along imaginary Berlin walls. *"I don't feel like a terrorist/I feel innocent,"* warble the pinstripe quadrupeds, their heads full of mechanical dread, their laps full of ice cubes. As wild as the average hamster.

Dave Hill

LUDUS

Danger Came Smiling (New Hormones)

ONCE more Ludus leads us through the burning hoops and maddening mazes of their free-expressive back garden. I put it on. I roll on the floor. I make myself a sandwich. I prick up the occasional ear but, sadly, I do not understand. Is it good or is it not? I like the press release a lot ("recorded when the band were high on 'Feminax'") but that's of little use to you. This is a new Ludus long-player. I shan't be trading it in, and, one of these years, I may easily play it again. It's that type of record, you see? Good. I knew you'd understand.

Dave Hill

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Crackin' Up At The Pyramid (Crackin' Up Tapes)

AN ODDS and sods compilation tape of Liverpool groups who've played at the Pyramid Club in the last 12 months under the Crackin' Up organisation's banner. It's the usual Mersey mish-mash: 13 bands, 14 tracks and inevitably all a bit hit and miss. Most of it is in the light and boppy electro-pop vein, with its best exponents being the inventive and always pleasing Cook The Books, closely followed by new Wirral duo Freeze Frame (a more danceable OMD). The Glass Torpedoes, the only ones on the tape who don't seem to own a synthesiser, shine with their amazingly catchy '60s-type pop, whilst Now Is The Time To Forget The Whimpering Child Become The Warrior add little but the silliest Liverpool band name yet.

A noble idea which hasn't worked, and at £2.99 probably only of interest to locals or cranks who like trying to spot the Next Big Thing from Liverpool . . . And take my word for it, they're not here!

Kev Mc

CHARLIE PICKETT AND THE EGGS

Live At The Button (Open)

THIS RECORD sweats. It laughs too, and it makes a fine noise. Charlie and his three Eggs did it one wild night in a club in Florida: they just banged out some R&B, some of it their own, some not, and they did right and tight. They're not cool, but they're good; they're not original, but they're *still* good. They're so good that if they ever came to Britain, they could even give pub-rock a good name again. And that's *really* saying something.

Paul Du Noyer

MIKE RUTHERFORD

Acting Very Strange (WEA)

NOT THAT it makes any difference, but Summer/Moroder collaborator Peter Bellotte has co-written two songs here, which leads me to another of Bohn's simple rules: never buy a Genesis-related record unless it's splattered with P-Orridge.

Chris Bohn

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tour NEWS

THE BLUES BAND play two Christmas Party shows at London Victoria The Venue on December 17 and 18, which will include a set by the Dave Kelly Band (who are The Blues Band minus Paul Jones). Kelly and the outfit are currently touring the UK, and have added three more dates to thair schedule — Durham University College (December 1), Sheffield University (3) and Egham Royal Holloway Collage (10).

QUEEN IDA & The Bon Temps Zydeco Band bring their Louisiana good-time music back to London to play a few selected dates. So far set are Deptford Albany Empire (November 29), Putney Half Moon (30) and Victoria The Venue (December 1). They'll be featuring material from their latest Sonet Records album 'Uptown Zydeco'.

PETE TOWNSHEND, Ralph McTell, John Williams and Bert Jansch are among musicians appearing in a charity show called 'Just Guitars' at London Barbican Centre on Saturday, December 18. It's in aid of The Samaritans, and tickets are priced £10, £8 and £6. Kenny Everett will also be putting in an appearance, and plans are under way for the event to be filmed and recorded.

CULTURE CLUB, already set to play London Strand Lyceum next Tuesday (2), have now added another show at the same venue the following night — Wednesday, November 3. There are whispers that Musical Youth may be appearing with them, but that possibility remained unconfirmed at press-time.

AFTER THE FIRE, newly returned from over three months in America, headline a one-off London concert at Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre on Friday, December 3. Tickets priced £4.50 and £3.50 go on sale today (Thursday) at the box-office and usual agencies.

U2, whose pre-Christmas mini-tour was announced two weeks ago, will be playing their second London show on December 6 at Hammersmith Palais — not Hammersmith Odeon, as previously reported. Ticket price remains £3.50.

AZTEC CAMERA, who are about to release their second single 'Oblivious' for Rough Trade, have extended their current tour to mid-November. Their final dates will now be at Leeds Warehouse (November 3), Dunee Dance Factory (4), Stirling University (5), Sunderland Polytechnic (6), Keele University (10), London Victoria The Venue (11), Bristol University (12) and Manchester Polytechnic (13). The Go-Betweens support at Keele and Manchester.

JAH WOBBLE plays London Victoria The Venue on November 3, ostensibly to showcase his new 12-inch solo single 'A Long Long Way'. But he also has another single out this week on which he has collaborated with Rat Scabies, plus Straps members Simon Werner and John Grant, who collectively call themselves Bartok — the tracks are 'Insanity' and 'I Am The Bomb', and the label is On Records (through Jungle and The Cartel). And who's to say that the other members of Bartok won't show up at The Venue, too?

BAUHAUS have added another short-notice London show to their current 18-date UK tour — it's at the Hammersmith Palais next Monday (November 1), and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £3.50.

ORCHESTRE JAZIRA have confirmed more dates to tie in with the release of their debut single 'Love' on the Earthworks label. They play London University Union (tomorrow, Friday), London Drill Hall in Chenies Street, W.C.1 (Saturday), Coventry Warwick University (November 4), Sheffield University (6), London Brixton Ace Cinema with Orange Juice (11), Canterbury Kent University (12) and Brighton Zero Village (18). The Brixton show on November 11 is being filmed for Channel 4's *Whatever You Want* series, to be screened on November 15.

LEVEL 42 have added still more dates to their extensive UK tour — at Lancaster University (November 19), Aberdeen Capitol (22), Edinburgh Coasters (23) and Peterborough Cresset (26).

CLIFF RICHARD appears in a charity concert with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at London Royal Albert Hall on November 23, in aid of the LPO's Appeal Fund. And his new single 'Little Town', taken from his recent album 'Now You See Me', is scheduled for November 15 release by EMI.

JEREMY SPENCER, founder member and former lead guitarist of Fleetwood Mac, makes his first publicised solo appearance in Britain for many years next Tuesday (November 2), when he guests in the London Blues Festival at Wimbledon Theatre. Also featured are the Micky Jupp Band, Chaos Blues Band and the Tony McPhee Band. Tickets are £3 and £2.

PAT BENATAR, America's sexsational rock star, will be headlining a series of UK dates in the early spring. Her visit will be part of a full European tour, and we're assured that details will be announced shortly. Meanwhile, she has her fourth Chrysalis album released on November 5 — titled 'Get Nervous', it features ten new tracks.

THE BOX are a Sheffield band based around three ex-members of the original Clock DVA, and they've finally found a vocalist to complete their line-up after a year of searching. The full personnel is Paul Widger (guitar), Charlie Collins (saxes), Roger Quail (drums), Terry Todd (bass) and Peter Hope (vocals). They make their live debut at London Brixton The Fridge this Thursday, and more dates are being set.

THE VIRGIN PRUNES' appearance at London Charing Cross Heaven this Sunday (31), reported last week, is actually a publication party to mark the launch of Volume 2 of the *International Discography Of The New Wave*. Attila The Stockbroker is not now taking part, but other bands featured are Stuart Moxham (ex-Young Marble Giants) & Friends and Australian outfit S.P.K.

THE ADICTS are playing a string of dates to aid promotion of their single 'Chinese Takeaway' (out this week) and album 'Sound Of Music' (released November 12), on Razor Records. They are London Strand Lyceum with The Meteors (this Sunday), Sheffield Leadmill (November 1), Norwich Gala (5), Middlesbrough Cavern (6), Brighton Top Rank (8), Swindon Brunel Rooms (9), Bristol Granary (10), Coventry General Wolfe (11), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (19), Dudley J.B.'s (20), Keighley Funhouse (22), Bath Moles (26), Birmingham Golden Eagle (December 5) and London Hammersmith Klub Foot (16).

New gold dreamers hit the road

Simple voice JIM KERR

SIMPLE MINDS, currently hitting the high spots with their album 'New Gold Dream', return from the Colonies (Australia, New Zealand and Canada) in mid-November and immediately set out on a month-long UK tour. The outing is preceded on November 5 by the release of a new Virgin single, a remixed version of 'Someone Somewhere (In Summertime)' coupled with 'King Is White And In The Crowd' — and there's also a 12-incher with a bonus instrumental track titled 'Soundtrack For Every Heaven'.

Tour dates next month are at Glasgow's Tiffany's (November 18 and 19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Belfast Ulster Hall (22), Dublin SFX Hall (23), Leeds University (27), Manchester Apollo (28), Liverpool Royal Court (29) and Cardiff Top Rank (30).

Then in December, they play Exeter University (1), Oxford Apollo (2), Brighton Dome (3), Ipswich Gaumont (5), Norwich East Anglia University (6), London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (7 and 8), Sheffield Lyceum (15), Stoke Kings Hall (9), Birmingham Odeon (10), Leicester De Montfort Hall (12) and Derby Assembly Rooms (16).

TV Personalities, Squeeze delay splits

TV PERSONALTIES — who announced their impending disbandment three weeks ago, and last week said they would be playing their last-ever gig this Sunday (31) at London Musicians Collective — now appear to have had second thoughts, as they have fixed three further dates through into December. These shows are all in London — at Camden Dingwalls (November 15), a return to the Musicians Collective (28) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (December 4). They still insist that the end is nigh, but don't rule out the possibility of further dates. You never know, they may still be gigging in the New Year!

SQUEEZE are also prolonging their existence, and won't now be splitting immediately their current UK farewell tour ends. Instead, they're off to the Caribbean to appear in the three-day Jamaica World Music Festival (November 25–27). The Clash are also taking part, and among the many other acts involved are The Grateful Dead, B-52's, Gladys Knight & The Pips, Jimmy Cliff, Peter Tosh, Toots & The Maytals, Black Uhuru, The Beach Boys, Aretha Franklin, Rick James and Rita Marley. If you can afford a trip out there, you'll get more details from the Jamaica Tourist Board (01-499 1707).

KNOX'S URBAN VIBRATIONS

THE VIBRATORS

THE VIBRATORS, whose re-formation was announced recently, will be playing a series of nationwide dates next month — the first confirmed is a co-headliner with UK Subs at London Hammersmith Klub Foot on November 18, and others are currently being finalised. The band have just signed to Anagram Records, and this live activity ties in with the November 5 release of their first single for the label, a newly recorded version of 'Baby, Baby' — to be followed later next month by an album of new material. They retain their original 1976 line-up of Knox (lead vocals and guitar), John Ellis (lead guitar), Pat Collier (bass) and Eddie (drums).

Between times, Knox will also be working with Charlie Harper's occasional band Urban Dogs, who have their debut single 'New Barbarians' issued this weekend on Fallout Records (through Jungle and The Cartel) with an album to follow — and they have three London gigs at Fulham Greyhound (November 3), Hammersmith Klub Foot with The Angelic Upstarts (11) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (15). Harper and bassist Alvin Gibbs then return to the UK Subs for a British tour starting in late November (details to follow), while Knox resumes with The Vibrators.

TALK TALK'S GIG CHANGES

TALK TALK have had to re-schedule the opening four dates in their first major British tour, due to start this weekend, due to their sudden success in America. Their current US single 'Talk Talk' has shot into the Top 100 — it's No.77 with a bullet — and they've flown out to New York to do some extra promotional work on it. As a result, their initial four UK gigs — which were due to run from tomorrow (Friday) to next Monday (November 1) — have been re-arranged, and the new dates are Loughborough University (December 13), Birmingham Odeon (November 17), Manchester Apollo (November 23) and Bangor University (November 22). Tickets will remain valid for the revised dates, though refunds may be obtained if desired. Another change is that their November 16 show moves from Bristol Locarno to Reading University.

YULETIDE LEAGUE

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE are to headline their own seasonal special at London Strand Lyceum on Thursday, December 23, which predictably they call 'Urgh! It's Christmas' — tickets are £3, and guest acts will be announced shortly. Meanwhile, the League have a new single released by WXYZ Records on November 12 coupling 'For You' and 'Ballad of J.J. Decay', and it comes in a black sleeve embossed with gold leaf.

Isaacs due

TOP JAMAICAN star Gregory Isaacs flies into Britain next month to headline four major dates — at London Victoria The Venue (November 17 and 18), Birmingham Odeon (20) and Manchester Hacienda Club (22) — tickets are on sale now priced £5, except at Manchester where they are £4. Isaacs, who's bringing along his full Roots Radics band, will be showcasing his current Island album 'Night Nurse' and newly released single 'Cool Down The Pace'. It's possible that another date may be added.

Monochrome re-set after two depart

THE MONOCHROME SET have undergone a couple of line-up changes — with guitarist Lester Square leaving to pursue projects in the C&W field (would you believe?), and drummer J D Haney failing to return from America. As a result, the nucleus of Bid (vocals and guitar), Andy Warren (bass) and Tony Potts (visual representation) have taken on Carrie Booth (keyboards and flute) and ex-Soft Boys drummer Morris Windsor for their remaining dates in the book — at Manchester UMIST (tonight, Thursday), Newport Harper Adams College (Friday), Keele University (Saturday) and London Victoria The Venue (November 2).

SEVEN SLADE XMAS SHOWS

SLADE, already set for a Christmas show at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 17, have now added a second concert at the same venue the following night (18). And they've also set a short series of provincial dates, taking in Chippenham Rock Theatre (December 13), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (14), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15) and Birmingham Odeon (19 and 20.) These will be preceded by a few selected college gigs, including Norwich East Anglia University on December 5. To tie in with this activity, their live album 'Slade On Stage' — recorded earlier this year at Newcastle City Hall — is released by RCA on December 3. And more imminently, their new single '(And Now — The Waltz) C'est La Vie' is issued on November 8, with a live version of 'Merry Xmas Everybody' on the B-side.

SLIGHTLY ADRIFT

JOHNNY MOORE, former lead singer with The Drifters, returns to the UK this weekend with his new group Slightly Adrift — comprising two other ex-Drifters, Clyde Brown and Joe Blunt. Dates so far confirmed are **Nottingham** Commodore Club (this Sunday), **Liverpool** Adams Club (November 2), **Batley** Frontier Club (3-6), **Farnworth** Blighty's (12 and 13), **Norwich** Talk Of The East (18), **Warrington** Owl Club (20), **Caerphilly** Double Diamond (24-27) and **Camberley** Lakeside Club (December 5-11). Moore's new single 'Your Broken Heart' is released this week by Towerbell.

Japan blazing solo trails again in 1983

JAPAN, whose major UK tour opened last week and climaxes in six nights at Hammersmith, are planning to go their separate ways again for another lengthy spell in 1983. The independent activities of the various members earlier this year sparked widespread disbandment rumours, which they countered by announcing Japan's mid-autumn tour schedule in the early summer. Further solo projects next year are likely to start the split rumours buzzing again — though totally without foundation, as Japan will be back in action later in 1983.

The members' various individual projects will be announced before Christmas, when details have been finalised, and there's a good chance that they will include at least two solo tours. Meanwhile, Japan have a new single issued by Virgin on November 12, a remixed and re-edited version of 'Nightporter' from the 'Gentlemen Take Polaroids' album — it's coupled with the remixed 'Ain't That Peculiar' from the same LP, though there's a different B-side on the 12-inch format titled 'Methods Of Dance'.

record NEWS

Rise & Fall of Madness

MADNESS are at present creating mayhem in Australia — but in the belief that we can't possibly exist without them, Stiff are releasing their new album on November 5. Titled 'Rise And Fall', it contains 13 original tracks, which are: **Rise And Fall, Tomorrow's (Just Another Day), Blue Skinned Beast, Primrose Hill, Mr Speaker (Gets The Word), Sunday Morning, Our House, Tiptoes, New Delhi, That Face, Calling Cards, Are You (Coming With Me)** and **Madness (Is All In The Mind)**. After returning from Down Under, they have commitments in Europe, so we're unlikely to see them in UK live action until the New Year.

XTC: DOUBLE COMPILATION

XTC have a double compilation album issued by Virgin on November 5. which takes a retrospective look at their five-year career. It's called 'Waxworks'/'Beeswax', the first record featuring their former A-sides, while the second is devoted to the best of their B-sides and several tracks which have become difficult to obtain. The band are now back in action, following their long lay-off due to Andy Partridge's illness, and hope to have a single out before Christmas. — with the prospect of a new studio album to come in the New Year.

● **Tandoori Cassette** — the band featuring Zal Celinson (Alex Harvey), Barry Barlow (Jethro Tull), Charlie Tumahai (Be-Bop Deluxe) and Ronnie Leahy — have signed to Ika Records, the label formed by Alan Mair of The Only Ones. Their first single 'Angel Talk' will be rushed out next month.

● Trumpet star **Donald Byrd** releases a 12-inch single through WEA this weekend — titled 'Star Trippin', it was written and produced by Isaac Hayes, and it's taken from his recent album 'Words, Sounds, Colours And Shapes'.

● American hard-rock band **Axe** have their debut album released by Atco (through WEA) on November 5. The nine-track set is titled 'Offerings'.

● **Janis Siegel,** who is one quarter of Manhattan Transfer, releases her debut solo album 'Experiment In White' on the Atlantic label on November 5. It covers a range of songs and styles spanning the period 1940-82.

● **The Church,** the top Australian band who are about to hit the UK road as special guests of Duran Duran, have a ten-inch four-track EP titled 'Temperature Drop In Downtown Winterland' issued by Carrere this weekend. Three of the tracks are featured on a seven-inch single, which follows on November 5.

EMBRYO BEATLES

Missing Beatles tape is found — and released

NME's **revelation two weeks ago, that the reissued version of 'Love Me Do' by The Beatles is not the same recording as the original single 20 years ago, has had an unexpected outcome. As reported, the first version featured Ringo Starr on drums — but the version currently available, recorded a week later, has Andy White on drums and Ringo playing tambourine.**

EMI has now discovered that the two masters were accidentally switched at the factory, which is why only the Andy White version has been available for the past 20 years. But now the missing master has been re-discovered, and, as a result, *both* recordings are being released as a 12-inch single next Monday (1) — together with the original B-side 'PS I Love You'. By the way, Andy White is now a member of the BBC Radio Orchestra in Glasgow.

HARRISON'S GONE TROPPO

GEORGE HARRISON releases his first album since the 1981 'Somewhere In England' on November 5. The ten-track set is called 'Gone Troppo' and it features Harrison on vocals, guitars, marimba and mandolin — with the help of such guest musicians and friends as Henry Spinetti, Jim Keltner, Herbie Flowers, Mike Moran, Billy Preston, Jon Lord, Gary Brooker, Syreeta and Joe & Vicki Brown. It's on his own Dark Horse label (through WEA) — and a single from the LP, 'Wake Up My Love' / 'Greece', is issued at the same time.

● The first new recordings in over 15 years by near-legendary surf stars **Jan & Dan** take the form of a 24-track live double album, recorded on their most recent US tour. The set has been issued in the States by Los Angeles label Rhino Records, and is available in the UK on import at specialist stores.

● 'Not The Nine O'Clock News: The Memory Kinda Lingers' is a BBC Records double album featuring the regular team of **Pamela Stephenson, Rowan Atkinson, Mel Smith** and **Griff Rhys Jones** — the first record features highlights from the fourth TV series, and the second is a live LP recorded last April at London's Drury Lane Theatre Royal. The package has a recommended retail price of £6.99.

● **The Normil Hawaiians** release their debut album this week on Illuminated Records — it's a double set, selling at around the price of a single LP (about £5.50). It's called 'More Wealth Than Money', and the band will be playing a series of dates to promote it, details to follow.

● Sticky Music is a new Glasgow label, which aims to showcase the city's abundant new talent. First release is a 12-inch single by **Talking Drums** titled 'Courage'. Distribution is through Fast Product of Edinburgh.

Hmmm . . .now, the face is familiar, but the Dolly Parton wig and dangling earrings don't really fit the image, Surely it can't be . . . but it is! It's ANNIE LENNOX of Eurythmics. Not her permanent new look, we hasten to add — but this is how she was pictured during the filming of the video for the group's new single 'Love Is A Stranger.

● **The Twinkle Brothers'** new album is 'Underground' containing ten new tracks — all written, arranged and produced by Norman Grant. It's issued this weekend on their own Twinkle label, distributed by Rough Trade and Jet Star, and plans are under way for the band to tour here in early December.

● The second single from Croydon sisters **Sylvia & The Sapphires** is 'Baby I'm A Fool For You', which appears tomorrow (Friday) on the Stiff label.

● **Dynasty** have their new album 'Right Back At Cha!' released this weekend by Solar Records (through WEA). The disco band's new 11-track set is the follow-up to last year's 'Second Adventure'.

● A disco version of the theme from *ET (The Extra Terrestial),* the film which has broken all box-office records in the States, is issued by Elektra tomorrow (Friday). It's by **Denny Randell & The Rockophonic Orchestra.**

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS release their fourth album for Chrysalis on November 5. Titled 'T-Bird Rhythm', it's a mixture of blues classics and self-penned originals, and it was produced by Nick Lowe.

DURAN DURAN, who open their extensive UK tour this weekend (see *Gig Guide),* have a new single issued by EMI to coincide. It's a remixed version of the title track from their hit album 'Rio', coupled with an acoustic re-recording of 'The Chauffeur (Blue Silver)'. The 12-incher features an extended version of 'Rio', as well as the seven-inch version, plus an American re-mix of 'My Own Way'.

THE MOBILES rush release their new single 'You're Not Alone'/'Struth' this weekend on Rialto Records, through Pinnacle. It's taken from their upcoming self-named debut album, due out on November 19, when the group will be playing a short series of dates to coincide.

KELLY MARIE, best known for her No-1 hit 'Feels Like I'm In Love', has her latest single 'Don't Take Your Love To Hollywood' issued by Calibre Records this weekend. It features some members of The Crusaders, and was recorded during the group's August visit to London.

WHITESNAKE precede their end-of-year UK tour with a single called 'Here I Go Again', issued by EMI this week. It's taken from their upcoming album 'Saints 'N' Sinners', due out on November 15.

GERRY RAFFERTY releases a new single on EMI next Monday, November 1. It couples 'A Change Of Heart' and 'Good Intentions', both titles being lifted from his recent album 'Sleepwalking'.

TODD RUNDGREN has a four-track picture disc released on the Bearsville label, through Avatar Records, on November 5. It comprises four songs which featured prominently in his one-man show earlier this year — his 1973 hit 'I Saw The Light', the more recent 'Time Heals' and the Rundgren classics 'Why Can't We Be Friends' and 'Tiny Demons'.

THE FIRM follow up their smash hit ode to Arthur Daley with a new single titled 'Cash In Hand'. Stiff are letting it out on parole this weekend.

ALLEZ ALLEZ, the Belgian band who recently signed to Virgin, have their first single for the label issued this weekend — 'Valley Of The Kings'/'Wrap Your Legs (Around Your Head)' and it's available in both 7" and 12". It will be followed in mid-November by their album 'Promises', produced by BEF's Martyn Ware. Although the band is basically Belgian in origin, singer Sarah Osbourne hails from Bishop's Stortford!

CHRISTMAS records are about to be unleashed on us in epidemic proportions, the first being two seasonal Motown albums, recorded some years ago but never before released in the UK — 'Merry Christmas' by Diana Ross & The Supremes and 'Give Love At Christmas' by The Temptations. They are out on November 15, as are reissues of 'Someday At Christmas' by Stevie Wonder (dating from 1967) and 'Christmas Album' by the Jackson 5 (1970).

PETER GABRIEL's fourth solo album, like the others titled 'Peter Gabriel', is the subject of a one-hour *South Bank Show* to be nationally networked on ITV this Sunday (31). And Import Music Services are again making available the German version of the LP, re-recorded by Gabriel with German lyrics and with the title 'Ein Deutches Album'.

ANDY SUMMERS & ROBERT FRIPP, who recently released their collaboration album 'I Advance Masked', are now putting out the title track as a single. It's issued by A&M this weekend, and the B-side is 'Hardy Country'.

CENTRAL LINE, who enjoyed a measure of success with their last two singles 'Walking Into Sunshine' and 'Don't Tell Me', follow them up with 'You've Said Enough' which Phonogram release this week.

LENE LOVICH, who's currently playing the role of Mata Hari in a new London musical, returns to the recording scene this weekend after an absence of almost 18 months. The single which sparks her comeback is titled 'It's You, Only You (Mein Schmerz)'.

THE ROCHES have a new single out on Warner Brothers on November 5, the same date as their opening concert here. This latest release from the three sisters is 'Losing True', and it was produced by Robert Fripp.

THE DETROIT SPINNERS mark their tenth anniversary with Atlantic Records by releasing a new album called 'Grand Slam' on November 5. A single, coupling 'Magic In The Moonlight' and 'So Far Away', is issued the same day.

WAH! return to the fray on November 5 after a lengthy absence, with the release of a 12-inch single titled 'The Story Of The Blues, Part I and II'. Also featured is '7 Minutes Live(ish)', recorded on stage in Liverpool.

KATE BUSH has a new single issued by EMI on November 1, taken from her hit album 'The Dreaming' and titled 'There Goes A Tenner'. The B-side is a brand new song called 'Ne T'En Fui Pas (Don't Fly Away)'.

BILLY PRESTON releases his third album for Motown Records on November 15, titled 'Pressin' On' and featuring material which ranges from disco to ballads. Two of the tracks, 'I'm Never Gonna Say Goodbye' and 'I Love You So', are issued as a single this weekend.

MICHAEL JACKSON'S duet with Paul McCartney titled 'This Girl Is Mine' — which, as reported three weeks ago, is one of the tracks on his new album 'Thriller' — is being released by Epic this weekend as a single. It was written by Jackson and produced by Quincy Jones. The LP follows on November 5.

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Sex Gang Children
THE ADICTS
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH and the Savages
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HANOI ROCKS
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ROUGH TRADE RECORDS: OR £4·00 ON NIGHT

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LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245
KEITH PROWSE TEL: 637 3131; OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1. TEL: 485 5088
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Check with above outlets for details on coaches and other transportation.

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All tickets £4.50. Box Office 0532 431961/460646
Available from: Barkers, Cavendish Travel, Leeds; Sound Effect, York; JAT, The Record Bar, Wakefield; Gough & Davey, Hull; Bradleys, Halifax; HMV, Bradford; Solid Entertainment, Grimsby; Lyceum Box Office, Sheffield tel: (0742) 754944; Cavendish Travel, Sheffield, Middlesbrough; Hamiltons, Middlesbrough; Ashley Adams Travel, Doncaster; Piccadilly Records, Manchester; Virgin Records, Sheffield, Newcastle upon Tyne; The Box Office, Lincoln; Record Village, Scunthorpe; The Music Centre, Louth; and leading outlets or by post from Queens Hall, Sovereign Street, Leeds 1.
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Monday 1st November
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DOME
Friday 5th November
LUDUS
Tuesday 9th November
SWANS WAY
Thursday 11th November
THE HIGSONS
Friday 12th November
THE HONEYMOON KILLERS
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nationwide GIG GUIDE

AND in another action-packed week, eight more major tours — and several lesser ones, as well — set out on the highways and byways, to join the milling throng already hard at work on the circuit. Top spot goes to DURAN DURAN who kick off in Scotland at Aberdeen (Friday), Dundee (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday) and Edinburgh (Monday), before hurrying down south to play London Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday. But don't go dashing out to buy tickets to see them, because their schedule is already a complete sell-out.

TALK TALK, who recently made their chart debut with the single 'Today' and album 'The Party's Over', have graduated to headline status as a result — and the moment of truth for them comes at Edinburgh on Wednesday. Four projected dates prior to that have been postponed until later (see news pages).

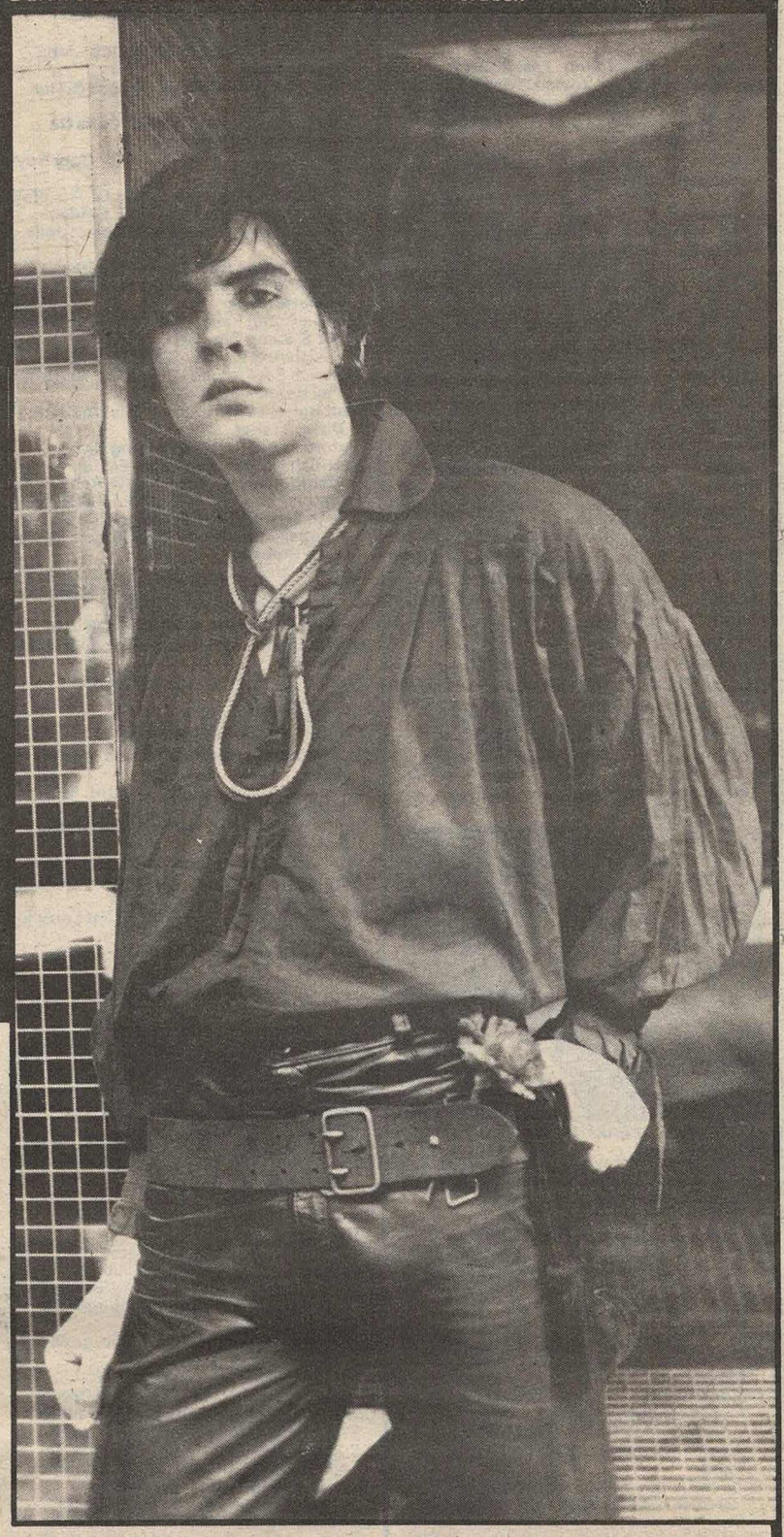
ADAM ANT is playing his first UK dates since disbanding The Ants, though he's restricting himself to just five concerts this month, with more to follow in the not-too-distant future. The first two are at Glasgow (Monday) and Brighton (Wednesday).

There's no doubt that when ELTON JOHN decides to go on tour, he does so in grand style. His latest outing opens on the second day of November and runs through to Christmas Eve, climaxing in no less than 14 London shows — surely the supreme example of one-upmanship. He starts his marathon trek in Newcastle on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Those veteran campaigners and electronic pioneers TANGERINE DREAM are back in Britain for the final leg of an extensive European tour. Edgar Froese & Co have had many imitators, only serving to prove that carbon copies are never as good as the originals, and you can catch the real thing at Glasgow (Friday), Derby (Saturday), Croydon (Sunday), Manchester (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Oxford (Wednesday).

DR HOOK are always welcome visitors as far as MOTR fans are concerned, and this time there's the bonus of DEAN FRIEDMAN tagging along as special guest, with initial shows at Leicester (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday) . . . The other two new tours are for hard rock enthusiasts, with DIAMOND HEAD beginning their travels in Manchester on Thursday — and BUDGIE, after a couple of weekend shows in Ireland, being let out of their cage in Oxford on Tuesday. Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies are Budgie's special guests, by the way.

Among other acts who've recently set out on the road, but who we've previously neglected to mention due to the sheer welter of gig activity, are BARBARA DICKSON, LIGHT OF THE WORLD and CHRIS DE BURGH. Now it's up to you to pick your way through the dates listed below. And remember that if you've got an upcoming gig you would like publicised, however small (we're not choosy), send us the details to arrive at least one week before publication date — and we'll do the rest. The address is Gig Guide, New Musical Express, 5/7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.



Duran's SIMON LE BON: well kitted out for Aberdeen

thursday 28th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Pallas**
Ayr Flicks: **Blue Rondo**
Basildon Raquels: **The Escape**
Belfast (Holywood) The Martello: **The Bankrobbers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **The Nightingales / The Membranes/ Seething Wells**
Birmingham Odeon: **Chris De Burgh / Dean Friedman**
Birmingham The Pelican: **No Faith**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **The Millhouse Boys**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Art College Basement: **The Passage / Carved To A Noise**
Brighton New Regent: **Animal Nightlife / Only After Dark**
Brighton Sussex University: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 16**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Q-Tips / Blue Zoo**
Bristol University: **The Perfect Zebras**
Bristol Western Star Domino Club: **The Decay Sisters**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Vice Squad / Flowers Of The Past**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Cleator Moor Civic Hall: **O'Haras Playboys**
Coventry Warwick University: **Bauhaus / Southern Death Cult**
Doncaster Jap's Wine Bar: **Jump Circular**
Durham Dunelm House: **Light Of The World**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Morrissey Mullen**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Mal-De-Mer**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Ray Stubbs R & B Allstars**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Glasgow Night Moves: **J. Walter Negro / The Members**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **The Amyl Dukes**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Hastings Downtown: **The Pinkees**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Bleak House**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Lazy**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Mark Stewart & The Mafia**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Partners In Crime**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations / Dale Hargreaves Flamingos**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Cook Da Books**
Llandudno Astra Cinema: **Barbara Dickson**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **L.A. Hooker / Hedge**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Paz**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Bad Detective / Strange Days**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Blackfoot Sue**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dave Kelly Band / The Cobras**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Soundogs**
London Camden The Palace: **Blancmange**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Jo Yo Yo / Graffitti**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sad Lovers & Giants / She Knits Clowns**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bobby Rosengarden's Rainbow Room Orchestra** (until Saturday)
London Ealing College: **Sway**
London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Vin Garbutt / Dave Evans**
London E.14 White Swan: **Double Agent**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ore**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Natural Roots / Chalkie White & The Shamrastas**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **John Stevens Group / Dudu Pukwana**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon: **Brilliant / The Alarm / Outbarsqueak**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Shakin' Stevens**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Serious Drinking**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **SFX**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Jay McShann & Guests** (until Saturday)
London Marquee Club: **Marillion**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Julio Iglesias**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Keith Nichols Band**
London Southgate Pink Elephant: **Fat Larry's Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Accas**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Rae James Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **G.T. Moore & The Outsiders**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Eric Bogosian**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **The Four Tops**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **John Denver**
London Victoria The Venue: **King Trigger / Farmers Boys / The Chameleons**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Asia**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Ritual / Brigandage**
London Willesden The Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **I.Q.**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **3 Mustapha's 3**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **Ova**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **First Step Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Diamond Head**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Piano Forty**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Buzzz**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Hank Wangford Band**
Manchester UMIST: **The Monochrome Set**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Dumpy's Rusty Bolts**
Newcastle City Hall: **Japan / Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **GBH / The Destructors / Blitz / Abrasive Wheels**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Alexei Sayle**
Norwich Tudor Hall: **Toto Coelo**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Ipso Facto**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Soldier**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Emotional Play**
Portsmouth Nero's Function Suite: **Vivienne Encore / R.D.F.**
Preston Polytechnic: **Killing Joke / The Danse Society**
Preston Snooties: **The Sinatras**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **Snap On Tools**
Reading Rock Club: **Here & Now**
Sheffield City Hall: **Depeche Mode**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **The Thompson Twins / Tears For Fears**
Sheffield Penguin Club: **Saracen**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Slough Alexandra's: **Jay Lazer & The Phantom Orchestra**
Southampton Canute Hotel: **The Now**
Southport Theatre: **Shakatak**
Stockton Georgian Theatre: **Martin Carthy**
Sunderland Hero's: **Passion Trade**
Tonbridge The Harvesters: **The 45's**
Watford Veralium Arms: **The Time Dance**
Whitstable Old Neptune Club: **English Rogues**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Gillan / Spider**
Yeovil Johnson Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**

friday 29th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Aberdeen University: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Vigo Lane / Columbia / Toucan Trolls / Andy Blake**
Bangor University: **Blue Zoo**
Barrow Champers Nite Spot: **My Pierrot Dolls**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Iganda / As One**
Birmingham Odeon: **Culture Club**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Tobruk**
Birmingham The Junction Inn: **Headbolt**
Birmingham Midnight Express: **The Dancing Did**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: Julie Felix
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Radio 5**
Brighton Basement Club: **Seething Wells/Redskins**
Brighton New Regent: **The Deck Chairs**
Bristol Western Star Domino Club: **Parole Bros.**
Cannock Folk At The Oak: **Magna Carta**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Passage**
Cardiff University: **Q-Tips / False Idols**
Chalfont St. Giles Newlands Park College: **Howard Jones**
Chelmsford YMCA: **The Varukers**
Cheltenham Hospital Social Club: **X Pupils**
Colchester Essex University: **Modern English**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Marillion / Night Shade**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Darley Dale Northwood Club: **Dawn Trader**
Dorking (Beare Green) White Hart: **Larry Miller Band**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Sandy Beach & the Deckchairs**
Dublin Francis Xavier Hall: **Budgie / Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Trouble**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Blue Rondo**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **Sad Cafe**
Fleetwood Marine Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Folkestone Royal Norfolk Hotel: **Enigish Rogues**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Discount 81**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Genes**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Tangerine Dream**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Hey! Elastica**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Genghis Khan**
Gravesend Woodville Hall: **Alexei Sayle**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **The Original Crabs**
Guildford Surrey University: **Dave Kelly Band**
Halifax The Royal Oak: **Chris Williams Quartet**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **The Abdabs**
Hayes The Beck Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Hickstead Cinderella's: **The Pinkees**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Boys Of The Lough**
Leamington Spa Centre: **Ruby Turner Band**
Leeds International Festival: **George Hamilton IV**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Squeeze / OK Jive**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Sex Gang Children / Teenage & The Wildlife**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Liaison / Blue Max**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Auntie & The Men From Uncle / Black Devils**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Any Trouble / Fear Of Flying**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Camden The Palace: **Pauline Black**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Go Fundamental**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Joe 'King' Carrasco**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura**
London E.14 White Swan: **Wipeout**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance / Outboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Paint / The Committee**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Shakin' Stevens**
London Hammersmith St. Mathew's Hall: **The Creamies / Fear Of The Dark / Squadron Sinister**
London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic: **The Dancing Did**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roman Holliday**
London Kensington Imperial College: **Dislocation Dance**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Ricky Cool & The New Band**
London Marquee Club: **The Glitter Band**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 17**
London North Polytechnic: **Gasper Leural & The African Drum Oro Band / 52nd Street**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Burnt Ash/Hickory Lake**
London N.W.12 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots / Indecision**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Cannibals / The Stingrays**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Inmates**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London School of Economics: **The Corporation**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Deanery Quartet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On the Loose**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Jazira**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **The Four Tops**
London University Union: **Orchestra Jazira / Design For Living / Laughing Clowns**
London Victoria The Venue: **J. Walter Negro / The Members**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Bambi Kino**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A'Gogo: **Hotbox**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Natural Roots / Amazulu / Chalkie White & the Shamrastas**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **Holloway Allstars / Soulyard**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **John Stevens Group**
Luton College of Higher Education: **Kakachua**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Shakatak**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Divine Inspiration**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Thompson Twins / Tears For Fears**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Out**
Manchester UMIST: **Sad Lovers & Giants**
Newcastle City Hall: **Diamond Head**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Light Of The World**
Newport Harper Adams College: **The Monochrome Set**
Northampton Black Lion: **A Popular History Of Signs / Syndromes / Religious Overdose**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Fashion**
Nottingham Whispers: **Animal Nightlife**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts / Smart**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Emotional Play**
Poole Sloop Hotel: **Crossfire**
Preston Clouds: **Fat Larry's Band**
Preston Guildhall: **Gillan / Spider**
Reading Bridges Hall: **The Belle Stars**
Retford Porterhouse: **Danse Society / UV Pop**
Rochester Crown Hotel: **Glasshouse**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Bauhaus / Southern Death Cult**
St. Austel Cornwall Coliseum: **Depeche Mode**
Stockport Manchester Arms: **Life On Earth**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **George & The Dragonaires**
Sunderland Annabelles: **The Sinatras**
Taunton College: **Here & Now**
Welwyn Garden City The Pear Tree Youth Club: **Dirt**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dave Ellis Band**
York University: **The Alarm**

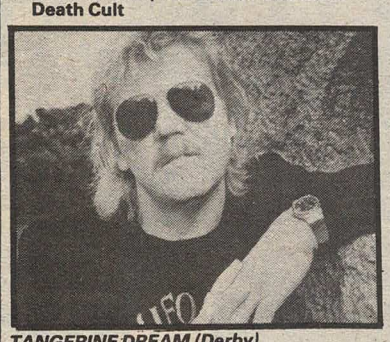
saturday 30th

Aldershot West End Centre: **Steel An' Skin**
Aylesbury Friars: **Fashion**
Barrow Civic Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Basildon Leisure Centre: **The Four Tops**
Bath Moles Club: **Transporter**
Bath University: **The Thompson Twins / Tears For Fears**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Budgie / Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Eyeless In Gaza**
Birmingham Hare & Hounds: **Magna Carta**

CONTINUES OVER

Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Park: **Lady Killer**

Birmingham Star Club: **Fast Relief / Inflicted Youth / Kevin Hayes & Friends**
Blackburn The Centurion: **Rough Mix**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Charley Yarwood**
Bradford University: **Q-Tips / Hank Wangford Band**
Brentwood Essex Arms: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Brighton Basement Club: **Jah Leveller / Emotional Play**
Brighton New Regent: **The Deck Chairs**
Brighton Zap Club: **Rhythm Fringe / Attila The Stockbroker**
Cardiff Joint Students Union: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Toto Coelo**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Sex Gang Children / Yellow Umbrella**
Coventry Warwick University: **A Bigger Splash**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Tangerine Dream**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Duran Duran**
Dundee University: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Culture Club**
Folkestone Black Bull: **Dokey Hill**
Frensham Mariners: **Precious Few / XLR8**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Diamond Head**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Blue Rondo**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Larry Miller Band**
Gt. Yarmouth The Big Apple: **Final Demand**
Hastings Rumours Coub: **Decent Assault**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Shark Taboo**
Keele University: **The Monochrome Set**
Leamington Royal Spa Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Leeds University: **Bauhaus / Southern Death Cult**



TANGERINE DREAM (Derby)

Leicester Polytechnic: **J. Walter Negro & The Loose Joints & Guests**
Leicester University: **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts / Smart**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Blue Poland**
London Barbican Centre: **Peggy Lee / Carmen McRae / Joe Williams / Louie Bellson Big Band**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The Creamies**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Flying Pickets**
London Camden Dingwalls: **G. T. Moore & The Outsiders / Flight 19**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Johnson Brothers / Cats Cradle String Band**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Ken Harris & The Playboys / Kenny Fender Band**
London Camden Musicans Collective: **Six Minute War / Screaming Babies / Last Orders / Kronstadt Uprising / The Mob / Hagar The Womb.**
London Central Polytechnic: **The Farmers Boys**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea College: **Blue Zoo/Sad Lovers & Giants**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Introze/The Psychotics**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Decorators/Batwing Chaps**
London E.14 White Swan: **Serious Drinking**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **True Life Confessions/Any Anxious Colour**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Only After Dark/Play Dead**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Cayenne**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy (Skunks): **The Varukers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Deke Leonard**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Tim Whitehead's Borderline**
London Marquee Club: **The Glitter Band**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **The Belle Stars**
London Norwood Nettlefold Hall: **Sir Lloyd/Lovers Oasis/Dance Hall Style**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Monkey/Second House**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kokomo**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Dave Evans**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Brand**
London School of Economics: **Icarus/The Papers/Phase One**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Deanery Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Steve Franklin**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Rhys Chatham & Band/Tuxedomoon**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roger Chapman & The Short List**
London Wapping Wharf B 52 Gallery: **Hermine / Richard Strange / Virginia Astley / Original Flying Lizards**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Praxis / Sexagisma / The Audience**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Pleasure & The Beast/Wizzards**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.10 Akclam Hall: **Speed Queens/Bare-Footin'/Twelve Inch/Dial Chug Chug**
London W.C.1 (Chenies St) Drill Hall: **Orchestra Jazira**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **John Taylor Band**
Luton Technical College: **Mouse & The Underdog**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Chris De Burgh/Dean Friedman**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Gary Boyle Band**
Manchester University: **Light Of The World**
Milton Keynes The Pear Tree: **Soldier**
Milton Keynes Wavendon Stables: **Julie Felix**
Newcastle City Hall: **Gillam / Spider**
Newcastle Univerity: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Northampton Racecourse College: **Cellar 16/ Swamp Women**
Norwich Arts Centre: **Slim Gaillard**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 18**
Nottingham City Hospital Leisure Centre: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Racing Cars**
Portrush Kelly's: **The Perfect Crime**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Dave Kelly Band**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Back-Ender Festival with Magna Carta / Abalon / Dave Hughes / Galadriel / The Curates Egg etc. (also Sunday)**
Preston Warehouse: **Blue Orchids / Dr. Filth**
Reading Caribbean Club: **Great Mistakes**
Retford Porterhouse: **Marillion**
Salford University: **Squeeze / OK Jive**
Sheffield City Hall: **Japan / Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield University: **Buzzz**
Slough College: **The Passage**
St. Albans City Hall: **Hawkwind / Baron Rojo**
Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Stockport (Marple) The Bowling Green: **Belgique**
Tavistock Youth Centre: **Nyanisis**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Jimmy Martin Band**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Tobruk**
Warrington Spectrum Centre: **Fat Larry's Band**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Illusionz**
Worcester Arts Workshop: **And Also The Trees**

sunday 31st

Aberdeen Copper Beach: **Blaze**
Arbroath Smokies: **Blue Rondo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **James Langston & The Naturals**
Birmingham Odeon: **Fashion**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Top Rank: **Culture Club**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Hawkwind/Baron Rojo**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Buckhurst Hill The Roebuck: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Cheriton Golden Arrow: **Cry Wolf**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Tangerine Dream**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The White Washed Set/Time Limit etc**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Pallas/Solstice**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Black Roots**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Side Effects**
Gt. Wakering Red Lion (lunchtime) and Leigh-on-Sea The Grand (evening): **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Guildford Surrey University: **Twelfth Night**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Clientelle/Black Tiger**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **GBH/Blitz/The Destructors/Abrasive Wheels**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lancaster University: **Squeeze/OK Jive**
Leeds Civic Centre: **Saracen/Geddes Axe/Soldier**
Leeds Central Station Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**

DIAMOND HEAD (Middlesbro')

Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Leicester (Hugglescote) Hawley Club: **My Pierrot Dolls**
Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: **The D.T.'s**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **Alexei Sayle**
Liverpool Empire Theatre; **Chris De Burgh/Dean Friedman**
London Barbican Centre: **Sarah Vaughan/Billy Eckstine/Blossom Dearie/Stan Reynolds Big Band**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Felix & The Cats (lunchtime) / Johnny Johnson's Flyers (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **The Virgin Prunes/Stuart Moxham & Friends/S.P.K.**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Rhythm Men/The Vatican**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sway/Fox In Socks/Grub Street**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Guest Stars**
London Duke of York's Theatre: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Finchley Torrington: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Jim Dvorak Quintet**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **John Bennett Big Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Apocalypse**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/The Swinging Laurels**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Richard Strange**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Primary**
London Marquee Club: **Cuddly Toys**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Professor Bernard Tyrell Esq.**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chris Burn Group/Paul Rutherford Trio**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Steve Berry Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Meteors/Sex Gang Children/The Adicts/Hanoi Rocks/Screamin' Lord Sutch**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The B's**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **Dr. K's Blues Band**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Peter Gordon**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Inti-Illimani/Paco Pena**
London Trafalgar Square St. Martin's Crypt: **Dave Evans & James McLean**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **G. T. Moore & The Outsiders**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) International Students Centre: **Haze**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Mike McKenzie Trio with Lizzie McKenzie**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Mike Osborne Quartet**
Maidstone Tudor House: **The Goose Band**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Floating Adults/Alternative Cabaret**
Margate Ship Inn: **Dave Corsby Band**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Diamond Head**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Commodore Club: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Fretz**
Poynton Folk Centre: *See Saturday*
Reading Fives Bar: **Larry Miller Band**
Reading Top Rank: **Fat Larry's Band**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Sheffield City Hall: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Sheffield Crucible Studio: **Yah Boo/Flying Alphonso Brothers/The Party**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts/Smart**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **The Pinkees**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Bodycheck**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Life On Earth**
Walmer The Lifeboat: **Isengard**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**
York Theatre Royal: **Boys Of The Lough**

monday 1st

Birmingham Night Out: **Showaddywaddy (for a week)**
Birmingham Odeon: **Squeeze/OK Jive**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Rattlesnake**
Brighton Dome: **Shakatak**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Thompson Twins/Tears For Fears**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Fashion**
Bristol Yesterday's Club: **Julie Felix**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Sarras**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Adam Ant**
Great Yarmouth Tiffany's: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Grimsby Community Hall: **Marillion**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **Zanti Misfitz/March Violets**
Leeds University: **Attila The Stockbroker/The Newtown Neurotics**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Leicester The Horsefaire: **The Howdy Boys**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Alibi/Hearts & Coronets**
London Barbican Centre: **Stephan Grappelli/Diz Disley**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The London Cowboys/The Operators/Rain Forest**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Tooting Frooties**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Decoy Avenue/Stranger Comforts/Mutiny**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mose Allison Trio (until November 13, except Sunday)**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Roots Tradition Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Visa**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Freehand/Key West**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny Pinko**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Twelve Cubic Feet/Cold War/The Managing Directors**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Diamond Head**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Bauhaus**
London Marquee Club: **Pallas**
London NW2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Putney Half Moon: **Vin Garbutt**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jim Mullen**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Breakers**
London Strand King's College: **Serious Drinking**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Light Of The World**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Passage/The Nightingales**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **The Temperance Seven/Earl Okin**
London W1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W1 (Oxford Circus) The Xclusive: **Eleanor Rigby**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Tangerine Dream**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Dome**

ADAM ANT (Glasgow)

Margate Winter Gardens: **Culture Club**
Newcastle City Hall: **Chris De Burgh/Dean Friedman**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **GBH/Blitz/The Destructors/Abrasive Wheels**
Poole Arts Centre: **Fat Larry's Band**
Portsmouth Cambridge Hotel: **Mother Folkers**
Sheffield Leadmill: **The Adicts**
Sheffield University: **Zeitgeist/Phono Industria**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Hawkwind/Baron Rojo**
Southend Zero 6: **Twelfth Night**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Shakin' Stevens**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **The Four Tops**
Sunderland Annabel's: **Rules Of Croquet**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **The Hollies (for a week)**
Watford Gema Club: **Souls Valiant**

tuesday 2nd

Aberdeen Beach Ballroom: **George Hamilton IV**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Headbolt**
Birmingham Odeon: **Japan / Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Conflict / Icons Of Filth / The Revolt**
Bradford University: **Jacques Loussier**
Brighton Centre: **Julio Iglesias**
Brighton Dome: **Louie Bellson Big Band Explosion**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Tangerine Dream**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **Roaring Jelly**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Chris De Burgh**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Music For Pleasure**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Shakatak**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Here & Now**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Fiat Lux**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Dr. Hook / Dean Friedman**
Liverpool Adams Club: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **GBH / Blitz / The Destructors / Abrasive Wheels**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Strategy / Triple Echo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Symbolix**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Corporation / Guinea Pig / Kublai Khan**

DR HOOK (Leicester)

London Deptford Albany Empire: **Buddhist Hair Do's / Afghan Rebels / Stax Bodene & The Horizontals**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Fear Of The Dark / Vitale Voice**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Joan Jett & The Blackhearts / Smart**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Thompson Twins / Tears For Fears**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazz Band**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **The Four Tops**
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Beasts In Suits / Typical Boys / It's A Tightrope**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pizzaz**
London Putney Half Moon: **London Jazz Big Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Culture Club**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Monochrome Set / Deux Filles**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Micky Jupp Band / Chaos Blues Band / Tony McPHee Band / Jeremy Spenser**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Eleanor Rigby**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A'Gogo: **The Junkies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Kurtis Blow**
Manchester The Gallery: **Marillion**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elton John**
Nottingham El Vino's: **Geno Vess**
Nottingham Rock City: **Squeeze / OK Jive**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Budgie / Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Portsmouth Milton Arms: **Safety In Numbers**
Reading University: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 19**
Sheffield City Hall: **Diamond Head**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Fashion**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Stiff Little Fingers**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Shakin' Stevens**
Stoke Queen's Theatre: **Alexei Sayle**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **Mad Jocks & Englishmen**
Yeovil Johnson Hall: **Julie Felix**
York Cross Keys: **Head**

wednesday 3rd

Aberdeen Valhalla: **The Grip**
Arundel Cricket Club: **Roaring Jelly**
Bangor University: **Marillion**
Batley Frontier Club: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift** (until Saturday)
Birmingham Odeon: **Japan/Sandii & The Sunsetz**
Bolton Scamps: **The Pistons**
Brighton Centre: **Adam Ant**
Brighton New Regent: **The Defectors / Gatecrash / The Beach Fleas / Malnutrition**
Cardiff University: **Fashion**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Julio Iglesias**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Louie Bellson Big Band Explosion**
Darlington Rumours: **Rules Of Croquet**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **The Four Tops**
Disley (Stockport) St. Mary's: **Life On Earth**
Douglas I.o.M. Gaiety Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Dudley Prole Club: **Cruel Garden/Endless Bob Brown**
Edinburgh Echo Muse: **Brains Trust**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Talk Talk**

ELTON JOHN (Newcastle)

Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Tokyo Treatment**
Haddington Duchess of Hamilton: **George Hamilton IV**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Hawkwind/Baron Rojo**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Battle Of The Bands — Heat 20**
Hitchin The Regal: **Level 42**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Diamond Head**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Polytechnic Students Union: **Ronnie Scott Quartet**
Leeds Trinity & All Saints College: **The Glitter Band**
Leeds University: **The Belle Stars**
Leeds Warehouse: **Aztec Camera**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Sad Cafe**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Free Hand**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **English Rogues**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Hey Day**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cimarons**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Geraint Watkins — Steve Waller Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Boys Own/ Triple Echo**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Juvessance**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Charlie Harper's Urban Dogs/Pressure**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Duran Duran**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Helicopters**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Lambeth Nettlefold Hall: **Julie Felix**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rush Hour**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Southgate Old Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Crannog**
London Stratford Pigeons Hotel: **The Radical Sheiks**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jah Wobble**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Dali's Car/Zoawent/Winter Trees/Replaceable Hedz**
London W.1 (Margaret St) Xclusive Club: **J. Walter Negro/The Members**
London W.1 (Old Burlington St) Legends: **The 45's**
Lowestoft South Pier Pavilion: **Budgie/Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Dr Hook/Dean Friedman**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Fagins: **Alexei Sayle**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Burning Spear/Carmel**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elton John**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Gruff Men**
Norwich University of East Anglia: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **The Nightingales**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Tangerine Dream**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Shakatak**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
York Bar Hotel: **Head**

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Nov. 20th	Liverpool – University Mountford Hall	Dec. 5th	Dunstable – Queensway Hall
Nov. 21st	Astra Theatre – Llandudno	Dec. 6th	Nottingham – Royal Concert Hall
Nov. 22nd	Swansea – Brangwyn Hall	Dec. 7th	Glasgow Apollo
Nov. 23rd	Cardiff University – The Great Hall	Dec. 8th	Edinburgh Playhouse
Nov. 24th	Slough – Fukrum Theatre	Dec. 9th	Aberdeen Capital
Nov. 25th	Cleethorpes Winter Gardens	Dec. 10th	Dundee – Caird Hall
Nov. 26th	Loughborough University	Dec. 11th	Sunderland Poly.
Nov. 27th	Sheffield University	Dec. 12th	Middlesbrough Town Hall
Nov. 29th	Leicester – De Montfort Hall	Dec. 13th	Sheffield City Hall
Nov. 30th	Southport Theatre	Dec. 14th	Leeds – Queens Hall
Dec. 1st	Bournemouth – Winter Gdns.	Dec. 15th	Carlisle – Market Assembly Hall
Dec. 2nd	London – Dominion Theatre	Dec. 16th	Manchester Apollo
Dec. 3rd	Oxford – Apollo Theatre	Dec. 17th	Newton Aycliffe – Recreation Centre
		Sole Representation I.T.B.	

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28 Brilliant
28 Asia
28, 29 Shakin' Stevens
29, 30 Four Tops
31 Mari Wilson
31 Halloween Monster Ball

NOVEMBER
1 Bauhaus
1 Light Of The World
1 Diamond Head
2 Thompson Twins
2 Joan Jett & The Blackhearts
2 The Birthday Party
3 Culture Club
5, 6 Millie Jackson
6 Tangerine Dream
6 Taj Mahal
7 A Certain Ratio
7 George Thorogood & The Destroyers
7 The Roches
7 Level 42
8 Talk Talk
8, 9 Earl Klaugh
9 Squeeze
9 Sad Cafe
10 Fashion
11 Shalamar
11 Shakatak
11 Belle Stars
12, 13 Hawkwind
14 The Go Go's
14 (Matinee) Duran Duran
15 Flock Of Seagulls
17, 18 Doctor Hook
20 Durutti Column
20, 21, 22 Japan
24 Yazoo
25 ABC
26, 27 Michael Schenker
27 John Cooper Clarke
29 Siouxsie & The Banshees
29, 30 Phil Collins
29, 30 The Nolans

DECEMBER
1 Peter Skellern
1 Phil Collins
2 Lindisfarne
2, 3, 4 Ultravox
4 Doctor Feelgood
5 Marc & The Mambas
5, 6 U2
6 Steelye Span
6 Gang Of Four
7 Budgie
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 Elton John
13 Adam Ant
14 Ozzie Osbourne
17 Gillan
17 Slade
19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 Elton John
24, 27 Elvis Costello
27, 28 & 31 Haircut 100

JANUARY
3, 4, 5 Whitesnake
15 Gary Moore
24 Echo & The Bunnymen

MAY
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Johnny Mathis

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FAT LARRY'S BAND

Wednesday 3rd November
AZTEC CAMERA

Wednesday 10th November
THE SOUND

Late Bar 9-2 am

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Friday 29th October
THE INMATES
Saturday 30th October
KOKOMO
Sunday 31st October
DAVE KELLY BAND
Monday 1st November
VIN GARBUTT
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LASLO & THE LEOPARDS
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LPs EXTRA!

DOWN AND OUT...

THE SOUND

All Fall Down (WEA)

IF THERE is one thing The Sound were always blessed with it was an impeccable sense of timing. As retrospective experts belatedly touched by the dark dance of Joy Division were beginning to look for more insecurity bop, The Sound hit the mark with the depresso pop of 'Jeopardy' and proceeded to stumble from melancholy metalurgy towards the face-against-the glass Bunnybluster of 'Heaven Up Here' with 'From The Lion's Mouth'.

With those first two albums The Sound were the fastest into the footprints of the innovators, arriving at the head of a flock of fumbling opportunists and staking a sizeable claim on the nouveau rock ordinaire territory. They were always in good enough company to ensure their credibility, but, to those that bothered to listen, they set up comparisons which could only work to their detriment. Tours with the likes of The Comsats only served to underline the insincerity of their words of gloom — they simply stood out as the first of the crowd who sought to establish a genre of depresso rock.

Now with the release of their third album, their meagre ideas are spread thinner than ever. 'All Fall Down', from the title track — a turgid call and response routine executed to the tune (?) of Trio's 'Da, Da, Da' — is a bizarre pretension of destruction which ultimately signifies nothing more than a pallid mix 'n' match of moderne rock, too lacking in its own qualities to be graced with the term eclectic.

The real key to where this album is at (fitting vocabulary I assure you) comes with the second track, 'Party Of My Mind', a ramshackle echo of The Only Ones, an invitation to cerebral excess drawled lazily over a twee pseudo bar-room backing with a self-conscious and sagging attempt at humour.

Worse is to come, mind you, as 'Monument' blends Talking Heads-type architectural imagery with a repulsive, twiddly, blues-veined acoustic backing — I'm not one to bandy about the accusation of Pink Floydianism lightly but I'm afraid this one just reeks of it.

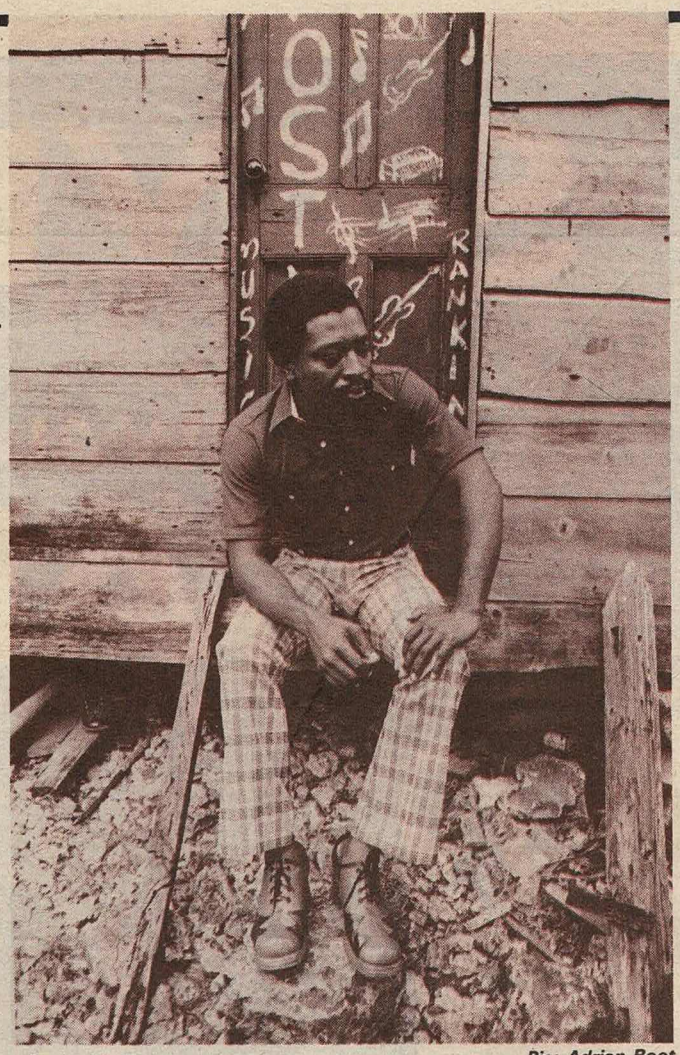
Meanwhile, the remainder of the side sags into the sort of unimaginative nouveau rock that still clogs up the support slots of the live circuit — single catchphrase/platitude songs, strung over four or five minutes of mind-numbing competence.

The only glimmer of a possible sense of humour comes as Adrian whines *"Calling the new tune / Does anybody here want to call it?"*. I sincerely hope that someone does, and that the new tune in question brings about the destruction of uninspired dirge wallahs (wallies) like The Sound — actually I have a suspicion that it's on its way, and about time too.

Any moment of any worth on this album is glaringly familiar — check out Adrian's identikit reconstruction of the highlights of the first Comsats album on 'Red Paint' (by far the most exciting song on the album); he even introduces a Fellows-type abrasive quaver into his usually solid (as a rock) voice. It's like watching the compilation of footage at the beginning of *Film '82* — I also spotted The Associates' 'A' reproduced almost note for note in 'We Could Go Far'.

In one sense at least, Borland is honest. *"I'm not stupid / I know I'm guilty"* he bellows at the end of the album *"I'm going on a journey and you can't come with me"*. For that, Adrian, I will be eternally grateful.

Don Watson



Junior Murvin *Pic: Adrian Boot*

SHAKA ATTACK!

JUNIOR MURVIN

Bad Man Possee (Dread At The Controls)

JAH SHAKA

The Commandments Of Dub (Rough Trade)

THESE TWO albums affect me with different sorts of nostalgia. Junior Murvin's Lee Perry-produced classic, 'Police And Thieves' was a sleeper success in the Days Of Punk, as much a part of the soundtrack as Culture's 'Two Sevens Clash'. It became a symbolic cornerstone cross-culturally when the Clash covered it on their first album. People were still playing it through their windows at last year's riots.

As in all Lee Perry productions when the Manic Maestro was whipping them out on his TEAC at the Black Ark studios, the existence of the artist was always in question.

The Perry production machine ground all acts through its psychedelic meatgrinder; everyone was more or less Perry puree by the time they came out the other end.

Port Antonio man Murvin held his own because of the stunning purity of his falsetto, recalling the divine Smokey Robinson and doowop. He's got the sound of a Curtis Mayfield devotee from the early Impressions days, when a man wasn't afraid to weep and his hook-up with Michael 'Dread At The Control' Campbell gives it a tasteful touch. Nothing too gaudy, just basic and functional.

Unlike your average falsetto singer, Junior's no romantic. He doesn't sing about women much — when he does, he's hardly Moon'n'Juneing it.

"Man is the fire, woman is the pot, Man is the ruler, woman is the follower, This is my advice to all lovers — get married and settle down . . ."

In great time for the International Western World Herpes Trauma and the New Celibacy, eh Junior? Not many girls round town will be wanting to get close to a geezer with that on his mind.

That merry band of JA sessioneers, the Roots Radics, are called out on duty yet again, sounding rather less dry and predictable than usual. 'Bad Man Possee' is a showcase album, ie one that costs half the money in recording time because each track has its dub version.

The title is currently an established shebeen midnight raver, and you can step to it, but it does make me nostalgic for Lee Perry, whose artistry as a producer was so much more significant than the output of most singers.

Nostalgia number two. The best club I ever went to was Jah Shaka's sessions down at the Bali Hai in Streatham.

Surrounded by massive paper-mache statues of South Sea Island deities, garlanded by wreaths of smoke, the fiercest dancing and the highest ecstasies.

Shaka rode the amp and syn-drum and graphic equaliser like a cowboy with a bucking bronco. He distorted tunes like a crazy hall of mirrors, bending and twisting them into new dimensions.

One American visitor, the learned Roger Trilling, then manager of 'Blood' Ulmer, compared Shaka's prowess to seeing Charlie Parker play live; and truly, Shaka re-placed dub and DJ into the classical world music arena.

Listen beyond the actual sound effects, though they're attractive as a goldfish to a cat, and taste the textures of the individual instruments, the liquid drums, the elastic rubber-man piano. It's the nearest I've ever heard Shaka come on vinyl to the sensurround sensuality of his live work.

Vivien Goldman

RECORD NEWS EXTRA

Rod's first live LP

ROD STEWART has his first-ever live album released by Riva Records on November 5 — it's a double set called 'Absolutely Live', selling at a special price, and it was recorded over the last 12 months at various locations around the world. The 19 tracks include many of his smash hits, as well as two new recordings not previously available, 'Guess I'll Always Love You' and 'The Great Pretender'. The package spans his career from 'Gasoline Alley' to 'Young Turks', and it includes guest appearances by Tina Turner and Kim Carnes. ITV is to screen a one-hour special during the Christmas period, featuring Stewart in concert at Los Angeles Forum, with Tina Turner guesting.

● 'Whole Lotta Shakin' by **Little Richard** and 'Rock Me Baby' **by Ike & Tina Turner** are compilation albums, featuring many of their classic tracks from way back. They're on the Bulldog label (through President Records), and another LP from the same source is 'Shake It Up Baby' by **Conway Twitty**.

Can't help what?

These are GIRLS CAN'T HELP IT, and you won't be surpised to learn that they are all models — two British, and the other from Texas. They've now decided to try their luck in the music business, and they take a giant step along the way with the release of their debut single by Virgin — titled 'Baby Doll', it's out this weekend.

● **Martin Roper,** the former Anti-Pasti vocalist who last week parted company with that outfit, has signed a solo recording deal with the Rondelet label. He's at present getting together a backing band, and initial product is expected in January.

● Yellow Magic man **Yukihiro Takahashi** has his single 'School Of Thought' released by Statik Records this week. The B-side is a re-working of the Supremes' hit 'Stop In The Name Of Love', and the bonus track on the 12-inch format is 'River In The Ocean'.

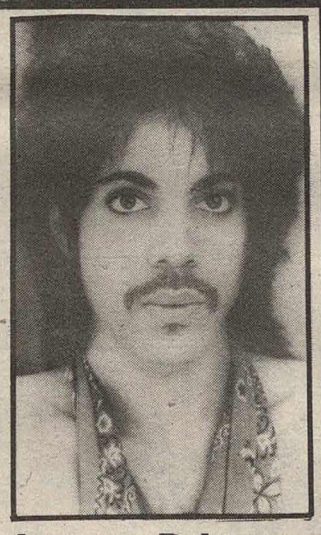
● **Eddie Stanton,** whose Polydor single 'Tales From The Raj' was due out this week, has delayed its release until early next year. This is because he didn't feel that "the current confluence of cosmic forces was working in his favour". (In other words, there's too much competition in the pre-Christmas market).

● **Zeitgeist** have their fourth single issued by Jamming Records this week in both 7" and 12" formats. Titles are 'Over Again' and 'Ripped'.

● All-girl American funk band **Klymaxx,** who are based in Los Angeles, release their second album on Solar Records (through WEA) this week). The nine-track set is titled 'Girls Will Be Girls'.

● The third single from **Two Two** on Chiswick Records is 'King Solomon's Mines', inspired by the Rider Haggard story of the same title. It's out this week in 12-inch form, with three tracks on the flip — 'Ivory', 'Pljin Billy' and 'Meanwhile'. A seven-inch version follows tomorrow (Friday).

● 'Agents Of Change' is the title of an EP by **The Blue Orchids,** released by Rough Trade this weekend. All four tracks are previously unissued.



Import Prince

PRINCE, the master of stylised dance music, has brought out a new double album called '1999'. It's the follow-up to 'Controversy' and, besides performing all 11 tracks, he also wrote, arranged and produced them. It's on the Warner Brothers label, and is available in the UK on import from November 5.

● New West London band **Somewhere A Voice** don't believe in fiddling about — their debut release is an album! Titled 'Love, Logic And Ego', it's on the Peyote label, with distribution by Rough Trade. They'll be playing some gigs before Christmas.

● **Voyager,** who'll be remembered for their British tour with ELO, are releasing their first single since that outing. Titled 'Like A Stone', it's issued by the Flying Record Company, distributed by CBS.

● The second single from **Death In June** is a double A-sider coupling 'State Laughter' and 'Holy Water'. It's on their own NER label, distributed by Rough Trade.

● November 15 sees three more album releases in the Motown Superstar series — 'Natural High' by **The Commodores,** 'Mahogany Soundtrack' by **Diana Ross** and a compilation titled 'From The Vaults'. This latter LP features the likes of **Marvin Gaye, Gladys Knight, The Supremes, Smokey Robinson** and **Mary Wells.**

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Sunday · 21 Nov · YORK, Theatre Royal
Tuesday · 23 Nov · LEAMINGTON, Royal Spa Centre
Wednesday · 24 Nov · LEEDS, Leeds University
Friday · 26 Nov · LIVERPOOL, Polytechnic
Saturday · 27 Nov · HULL, Middleton Hall
Sunday · 28 Nov · NOTTINGHAM, Theatre Royal
Tuesday · 30 Nov · BRIGHTON, Polytechnic

LIVE!

SHAME ABOUT THE SUITS...

FAT LARRY'S BAND

The Venue, Victoria

IT WOULD have been a refreshing change if Larry and his chums had come on wearing the zebra-striped convict garb off the cover of their new LP. In fact, anything other than the no-shame school of funkateer fashion where the audience are reduced to sniggering at the dress sense of seven presumably sound-minded and fully grown men.

But there they are, true to form, arriving amidst swathes of the inevitable dry ice, dressed like dogs' dinners, wrapped in tinfoil and sequinned tunics over emasculating white jump suits.

I'd like to see a group playing this sort of music while dressed in the new style Dexys dungarees. But it'll never happen.

Having seen the clothes, the first 15 minutes of the music came as a pleasant surprise. FLB launch into a slice of steaming, hardbacked funk. 'Breakin' Out', a dip into the past for 'Bright City Lights' and 'Boom Town'. It was standard stuff but played with a verve and clarity.

With the bass and drums proving the old adage — it's as important what you don't play as what you play — the spaces in between were left for some serious-business rhythm guitar and fine unison harmonies. It was lobotomy lyrics but the music was great, pumping and wailing, driving and cutting out into a new dimension at every turn.

After that it was mostly downhill without much thought for taste or brake application. In terms of being in a vanguard and defining their own sound, FLB seem to have had their day. The new material spills into a number of areas — cabaret slush, a bit of Rick James, a bit of Stevie Wonder.

And so it went. There was nothing to wait for but 'Zoom'. But even that fell. What was a shudder of ecstasy on 45 was turned into a yawning chasm of audience participation and thank-you-for-putting-us-all-back-in-the-charts sincerity.

I watched them dance, allowed myself another snigger at their clothes and took the liberty of leaving before any fond memories I had of the evening had to be completely sacrificed.

Gavin Martin

A lamb in polyester clothing

Pic: Peter Anderson

HAIL THE LOW LIFE BANK CLERK

J. WALTER NEGRO AND FRIENDS

Dingwalls, London

BLINK IN Harlem, New York, and you'll probably miss at least a dozen 'street heroes'; the basketball big leaguers with their loping stride, scratch mix DJs, rappers of eastern sea board delight and occasionally the odd graffiti artist.

J. Walter Negro is a neat mixture of the last two.

Blink in London and you'll probably miss Dingwalls and in the process our legend, J. Walter Negro. A man of our times.

Strolling on stage he appears as a dishevelled figure. His mac is stained and buttoned tight, his shirt is too large for his neck, a cheap 'Walkman' swings from his side. If it wasn't for the manic Afro and the limp plat that falls from the side of his head, it would be difficult to differentiate between Negro and a low life bank clerk.

Yet it is the heliotropic smell of spray paint that tells you that this man's name rides on a thousand subway cars and that he is in London tonight to promote his latest bid for power — 'NATO': Negro And Tesco Organization.

NATO is a move towards what Negro describes as Internationalism, it is an organisation that consists of J. Walter Negro, Nicky Tesco from The Members, the bass player from Osibisa, the guitarist from the The Loose Joints and the drummer from The Members.

Odds and ends of Members and Loose Joints float about with saxophone, backing vocals and raps. As with all organisations, nobody knows who is on whose side, yet it still manages to lumber on.

As to whether this

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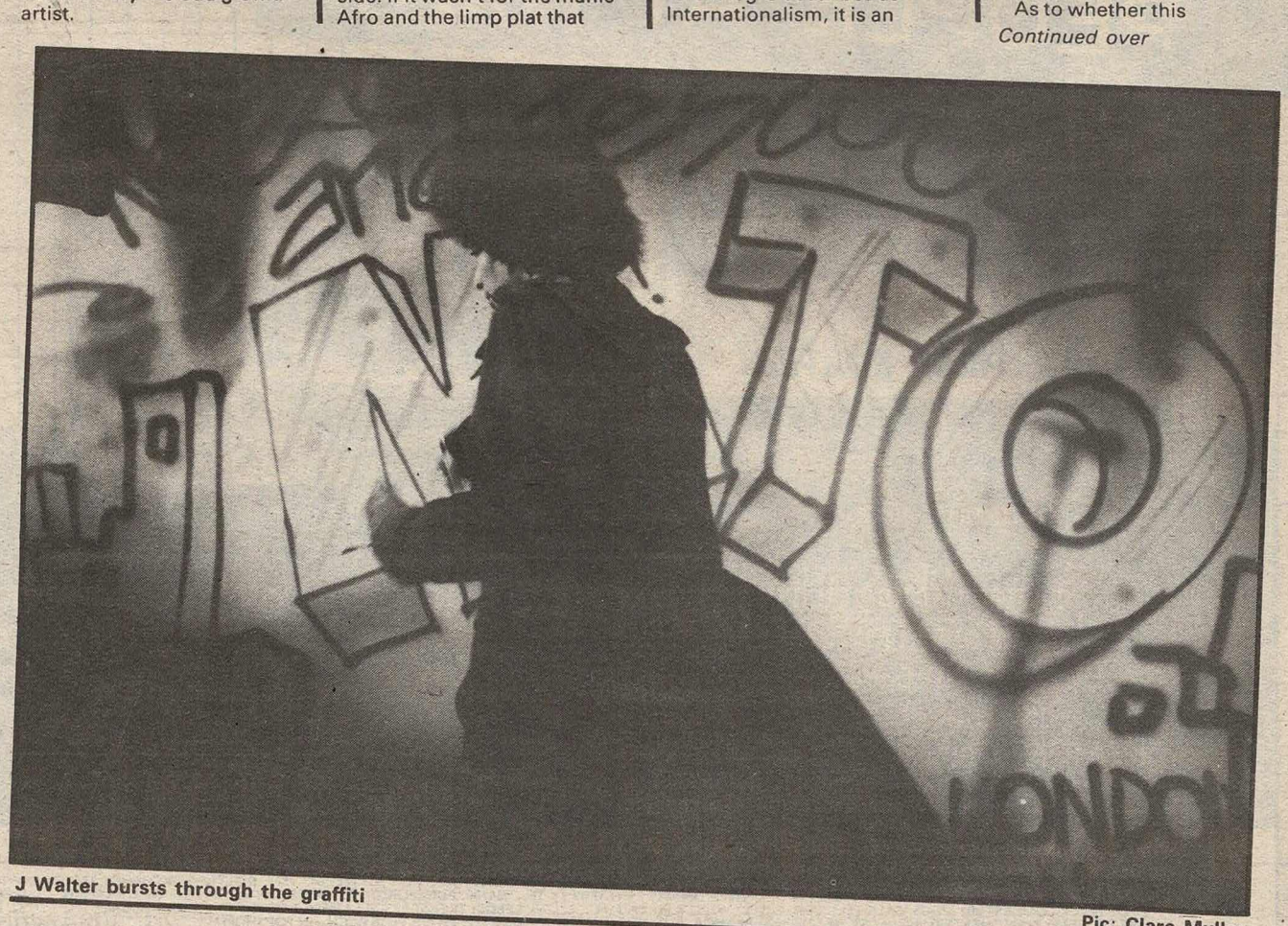
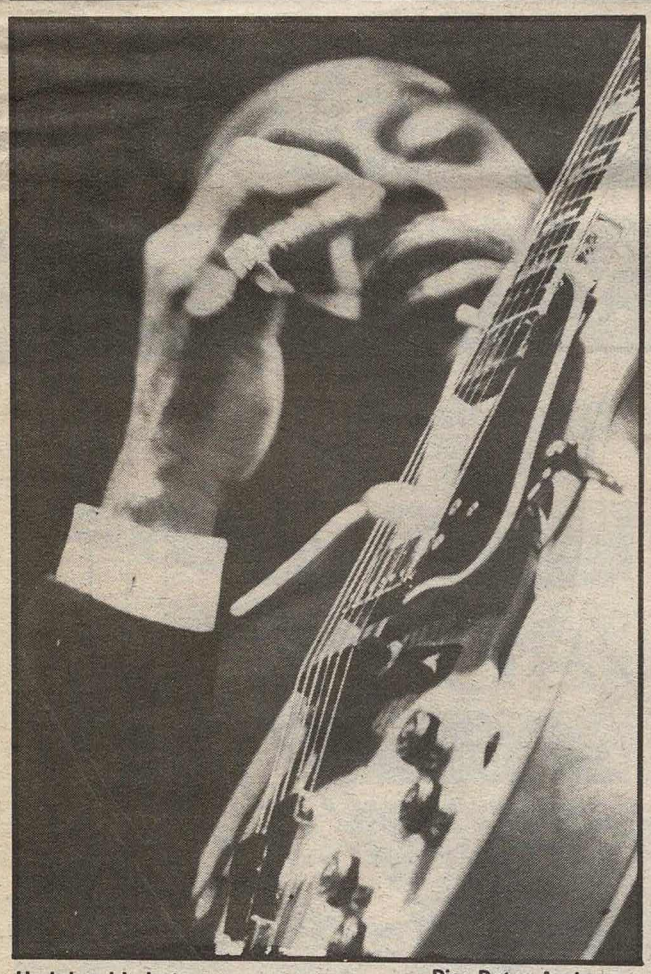


J Walter bursts through the graffiti

Pic: Clare Muller



Hedging his bets

Pic: Peter Anderson

COLD WINDS

GEORGE BENSON

Wembley Arena

104 YEAR-OLD George Benson's Wembley show was everything you might expect from a man who wears a flared suit with a stripe on the seams.

Certainly his audiences were not disappointed, and one could imagine such words as 'brilliant' and 'triffic' cannoning around a million V reg Escorts as they headed 'convoy style' back to Milton Keynes with plenty of time to drop the babysitter.

An Innocent Bystander

LIVE!

From previous page

organisation is a cultural or a commercial venture is a difficult question. Does NATO hope to protect and further the collaboration of black/white, British/American musicians? Or is it solely there to promote the individuals within the band, and thus exploit consolidated record markets.

Still, whatever the manifesto, it's the board room and the propaganda department that count; if it is a con then it's fine — everybody loves to be swindled. If only the SDP could form such an alliance of such force.

Negro bursts through his own screen of graffiti and into 'Feel It' and yes, you do. The bass is a deep, rough growl of a creature that threatens to rip the throat out of every voice within range, the guitar takes a back seat but drives forward frequently to deliver a crashing solo or a subtle swerve in the track's direction.

The drivers in the rhythm section are only travellers though. It is the voice of Negro and the grating of Tesco that powers this beast.

The militancy of both candidates may well be lost in NATO's spurious regimentation but their individuality grinds on. Tesco adds an abrasive edge to the slick (yet vicious) and sharply honed delivery of the Negro.

The set is short and flows from urban guerilla in the community to the urbane pillar of the community.

J. Walter Negro is both social worker and social climber. Let the Force be with you.

David Dorrell

Pointing the pump **Pic: Clare Muller**

Arsenic and old lace **Pic: Peter Anderson**

LOOK FORWARD IN ANGER

THE POISON GIRLS

The Drill Hall, London

"ROCK AND roll is the spearhead of our attack because its so effective and so much fun. We have developed high-energy guerilla bands who are infiltrating the popular culture and destroying millions of minds in the process."

Crass? Poison Girls? Well, almost — White Panthers and MC5 actually, but it all fits.

"State control and rock and roll are run by clever men — it all goes round and round."

Ah, indeed it does and who better to remind us than The Poison Girls, the group, who along with Crass, spawned a whole new generation of musically based radical protest.

But, where in the past any kind of revolutionary feeling was tastelessly pedalled and glamorised, here and now is a more thoughtful approach.

There are the same old chords flying around certainly but the general direction is more human, more personal.

What could be more intimate (in the rock environment) than the sight of Vi Subversa, a 50-year-old woman, heaving herself up on stage to tell her tale.

"I've done it all. I've lost my head and shared my bed." You can well believe her, but in her well worn face and body there is a measure of soul that is sorely lacking in her siblings.

It is Vi's growling, painful vocals that gives the Poison's music, and therefore their message, the warmth that is necessary where any kind of idealism is concerned. There's nothing like cold, angry people burying their personalities beneath cold, angry politics to turn me off.

The band scrape their hearts along a lattice-work of protest material mostly based around Subversa's personal experience with sexism. 'Underbitch' and 'Old tart's song'.

But their piece de resistance lies in the classic 'Persons Unknown', a rant against the masks and masquerades of human existence. A huge list of stereotypes and classifications is built up from "housewives and prostitutes" to "radical architects" until they are all smashed down in a final crescendo of "flesh and blood are who we are — our cover is blown."

Richard North

OLD JOKE NO LAUGHS

KILLING JOKE DANSE SOCIETY

The Lyceum, London

A MASSIVE TURNOUT for a hardcore occasion. People are crammed in corridors, impaled on the ornate ancient decor. A post-pubescent Gathering for an audience with death. Lots of 'em were only ten in '77. But even though Youth, the Vicious clone who so epitomised the early Joke mystique, has gone, Sid's ghost is still looking on.

Danse Society, the fledgling warrior braves, had very little chance. They carry the correct armoury — the big drums, the teeth-on-edge guitar and the beginnings of a muscular set ensure they are accepted and invited back for more. Yet they were a static sight on stage, cramped before the Joke's vast and threatening kit, doubtless aware that tonight they were just an extra pinch of salt before the big, bad cooking pot chose to boil its toil and trouble.

It's more than half an hour before the terror tank takes the stage. The sheer massiveness of its late arrival can't fail to amaze. The worshippers below are blinded by spotlights, drowned in sound and drawn towards 'The Hum'.

Overwhelmingly, the noise remains the child of Paul Ferguson's sledgehammer drums. But the show is now

Continued over

Where are you now Youth **Pic: Chris Mills**

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From previous page

Jaz Coleman's. The Fear lies in the absolute executioner's efficiency of the Killing Joke din, but the mayhem is all focussed through the keyboard and singer man's skinny, reptilian frame. His face all green and grinning, Coleman has studied the voodoo dance with a fanatic's zeal. Every bone-rattling movement seems possessed. Cuddly, Coleman ain't.

Like all their recorded work, Killing Joke just went on as they began, a 40 minute one-way trip to Hades. It's the second time I've bought the ticket and 'once more' I perceived the flawless Wardance. An exhibit, Killing Joke are nonetheless too magnetic and scary to be merely the voyeur's spooky plaything. But where can they go to now? There are no conclusions to be drawn, no options to weigh up, no pleasure — just exposure to the spectrum of damnation. To deviate one step would be to ruin its intensity's perfection, yet to mantain course is eventually to stagnate. With Killing Joke you buy a mental mauling, a primal pummeling and then you just go home.

Dave Hill

SUNDAY'S CHILD TAME 'N' TIRED

JOHN MARTYN

Hammersmith Odeon

THERE ARE so many misdeeds committed in the name of 'progression'. I guess John Martyn must explain his present state of activity with having 'progressed' — a reformed folk singer, evolving through hearthside reflections soaked by the twin weaknesses of heartbreak and alcohol, floating on into the middle-aged spread of a thousand songs and impatience with everything.

Anyone can get bored staying the same — I know that. But in Martyn's case, 'sameness' should never have been any kind of prison.

The Martyn of 'Solid Air' or 'Sunday's Child', that passionately involved instrumentalist, surely knew that there was a lifetime to be spent on what he was playing then — a music of such slow, grave elegance, unpredictable pockets of ideas suddenly bursting out — a music that explored the *limitlessness* of melody. It was never the 'same'.

If he got tired of playing that, then I hope he gets tired of what he's playing now soon enough. In this dislikeable group, with its flat-handed drummer, superfluous percussionist and preposterously insensitive keyboardist, Martyn simply plugs in his heavy metal guitar.

It's tiresome, it's lazy, it's wasteful.

Even his vocals, which once tickled the tenuous line between the leery and the remorseful, fall from a fugitive murmur into an incessant growl.

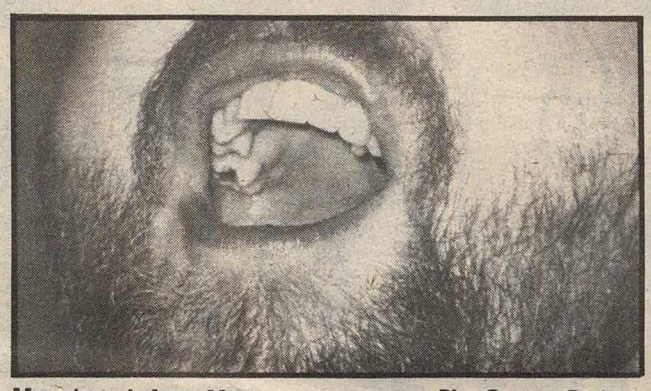
Although it's a cheap, catch-all criticism, this 'not as good as he used to be' tack, the complete dispersal of Martyn makes him someone I don't even recognise any more.

In noting the small pleasures — Alan Thomson's succinct bass commentary on 'Solid Air', and the couple of occasions when Martyn brushed up the velvet in his voice to explore again the way his ballads will open up so wide — it seems finally depressing to have to scratch around for praise for a musician whose hard-bitten grace grew so easy to like.

But then, small pleasures were always what John Martyn was about — an oblique tumble from the guitar, a singular, molten state of sounds intermingling, a tourniquet of reminiscent warmth to bind up old amorous wounds — little felicities, deployed with generosity. Now it's as if we're made to struggle for everything.

And that, I suppose, is the price of progression. Phil Collins came on at the end.

Richard Cook



More hot air from Martyn **Pic: George Bodnar**

THAT'S SHOWBIZ!

ODYSSEY

Dominion, London

'HAPPY TOGETHER' to begin with, then directly into a medley of memories which, in my experience, is not usually the way that these things are done but which made for an immediately engaging entrance. I thought it was a shame that 'Use It Up And Wear It Out' was dealt with so abruptly(!). But perhaps that's showbiz.

The excellent B-side, 'Don't Tell Me, Tell Her' *(it's over)*, another of my favourites, also came up early on, played at that very interesting speed — a holding back, catching, pushing forward, always in danger (in theory) of falling. Quite a little gem, like slow, smouldering funk. It wasn't *that* good, you say? Oh it was, it was.

Odyssey aren't, on or off the record, quite a Gap Band, or even a Rose Royce, and their song 'Together', off their new album by Nile 'n' Bernard, doesn't exactly scratch but sometimes you win, sometimes you lose, and 'If You're Looking For A Way Out' was played to win.

Introductions, those first impressions — a lasting impression. 'When You Love Someone' had it made from the start. In time the show became, well . . . feeling cruel, I desired something like A Revue. Competent, this particular Odyssey Band certainly are, but "We're gonna jazz it up for ya"? I mean, really . . .

Mind, they dished out similar treatment to 'If You Could Read My Mind' and I really liked the way they danced all over 'Suzanne' by Leonard Cohen. Shocks galore! In all the most surprising places.

There was another lull before 'Inside Out' — another Hit, that's better! *"I want to be in so deep, you can turn me inside out"*. Somewhere between 'The Thing' and 'Cat People', perhaps. And of course, Holland, Dozier, Holland (three cheers) present 'Going Back To My Roots'.

To conclude this section of the Night Out, the previously sedate audience rose to their feet *almost as one* (are we twigging something here?). We didn't expect or get the 12" versions but, as I said, that's showbiz. So, *"Goodnight, drive safely"* — don't get mugged on the way home.

Mark Cordery

YOUNG SPORTS

THE FARMERS' BOYS

Sheffield Art College

WHERE THE Monochrome Set have floundered in eccentric megalomania and Orange Juice stopped dead in the tracks of an anachronistic dream, these Boys stand resolute in their reluctance to get carried away.

Indeed, the very fact that they displayed their honest wares before a gaggle of arty parties at the local college and moved them like The Au Pairs never could was but further testimony to their earthy tonic.

They're amateurish too but that's another healthy aspect. Fusing a medley of crisp guitars and precisioned drum patterns into muddy layers of synth, the sound of the Farmers merges into a corporate whole only to disintegrate, at an instant, to a disjointed ramble. This serves as a welcome restraint, keeping the interest high and the feet firmly on the ground.

The Farmers' Boys are masters of poise and intuitive action. They look so right because they look so bad — a ghastly exhibition of jug ears and boxer's noses, round glasses on scarlet, sweating faces.

For the moment at least, The Farmers' Boys are redefining weaknesses as *fortes*, and going from strength to strength. After two breezy singles (a third is on the way) and lots of live fun, they still haven't put a foot wrong. Make sure you see them — two months from now they may just have decided to retire to a houseboat on the Thames or careered into psychedelia. See them before the decline.

Amrik Rai.

IN LOVE WITH LEAGUE

THE TOYSHOP

Sheffield Top Rank

NEW MODEL SOLDIER

QUITE UNNERVING

STEVE LEAR

Sheffield Crucible Theatre

TO BEGIN an appraisal of Sheffield's presently bubbling pop industry necessitates a fleeting glance backwards to the overwhelming void of inspiration and rampant plagiarism that filled the footsteps of the Fry/Oakey

Continued on page 55

HAWKWIND
THE NEW ALBUM
CHOOSE YOUR MASQUES
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11th NOV — GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
12th NOV — HAMMERSMITH ODEON
13th NOV — HAMMERSMITH ODEON
14th NOV — OXFORD APOLLO
RCA

HIGHEST NOTES BY ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH CHOIR.

LOWEST NOISE BY BASF.

LIVE!

From page 53

League.

And there's no better example of this than Steve Lear, the epitome of Steel City's dire musical dyslexia.

Lear consist of a singer with the same name, two clammy, glammy League dancers and an electro/tapes man. Blind converts to the League's pop ethic, Lear toy with trivial knob-twiddling and barely disguised sexual innuendo with a clumsy, puerile and strictly masturbatory fascination. Their sugar-sweet sexism was the bitterest pill I've had to swallow for a long time.

Quite Unnerving are altogether different. They spice their sex with voodoo and rape the ears with the gristly, grisly thunder of metallic guitars. Where Bauhaus often end up as nothing more than a corny joke, Quite Unnerving are a deadly and dulling alternative.

New Model Soldier once played using a metronome . . . only they couldn't keep time with it. But their ineptitude has gone and now their music is coy enough to be subversive and painful enough to avoid melodrama. Across a backdrop of soft spoken drums and sly guitar constructions, the Soldier's strongest asset — a gangly, blonde Brandonite — cajoles and sneers, swoops and shouts. If NMS continue to drill dutifully away, there could be some real action in store.

Meanwhile at the Top Rank The Toyshop are raking in a cool grand in the final of a regional pop contest.

Featuring a frizzy quiff on fuzzy guitar and vocal range and a handyman electrician, they trip around Yazoo's huskier roots and bind jumpy, quirky rhythms to strong singing.

They proceded to rattle the Sheffield skeletons with enough class to convince me that the next few months in Sheffield are going to be a hell of an exciting time.

Amrik Rai

SHINE-ING-ING

ROCKERS REVENGE

New York

THERE'S a place up on the West Side at Eighteenth Street that's provoking a lot of interest.

Friday nights see an awful lot of people cram in with frequently more all a-clamour outside.

It's The Roxy, and tonight it brings you Rockers Revenge.

If all the old fogeys are already denouncing the delights of break - dub - discomixing as old hat — I *know* they were doing it on South Bronx streets years ago — well, to these ears its still an invigorating tease.

The place is generally a roller disco and boasts a vast expanse of leg room which, having experienced and spread out in, prohibits return to the customary London sardine can dance floor.

Rockers Revenge fit their surroundings like the proverbial glove. Armed with a hit conceived in these hallowed circumstances the four singers, bossed by Donnie Calvin, perform to the converted.

With their backings pre-dubbed on tape the sound quality barely differs from the vinyl we've already soaked up. The more determined hoofers simply carry on. The line-up proves not to be the most devastating visual sensation, and more drift back into *physical* appreciation.

Rockers Revenge run through a study enough set, vocals and rhythms boasting equal weight. 'Walking On Sunshine' being, unsurprisingly the strongest stab. They knew not to labour the point and their brevity marked another plus for the Roxy's no-nonsense enjoyment policy.

Graham K. Smith

PRIDE AND THE PASSION

LITTLE STEVEN & THE DISCIPLES OF SOUL

The Marquee, Soho

IF BRUCE Springsteen is a self-confessed prisoner of rock'n'roll, then his extrovert guitarist and right-hand henchman, Miami Steve Van Zandt long since surrendered up himself to soul power.

And, as this unadvertised one-off appearance corroborated, The Disciples Of Soul stand tall as the culmination of Steve's earlier ground-breaking association with Southside Johnny and The Asbury Jukes.

The purpose here being a self-inspiring affirmation of the pride and the passion of soul music: the sweet and the bitter-sweet. The fallen teardrop, the goodfoot breakout and, above all, the majestic self-esteem to be gained from overcoming adversity.

Whereas far too many bands are still prone to squander an entire set working up to an undeserved encore, time is much too precious a commodity for Steve's Disciples (hitting their stride halfway through the opening 'Lyin' On A Bed Of Fire' and, with the intro of the follow-through) sweeping up a breathless audience in their wake.

That the Disciples succeed in their soulful endeavours is beyond dispute for, as one can ascertain, the sweat-soaked crowd of 'instant converts' appear to sing along with songs (from the 'Men Without Women' LP) that they've never heard before.

The pirate scarf tied around Van Zandt's head and the platinum mohican of former-Plasmatics' bassist Jean Beauvoir, fronting more brass players than the Coldstream Guards, may give the ten-strong Disciples the appearance of a John Carpenter apocalyptic tribal creation, but the music is most definitely celebratory.

Spurred on by one-time Young Rascals sticksman Dino Danelli, Steve's nasal vocals owe as much to Dylan's mid-'60s sinus whine as they do to Tom Petty's sob-in-the-throat, contrasting dramatically with steel-edged Stones guitar lines and a gang-bustin' backline.

Not once is there any self-conscious attempt to either side-step E Street turf or utilise it as a fail-safe ploy, because from the outset, this is Steve Van Zandt confidently working his very own bag o' tricks.

When winding up with 'I Don't Want To Go Home' and 'This Time It's For Real', the composer's spirited interpretations have the edge of the more familiar Asbury Jukes recordings.

And an encore of 'Can I Get A Witness' testified not only to the timeless power of soul but the selfless commitment of a new generation of genuine Disciples.

Roy Carr

WORST ENEMIES

BELLE STARS

North London Polytechnic

"THIS IS our intellectual song, er . . . I don't know what it means (laughs)."

With that introduction, The Belle Stars prove that they are their own worst enemies.

Hankering after chart success and pandering to a fickle record buying public — who'd sooner buy a record by someone with less clothes on, and who obviously do not go to gigs — The Belle Stars seem almost apologetic about their best song, 'The Reason'.

They seem content to be taken as nothing more than an all-girl band. While showing some originality with their better numbers, all is lost with their infantile singles — ('The Clapping Song' being the worst offender) which just put them on par with the Toto Coelos and Natashas of this world.

With more effort put into their song writing and greater use of their musical and vocal abilities, The Belle Stars could be the band everyone wants them to be. Maybe they feel that doing singles like 'Iko Iko' is a short cut to success — I feel it's more a detour. The choice is theirs.

Regine Moylett

Scourge of the Clap — Pic: Bryn Jones

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REGGAE RUNNINGS

CLARKE IN THE GROOVE

LATELY released on the Starlight subsidiary Black Music label out of Harlesden is a new album by Johnny Clarke entitled 'I Man Come Again' (BMLP 805).

Produced by Bunny Lee and laid at Channel One with the Agrovators musicians providing backing, the set was voiced and mixed at King Tubby's studio by Prince Jammy.

Featured amid its ten titles are three Bob Marley songs, including the title track, a variation on 'Duppy Conqueror', plus also 'Bend Down Low' and 'Mr Chatterbox'. Also realised is adaptation of Roy Shirley's 'Hold Them' for 'Get In The Groove' and excursion on the Rasta 'So Long' theme dubbed 'The Wicked A Fight'. Also included are recent successful songs for Clarkey: 'Judgement Is Coming' and 'I Don't Want To Be No Rude Boy'.

DBC UPDATA

☐ Little has been mooted of the **Dread Broadcasting Corporation** since representation of their court case early in the summer. However, the radio rebels are still on the air, broadcasting 103.8 FM Fridays.

In addition, DBC can be witnessed live most Saturdays outside the Fifth Column shop at the bottom end of Portobello Road, including guest appearances by local toasters such as the **Dodge** posse, plus Ladbroke Groovies **Sir Jules** and **Knights Of The Roundtable.**

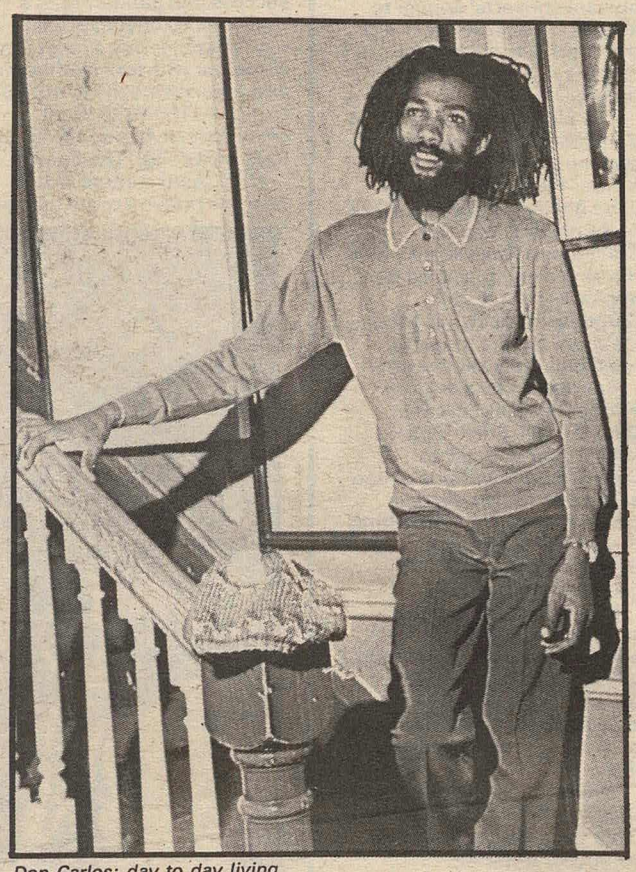
Most notably Dread Broadcasting Corporation appear to have come to the attention of legal radio. The other week controller **Lepke** appeared on Radio London along with Jonathan Coe from *City Limits*. What was originally intended to be a discussion about a black radio station soon developed into an argument.

Presently DBC await donations for their transmitter appeal and aid for payment of court fines. Donations can be sent to Dread Broadcasting Corporation, c/o 286 Portobello Road, London, W10. Leaflets, petition forms, badges, tapes and T-shirts are also obtainable from the same address.

So feel no way . . . **DBC** . . . **103.8 FM** . . . Fridays . . . six till midnight.

A DEBUT album from toaster Papa Keeble alias Nicodemus Jnr is released on the Carousel label this week.

Entitled 'Snakes & Ladders' (CAR LP 02), the LP is an eight track K C White production recorded at Channel One and Harry J studios in Jamaica, wherein Keeble tells of *"coming from the"* 'Hand Of The Bonanza', makes the 'Parish Connection', distinguishes 'Good, Bad & The Ugly' and illustrates various 'Styles' of talkover.



Don Carlos: day to day living

MAGIC MAN LIVITY

"I was in ites of reasoning. Reasoning about Jah livity. Getting a good vibe from the Almighty. When all of a sudden there comes a disturbancy . . ."

FORMER Black Uhuru vocalist Don Carlos brings forth a new LP on the Greensleeves label out of Shepherds Bush this week.

Entitled 'Day To Day Living' (GREL 45), the set was recorded and mixed at Channel One studio in Jamaica and produced by Henry Lawes. Backing on the set provided by the Roots Radics musicians, with supplementary horns overlaid by Dean Fraser and Nambo.

Included on the ten track album are alternative cuts of the singer's two recent 10" releases 'Hog And Goat' and 'Dice Cup', with all titles composed by himself and four co-written with Al Malcolm.

Full track listing is: Side One: 'Hog And Goat', 'I Like It', 'Dice Cup', 'Roots Man Party' and 'Hey Mr Babylon'; Side Two: 'Street Life', 'English Woman', '400 Years', 'I'm Not Crazy' and 'At The Bus Stop'.

Also new from Don Carlos is a Negus Roots 12" discomix produced by R Palmer and entitled 'Magic Man' (NERT 015).

Pic: Peter Kennard

HIGH MUSIC

THE ACCOMPLISHED High Times players fronted by guitarist and producer Earl "Chinna" Smith are featured on a trio of new 7" pre-release titles up from Jamaica: via the Silver Moon label **Derold Bennet** sings 'Baby Is Gone'; the **Time Unlimited** vocal outfit declare 'One Road' on Africa; and for the musicians' own High Music imprint **Fazall Pendegrass** solos with an intrumental titled 'Cool Vibration'.

Other recent 7" works laid by the High Times players include: **Junia,** 'Black Africa' (Jusic Int); **Hopeton Crawford,** 'Brand New Love' and **Frankie Paul,** 'I Need Your Loving' — both High Music releases.

Pic: Kate Simon

Earl Smith: high priest of reggae

EVERY THURSDAY is ladies free night at the Peoples Club (Q Club), 5a Praed Street, Paddington, London W2. Music by *Java Hi-Power* and alternate Thursdays *Exodus Hi-Fi*. Beachwear competitions. All welcome.

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND REPORTING — flashing weekly from a semi-frequency — say, what is Pleasure? . . . a quintet of new 7" sides up from JA this week on Henry Lawes' Volcano label: Jennifer Lara, 'Reach Out For Me'; Alton Ellis, 'Skate Land Girl'; Michael Prophet, 'All My Love Is For You'; and toasters Dickie Ranking and Bouri with 'Rock In The Atmosphere' and 'Tell Me What You Want' respectively . . . **a phantom, a mask undefined** . . . meanwhile, two female toasters with new pre titles doing the rounds are Sister Candy, who rides Johnny Osbourne's 'Yo Yo' tune to castigate Mr O on Bunny Lee's Jackpot label with 'Useless Johnny', and Sister Verna morecutting the 'Shank I Sheck' rhythm on Gorgon with 'Mini Van' . . . **Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind** . . . currently resting up in London following The Twinkle Brothers US tour is group leader Norman Grant, who releases a new LP from the outfit on his Twinkle label next week. Entitled 'Underground', the set was recorded in both London (Easy Street) and Jamaica (Harry J) and features ten new titles. It is likely that The Twinkle Brothers will be arriving in the UK early December for a further tour . . . **Honour and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed** . . . also due for issue is an as yet untitled album from former Tartans vocalist Devon Russell accompanied by the Yoruba Singers recorded for the TDA production company . . . **only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind** . . . released out of Tottenham on the Sir George label: Raymond Naptali, 'Dirty Rat' c/w 'ABC' (SG 003); and Sandra Reid, 'The Look In Your Eyes' (SG 002) — both titles arranged and produced by Anthony Brightly . . .

★ ★ ★

SOLOMON! WHERE IS THY THRONE? . . . leisuretime in Lambeth present a dance hall style Reggae & Soul night on Saturday — 7 till 12 — at Nettleford Hall, Norwood High Street, SE27 and declare give ya feet a treat step to the beat of Sir Lloyd plus the kool rhythms of Lovers Oasis. Roots food & bar. Good behaviour crucial. Admission: £1 . . . **it is gone in the wind** . . . hi friends Papa 'T' & Sammy Dread present a Spectacular soul & reggae Champagne Party at 103 Neville Close, Peckham Hill Street, SE15 on Saturday night in tune to the fabulous Mighty Converta sound. Tickets £3 from Bev: 01 708 3483 . . . **Babylon! where is thy might?** . . . also on Saturday Mary and Stanley invite you to an excursion and dance to Blackpool with sounds by Hawkeye International and Count George. Coaches leave from General Smuts pub at 6.15 am and Craven Park Odeon 6.30 am sharp. Tickets available from Hawkeye records: 01 961 0866 . . . **it is gone in the wind** . . . again on Saturday Beffa & Cecil present a Night of Entertainment at Wessex House Banqueting Suite, 1a St John's Hill, Clapham Junction, SW11 — from 7 pm till 3 am — with live on stage True Identity plus sounds by King Tubby's Hi-Fi and Black Enchanter . . . **who is the Fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!** . . . Jahlovermuzik presents a Dance to be held at Club 200, Balham High Road, SW12 every Wednesday night featuring JA sound system Jahlovermuzik with Brigadier Jerry. Admission: £2.50 . . . **he shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!** . . . every Thursday afternoon from 3.30pm at Longfield Hall, 50 Knatchbull Road, SE5 reggae masters Abacush present Master Sessions for the Unemployed. Show UB40 for entrance . . .

★ ★ ★

MORTAL! BE CAREFUL with what thy best hopes are entwined . . . a photographic exhibition entitled *Echoes Of Black And White Britain* is on show at the Luton Central Library until November 6. All information on the event obtainable from the London based Peoples Gallery on 01 267 0433 . . . **woe to the miners for Truth — where the Lampless have mined!** . . . up in Birmingham from November 1 to 6 is a week of multiracial activities going out under the banner Spotlight on Handsworth 82 featuring Nil Yartley and Friends, Jazz Africa, Joint Forces, Phase One steel band and reggae group Oneness. Daily from 7.30pm . . . **woe to the seekers on earth for — what none ever find** . . . Black Theatre Co-op at Clissold Park Youth Centre presents *Fingers Only* by Yemi Ajibade on Wednesday and Thursday, November 3 and 4 from 7.30 pm. Set in a small town in Lagos during world war two, the play tells of three local pickpockets and is directed by Mustapha Matura. Tickets and further information from Cheri Class at Clissold Park School, Clissold Road, N16 9EU Monday to Thursday between 5 and 9 pm. Telephone: 01 254 3498 . . . **they and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the wind** . . . finally, at the Sobell Centre in Islington on Tuesdays and Thursdays (8-9pm) and Saturdays (12.30-2pm) beginners modern jazz dance and exercise classes for both men and women of all ages, shapes and sizes as taught by professional TV dancers . . . **One Love** . . .

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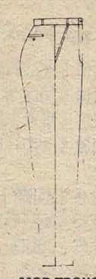

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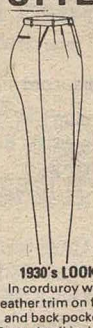

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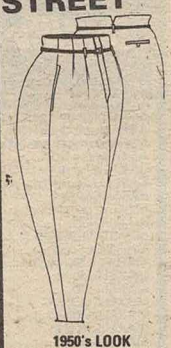

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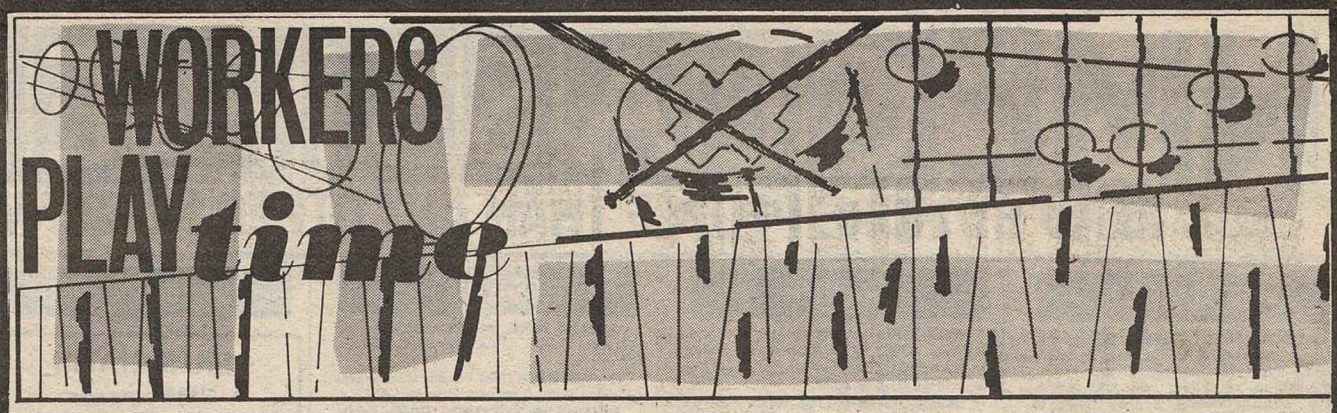

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DON'T FRET, THIS IS THE ONE...

The Guitar Handbook by Ralph Denyer (Dorling Kindersley hardback £10.95, Pan paperback £5.95)

THERE ARE plenty of guitar books around, but this is one of the very best I've seen. And at £5.95, the paperback is a must for anyone even remotely interested in the guitar. If you're serious — all the better.

The publishers call it "a unique source book for the guitar player". This is, by a happy coincidence, accurate. Before the publication of this friendly tome you'd have had to lash out on a good few books to get anywhere near the same level of information included here.

If you've ever fancied the strummer's life and ventured into the bookstore for ammunition, you'll have noticed how often *Become Bert Weedon In Four Hours* turns out to be a haphazard, ill-presented, irrelevant waste of money. Perhaps you're also interested in the historical and technical side of fretting facts? You'll doubtless have come across confused texts and fuzzy pictures posing as authoritative works. *The Guitar Handbook* blows them away. It does it right.

Guitarist and journalist Ralph Denyer has split the book into eight main sections, although the bulkiest bit (some 100 pages out of 256) is devoted to Playing The Guitar. The handbook opens with a section called Guitar Innovators, giving, in no particular order, brief but informative biogs of Denyer's choice of 15 great guitarists, from Reinhardt to Fripp. Perhaps a selected discography of each would have been a bonus, but the concise information presented here gets the book off to a good start and makes for informed listening.

The next two sections cover Acoustic Guitars and Electric Guitars, with anatomies, construction details, and pointers to the most popular makers' instruments. Reflecting the stock position of the average music shop might have given more prominence to Japanese guitars, but the established makes like Fender, Gibson, Martin and Guild are well represented.

Then comes Playing The Guitar, for which section guitarist Isaac Guillory sits in to help on matters musical. Clear drawings, diagrams and explanation take guitarists of any level of knowledge (there's a whole chunk for the beginner) through all the push and pull of rhythm/chordal and melodic/harmonic playing, offers some sound advice on improvisation, and rounds up with a quick stab at tuning variants and slide guitar. Dipped into as a refresher course or read religiously page by page, this section will prove invaluable — choose the level of knowledge you need, because it's all here.

Guitar Maintenance and Customizing is an impressive chapter which will aid soldering iron owners and reimburse those wary of visiting the repairers too often. Advice on the stuff that goes flash at the plugpoint was contributed to the book by engineer Alastair Crawford, who also helped illuminate the closing Amplification and Recording sections, which are clear and thorough.

Rounding off this excellent book is a 25 page chord dictionary that'll have your fingers double-jointed in no time, and a good index. A bibliography might have helped those who wished to dive off into the murky pools of specialist tutors. But here is all the information a guitarist is likely to need, whether you're fumbling in the bedroom or dodging the dry-ice. Don't fret — this is the one.

Studios — and where to find 'em

The London Recording Studio Guide by Pete Leggett and Richard Buckle (Knockabout £1.95)

LEGGETT & BUCKLE. Leatherwear suppliers? In fact, they're a pair of 'articulate jingle writers' who, having had to tramp their collective way around London in search of efficient and comfortable multitrack recording emporiums, have bashed out this slim volume for comic specialists Knockabout with not a speech bubble in sight.

Instead we get nearly 100 London studios listed in three sections according to their track size: eight-tracks first, then 16, and finally a section for anything 24 and above. (Nit-picking technical niggle: shouldn't '48'-track read '46'?)

Each studio listed is blessed with a run-down of relevant statistics and info: address, telephone, rates (at times of writing, natch), size (physically), size (machinery), equipment, instruments, and 'facilities' (car parking, photocopier, sauna, recreation and so on). That's it for the listings. While it doesn't claim total completeness, what's here is a helpful portion of London studios.

The book's other aim is recommendation. While a mention alone is presumably some kind of indication of a studio's worth in the compilers' eyes (ears?), there's a rather loose star system employed to this effect as well. We're told these stars indicate the "overall quality of each studio", but this really is too vague to be of much value. I suspect studio users will continue to use personal recommendation as the most common reason to try a particular placé.

The guide closes with brief lists of Mobile Recording Studios, Radio and Voice Production facilities, Rehearsal Studios, Out-of-London Studios (selective), and a rather token Glossary of Terms. Also, there's a London tube map at the back and a location map for the studios at the front. Worth two quid as there's little else around with the relevant information.

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Dave Ward is knob twiddler and clear-headed boss fella at Gateway Studio in south London — recent work there includes everything from Martin Carthy to Level 42. He's come up with a timely solution to the lack of practical information for the budding recordist, and is now running courses on multitrack techniques, covering sound theory, equalisation, effects and more with a sensible leaning in the direction of practical demonstrations of four-eight-and 16-track set-ups. Equipment assistance for the course has come from Bandive Ltd, the Fostex Corporation, and Atlantex Music Ltd.

Surprisingly, there are very few courses of this sort around, so demand should be high. Dave's course is designed to run over four days or evenings, and the cost is a reasonable £60 (plus VAT, but including takeaway written material). Contact Dave Ward at Gateway Studio, 1A Salcott Road, London SW11 6DQ, telephone (01) 223 8901.

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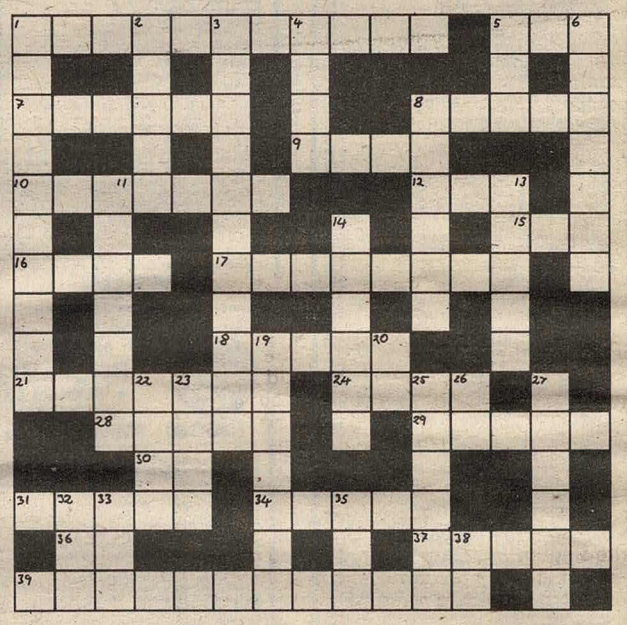

CLUES ACROSS

1 **and 29A.** Madness cruising down the Nile? (5,4,2,5)
7 Label the Au Pairs (6)
8 The image/word usually associated with Village People (5)
9 One of this bunch knew that something was going on (4)
10 Both Kiss and De Palma were prepared to kill (7)
12 Sheepish contribution from McCartney (3)
15 He may have no regrets, but he is a mite rueful (3)
16 'California — Alles (4)
17 Where at Eric's? (8)
18 Marley's classy dread (5)
21 Meri Wilson reckoned that you had to be one if you wanted to get on (7)
24 What side does Squeeze's story come from? (4)
28 Just one member of this well-ironed U.S. band will do, so collar him (5)
29 See 1 Across
30 How do you get through the out door (2)
31 Wrote Steppenwolf, the book, not the band (5)
34 Where the MAM was from . . . (5)
36 . . . and where the Androids hail from (22)
27 A singular buddy from this Santana album (5)
39 Dial my ace fan, he's confused down at the Ritzy event (5,7)

CLUES DOWN

1 Band name inspired by the 'Junkie' man from 39 Across (5,5)
2 Cuban footwear (5)
3 Ridley Scott film, again title supplied by the chap from 39A (5,6)
4 (In)Continent band currently in London on debut tour (4)
5 What's up Bugs Bunny? (3)
6 **and 13D.** The Buzzcocks in a different kitchen (7,5)
8 T. Robinson never had a brother like him (6)
11 Blindness hits Gaza (7)
13 See 6 Down
14 Laurie Anderson's were united (6)
19 Clarke of 2001: A Space Odyssey (6,1)
20 Get yer ya's out. And a bit more (2)
22 More than what for Ferry? (4)
23 Central band (4)
25 A yell from Siouxsie (6)
26 'Say ——' demands Iggy from the vinyl of "Soldier" (2)
27 Nippy club in Brixton (6)
32 Briefly owned the Pistols (1,1,1)
33 Record Co. set up by Sam Phillips (3)
35 One-time lunch-time show on Capital Radio (1,1,1)
38 Best Friend's Girl / Way / Party, and I'll cry if I Want To (2)

● **For those of you still trying to puzzle out last week's crossword, give up. We wuz wrong! The sub editor responsible has been beamed to Siberia.**

ANSWERS
ACROSS
1 Songs To Remember, 8 UFO, 9 No Woman, No Cry, 11 Telstar, 12 Errol Brown, 13 Scene, 14 Clash, 16 Darlin', 19 Maximum (Joy), 20 Devo, 21 Nilsson, 23 Tracks Of (My Tears), 25 Ulvaeus, 28 Weird, 29 Easy, 30 Ely, 32 Lost In Music, 33 Ace, 34 Angel, 35 Tenpole Tudor, 36 Crass.

DOWN
1 Sense And Sensuality, 2 New Order, 3 Simple Minds, 4 Ronson, 5 Maytals, 6 Ruts DC,, 7 Roxanne, 10 Candle In The Wind, 15 Homicide, 17 Odyssey, 18 Joy, 19 Men, 22 Love Song, 24 My Tears, 26 Edison, 27 Sumner, 31 Logic, 33 Alma, 34 Art.

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COSTELLO

FROM PAGE 35

choked up listening to him. I forgot I was supposed to be producing it. I did the final vocal mix because Clive was away. I just got completely overcome in one take. I couldn't listen to his voice, it's so *plaintive*. I'd written the lyrics and I was meant to be taking responsibility for it. Clive had done all the work getting the track right, and it was all complete.

How did you come to write it?

During our Australian tour we were getting the Australian version of the Falklands thing. The Australian coverage was really gruesome, going on about napalm and everything; they were really dramatising it. We weren't getting quite so much of the patriotic bollocks you were getting here, it wasn't quite so sickening as the *Daily Star*, "Sponsor Your Own Exocet Missile", and those really sickly things.

They say that you see your own country more clearly when you're away from it. Reading these two-day old reports the strangest things flashed in my mind. . .

It was a pretty funny feeling singing that song in Glasgow and Newcastle on the tour; I wondered how many people had heard it or knew what it was about, whether it's clear enough to hear the lyrics? And this guy came round, and he actually worked in the shipyards and liked the song. He said, It's right, y'know? Why have we got our jobs back?

I was trying to think from the point of view of a father, because the kid's quite young, or so he thinks until the kid's joined up, then the kid's gone away on a ship that he's built. He got his job back, he got his way of life back, only to send his own child to go and get killed. It's like that song 'Two Brothers' about the American Civil War; just a simple war ballad in that tradition.

The original idea was like a Brill building songwriting idea, a technical exercise between me and Clive. The tuned moved me a lot. Clive had written it with Robert in mind. He'd got in touch with Rough Trade but my involvement wasn't mentioned. I always had the feeling that if my name had been mentioned he might back off, because of what I said about people having this suspicion of me.

All those people who treat everything I do with suspicion, they might say, Oh here he comes, clever dick. I don't think they could hear Robert's voice and think it doesn't sound sincere. He's the only person I can imagine singing the Red Flag and making it into a beautiful song.

How about Chet Baker's 'Memories Of You' on the flip side?

I said to Robert in the studio that one of my favourite singers was Chet Baker. It turned out that he was his wife's favourite, and that she'd always tried to get him to do something in that vein, so . . .

I was going to ask you about whether you'd backed away from political songs, but that about answers it.

(Laughs) I see 'And In Every Home' as a political song. It was me writing a song which expressed my own disconnection with the direct communication that, say Paul Weller or Ali Campbell have with their audience.

Those people can stand up and sing, "We do this, we do that", some anthemic things, like 'When You're Young'. For all they get knocked — like people say they're the reggae Joan Baez — I think UB40 are fantastic: the guy's voice; they can sing 'One In Ten' and it's not self-conscious. If I wrote that song I'd be rightly ridiculed for it.

I've never established a relationship with the audience like that. I'm not a man of the people. I never tried to be. I just write songs. I never protested any working class roots; I never identified with any class thing.

I love The Beat's new record, but it seems they're caught in a trap because everyone's saying, Why isn't this about politics? But I think 'I Confess' is one of the most beautiful bits of singing I've heard all year.

So, 'And In Every Home' was trying to write a story about hard times, but also relating the song to my own feelings about being on the scrap heap. I identified that your personal pride can be more important than the job itself.

I can only comment from the outside, but not from my mansion on the hill. I just live in an ordinary house. Oh, I've made money, but I'm not consciously extravagant. Whenever it's got out of hand, I've always found disgust with myself.

That song incorporates some of my dilemmas about political writing and perhaps the limitations I think Dave Wakeling is finding these days. Same with Paul Weller; because he wrote 'Bitterest Pill' people are critical. What's the matter with everyone? That's a great song. So long as the songs are about people, I think that's what is important.

I TELL ELVIS about a literary critic who fed all Shakespeare's plays into a computer in order to analyse the imagery, and what specific images 'meant' to the bard (every reference to dogs turned out to be disparaging for example), and how Weberman or some such Dylanologist did the same with the Zimmerman songbook ("boots" coming out with a crucial lead in repeated images). How would the EC songbook fare if it were given the same treatment, I wondered?

(Pause) 'Fingers' feature quite a lot . . . I wouldn't know really, I hope there wouldn't be any image so predominant or cliched. Like, with Springsteen, take away 'night' and 'highway' and 'car' and 'road' and there probably wouldn't be any songs left. *(Laughs)*

I've never really thought about repetitive imagery, or style even. An American magazine picked up on internal rhyming in my songs, I'd never even heard of it.

Shoes seem to figure quite a lot.

Shoes, yeah, shoes were big early on. I don't think shoes are so important later on.

I had a bit of a thing about shoes before I got into the business because I only had one pair, so when I went through a period of extravagance with clothes — I had a bit of a silly period with checkerboard suits and deliberately horrible clothes. I heard a gasp of horror one night from the purists when I walked onstage in a turquoise lame jacket. But it was shoes mostly. I don't wear any of them now, I'm back to Martens.

There are lots of gangster images, lots of guns . . .

Yeah, I hate guns, maybe that's why I put them in there, because it's the most repellent image. I like frightening songs, not to get heavy with people, it's all to make a point.

There are lots of very British phrases, slang and backchat.

Yeah, I like using expressions I hear people use — 'tuppenny ha'penny' 'millionaire', things I hear people say. I've got slang dictionaries at home but I don't use them, they're just good for checking up things you hear people say — like 'bone orchard' (graveyard) which I heard and used.

The only time I wrote a whole song out of those phrases was 'Sunday's Best', where I got the whole song out the *News Of The World*.

That's another thing that comes up a lot — newspapers, the press. Yeah, that's mainly because I write a lot of songs out of them. 'Beyond Belief' was another one I wrote sitting down reading the paper.

You hate the *News Of The World* and the gutter press.

I think it cheapens the language. I used to get it until I realised that it had ceased to serve a purpose, that it was the same stories every week. I used to have a morbid fascination, as there is with trash like that.

In Australia I saw a copy of the *Daily Star* and it was like another language. It certainly wasn't English, it wasn't Australian . . .

GOING BACK TO America, you seem to have a very severe opinion of the place. Do you think we're under attack, not just in an obvious way with the weapons and bases and Reagan's attitude . . .

I think that we are very definitely.

. . . but also from a gradual cultural takeover?

I still feel that America's fairly intimidated by England culturally. The one thing we've got that they haven't is history and a lot of old culture, and I think that gives more clout to what comes afterwards. I think they *try* to be very dismissive about it, but every so often they give in to one particular thing, whether it's The Beatles or more recently The Human League.

It doesn't have to be a huge revolution for them, it just proves that their chauvinism isn't watertight. I think they get bored with what they've got over there. What's sad is that they pay so little attention to the good stuff under their noses. They've got great singers and writers in every field — the Mac Rebennacks, Delbert McClintons, Otis Rush — a current favourite of mine. I read articles about him and he's still playing where he was 20 years ago. I mean, what's going on?

Then they have the nerve to champion these awful groups, that's where I start to get annoyed. The British take it to extremes and champion the most obscure people who aren't worth championing, but the Americans are so disrespectful about the great things they've got.

What happened to that film you did with Meatloaf, *Americanathon*, that never did get released, did it?

No, mercifully. It was awful, though I only had a cameo part in it anyway.

Have you thought about doing a film, it seems to be what people do? Have you any plans to do any more films?

I've been offered scripts but they were all so diabolical I thought I wouldn't get involved with it. I'd want not to be patronised, to do that as well as I do this, rather than do it as the next investment for the record company. I couldn't see myself acting anyway. The camera doesn't like me, I know that from watching myself on *Top Of The Pops*. Every time we've appeared on that programme the record's gone down the following week. *(Laughs)*

So you'd want to write. Have you done any writing then?

Yes, a few sketch things, things that aren't song lyrics. I've never wanted to, y'know, do my poems or short stories. I'd do it under a pseudonym so as not to try and use my name as a musician. Even in this business I've got doubts about the name.

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IF I EVER hear the four minute warning I'd spend it reading all the interesting things in *NME*. But what would I do with the other three minutes?
John Connolly, New Barnet.
John, old friend, you really are a wagger. And I have a very, very bad head cold. Seriously, please stop writing to us, it's getting embarrassing. Tell you what — send us your Consumer's Guide and let's leave it at that. God bless, old chum. — MS

Here's an idea to boost the flagging sales. Why don't you ask readers to vote for the writer on *NME* that they think the feeblest and least capable of doing his job? You'd undertake to sack the chap who got the most votes; in fact, you'd promise that his work would never appear in *NME* again. Of course, readers would only be entitled to vote if they collected a number of weekly coupons. You could even have each of the candidates write a small piece as well as they possibly can on some really demeaning subject, like "Which is better — The Moody Blues or Barclay James Harvest".
I know it would be rather degrading, for us as well as you, but believe me, sales would rocket!
Mike, Durham.
PS Oh, the unbearable strain of maintaining my reticence on not telling you who I'd vote for.
This is a really great idea, and we're doing our best to implement it. (I'd vote for John Connolly.) — MS

Brilliant. Brilliant. Brilliant. How else can I describe the fantastic *T-Zers?* One criticism though: why the lack of jokes about Irish bands? As Rowland would testify, the Emerald Isle is a veritable cultural paradise, teeming with thousands of talented pop stars who'd be only too delighted to be subjected to the *T-Zers* treatment. Outfits as diverse as The Blades, Pop Mechanics, Yeah! Yea!, Tokyo Olympics, Hugo Mingeplant, Some Kind Of Wonderful, et al. Never mind Chris Bohn's Neu Deutsche Wave, how about *NME* and *T-Zers* spearheading the Noo Oirish Wave.
Mik Devoid, Dublin, Ireland.
PS I am not a member of any of the aforementioned bands, except one.
Hear about the Irish queer? He went out with women. — Spike Milligan

So Julie Burchill returns to the hallowed pages of the *NME* and is stunning in her predictability. Her review of the Toyah single was so childish (I am not a Toyah fan) I almost wept for her. In general, this issue (October 9) was the worst *NME* I have ever read, full of self-congratulatory backslapping, turgid reviews and dull interviews. The only saviour was Morley with Mackenzie — at least it had some energy. *T-Zers* was embarrassing. So were Lowry and Lone Groover. And no Danny Baker.
Don't worry, though, because I thought the previous week's (October 2) was the best I have ever read. Keep up the good and bad work, it keeps me amused.
Billy Wright, Aberdeen.
Here to oblige! — MS

Julie Burchill's review of the Dollar album was a fairly standard piece of British music press custard pie journalism and normally the minions who slave under the East End in the 'Buggle Bunker' wouldn't bother to disturb The Master from whatever great work he happens to be immersed in (knob twiddling?), but one of them pointed out to me that I only actually wrote and produced the four singles. Perhaps she couldn't read the label, so please find enclosed one pair of 'Buggles' spectacles which I know she'll treasure.
Trevor Horn, Horn Productions Limited, London E1.
Okey-dokey, Trev. ('The Master'? Are you sure?) — MS

Scene: A table-tapping session in Tooting.
Medium: If you could come back, Ziggy, which of your children would it be as?
Ziggy: Guess!
Medium: Boy George?
Ziggy: Hermaphrodite, mon amour. Yeucch!
Medium: Gary Numan?
Ziggy: Can't be a Queen without a crown!
Medium: Liberace?
Ziggy: What would I do with candelabras? On second thoughts, reincarnation sucks.
Medium: Isn't he the bassist with Vice Squad?
John 'Don't Touch That Phial' De Lorean, Gwent.
So it's not *Taxi;* this is a slow week. — MS

Now I'm not a guy who needs much in life. Just my weekly *NME* crossword keeps me going from Thursday to Thursday (that's about two and a half hours per clue). I don't even need to eat or drink if I've got the *NME* crossword. So, who was the prat who put the wrong set of clues with the right crossword or the right set of clues with the wrong crossword? I'll now have to do boring things like eating and drinking.
Clueless, London E7.
These are the first of many cross words we received. Hold your nose . . . — MS

What happens next week? Will we have a crossword? Do we make up the clues to fit the crossword? Will next week's crossword fit this week's answers?
Two frustrated crossword puzzlers from Bexhill.

Could you please get Trevor Hungerford to pull his finger out before I bite his arse off? The October 23 crossword was a dire attempt. By the way, I think your paper is the worst thing since Spanton's banana willy.
David Poo Pah, London W8.
Who could argue with that? Hold on, though there's a couple more. — MS

Anyone looking to hit the jackpot could do a lot worse than to organise the Great *NME* Crossword Sweepstake, the object being to forecast when the crozzy will finally appear error-free. My Giro's on July 16th 2035, by which time Trevor Hungerford will be well dead.
Peter Venables, Southport.

Well, you really did it this time. As if it isn't bad enough trying to decipher Penman and Morley — I mean, it's getting so all I can understand is good ol' Monty — you have to go and balls up the crossword. Or is this a cunning plot to sell more copies: has someone else got the clues that fit my crossword, or have I got the clues that fit theirs?
Wine Gum Kid, Colchester.
'Normal' service is resumed this week, honest. — MS

NME without a crossword is like Spurs/England without Hoddle . . .
Mercenary Mart.
Har har har har (hack disintegrates with wheezing laughter and splutters). You Spurs fans, you sure got some neck. Wendy Hoddle!?! — MS

As an avid reader of *The Times* I have for some years been accustomed to completing that worthy journal's crossword between Lewisham and Charing Cross. Naturally, I became rather bored with this and was quite delighted to find your new concept in crossword puzzles in the *New Musical Express* of the 23rd inst. A puzzle with a frame which doesn't fit — what a spiffing idea! I did, however, complete the puzzle in five minutes and claim my £10 prize.
N Gardiner, Aberystwyth, Dyfed.
This correspondence is now dead. — MS

I was recently told that Ian Curtis killed himself because of trouble with his wife or girlfriend. Is this true? If not, does anybody know why he killed himself?
Joy Division Fan, Wrexham.
He discovered that homosexuality was incurable. Next! — MS

EYELESS IN WONDERLAND

Monty Smith does not see eye to eye with the readers

Illustration by Arthur Brown

Send your letters to GASBAG, 5–7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG

I think New Order should change their name to New Odour, because their attitude to their audience smells.
A Mug, London SW3.

Have any of your readers noticed the remarkable resemblance between Joan Jett and Freddy Mercury? I wonder if they are by chance related?
Edward Noel, London W11.
Yes, they are. — MS

In respect to fashion: they used to call me a terrorist until I started to use Begin Hair Lotion. Now I'm a beautiful swan. I can fly anywhere in the world dropping bombs and conducting massacres. With only a token flutter of protest from my fans in the West!
Prudence Barlow, Derby.
Maximum heaviosity with regards to this one. — MS

Surely Adrian Thrills meant that the *NME* spent a day with Musical Youth and not vice versa. Surely the *NME* was making as much from Musical Youth's success as *Razzmatazz, News At Ten,* the *Daily Star,* and certainly *Blue Peter.* Why otherwise the front cover spread? I am sure if 'Pass The Dutchie' had not hit the No1 spot, the *NME's* prearranged item would have been just another article, especially in an issue that included an exclusive interview with Neil Young. What did Adrian Thrills expect the *Blue Peter* presenter to ask the boys? The *Blue Peter* audience is hardly likely to be familiar with, say, the Jackie Mitoo original.
John Noakes, Manchester.
PS Sarah Green is much more attractive than Boy George.
Runner-up letter of the week. (I still love that idea about *NME's* feeblest writer.) — MS

Re: Alex Russell's missive, printed in *Gasbag* 23.10.82 in which the following sentences appeared: "Most notable was (Nick) Kent's infatuation with the image of Keith Richard as the world's most elegantly wasted of men . . . he certainly made the rock star lifestyle seem quite fascinating and I now wonder how many impressionable *NME* readers were turned on by Kent's image of Richard, to become heroin users".
Now, Mr Russell, this is something of a very heavy charge to throw at me — and don't, for one second, think that I have not pondered the moral implications of my former stance well. However if you really bothered to read my vintage articles you would have noticed a) no mention of 'heroin usage' involving *anything* I wrote about Richard and b) a definite and intentionally humorous distance placed 'twixt myself and the 'wasted one'. My 'infatuation' (sic) with the 'Strolling ones' guitarist is *your* invention and not *my* problem whilst I've used articles on Lou Reed ('73-'74), Iggy Pop, Neil Young, the Sex Pistols and the New York Dolls throughout the '70s to express my passionate belief that narcotics are *poisonous* and viciously negative stimulants.
If Mr Russell can produce one direct quote of mine to back up his charge then I'll willingly stand accused. Otherwise, forget penning such pernicious rubbish *yourself* particularly — and, on the irony — when citing Paul Morley's suitably well-oiled paeans to the joys of being a *'lush'* (something the Keith Richard you witnessed on 'that recent BBC-2 interview' has become) as 'relatively harmless' by comparison.
The so-called *NME* 'Golden Age' argument is of no interest to me by the way. But check your moral bearings before attempting to implicate me in boosting the destigmatization of heroin. Particularly when Ian Penman's James Chance feature printed last year and Barney Hoskyns various half-baked eulogies to self-destruction are more brazen re: their intent to make junkies look like 'beautiful losers' (the classic line) than anything locatable in any issue of *NME* that came out through the '70s.
Nick Kent, London.
Yes, well, thanks for writing in . . . I think. — MS

About the review of The Roches' album 'Keep On Doing': What is the use of asking Richard Cook to review a record he does not understand? You might just as well take any goose out of the backyard and have it review any work of art, with the exception that the goose probably would not have strange expectations. Why ask for a joke in, before or after the Hallelujah Chorus? Why a reproach when there is no joke? If you insist on one: The joke is that there is no joke, so now we can all laugh at you instead of at the very, very old joke of making fun of a piece of classical music. Frankly, I've never read a review as preposterous as this one. Now that this sort of reviewing is accepted, we can expect him to ask for violins on HM, or to complain that those modern electronic bands use synthesizers all the time.

Scenes From A T-Zers Would-Be Land we'd like to see, Volume 2, Chapter 8, page 245. Having summarized the entire works of Lorca, Gramsci, Rosa Luxembourg, Rosa Spanisharlem, Penderecki, Turgenev, Le Carre, Pound (now devalued by subsequent criticism to a 20p piece) and Tintoretto (the famous South Bronx pizza pad and waistcoat tightener), lead Clash translator Joe "Strummin' Valkyrie" Singleton (as he was christened) gets his lifelong wish fulfilled. "I've got all your albums, Mick," grins get-ahead film star Helmut Bowleg Phaal. "It'll be a pleasure to contribute my 'Stiggy' lyrics. I always give to Charity. Will this be in New Sounds New Styles?"

Miss Billynella Lackland, The Hague, Netherlands.
Boring!! — MS

As a pompous, egotistical self-publicist, I have decided to write this letter which, I hope, consists of pilfered variety turns, prejudice, selfishness and grey imagination in roughly equal parts. I would then like to have my ego deflated and ritually humiliated by Mr Richard Cook. Thank you.
Brian, Botsville, Tennessee.
That's better! — MS

Monty, you old scumbag! Let me pull your trousers down and kiss your arse! At last, another human being (well, nearly) who "digs" *The Omega Man.* Ah lurve yew! Ian Penman, you are a dirty little sod! Keep up the good work!
Demon Semen, England.
Come again! — MS

Ian Penman truly believes that *Poltergeist,* that flabby piece of Disneyish whimsy, is superior to the brilliantly atmospheric *Blade Runner,* I can only suggest that he gives up film criticism in favour of plumbing or muck-spreading, both worthwhile occupations.
Trevor Hoyle, Rochdale, Lancs.
You're an idiot, mate! — MS

The reader who thinks that there are no alternatives to *NME* is quite wrong. *Woman's Journal* is oddball and of high quality; it also carries my Penelope Mortimer interview in its October edition, an interview of no mean depth.
Victor Oliver, Lancing, West Sussex.

Having an advert for Yorkie chunky sweaters in *NME* is about as effective as an ad for the Oxford English Dictionary in *Sounds.*
Leon Trotsky, Cleethorpes.
On second thoughts . . . keep on writing in, loony John Connolly. We really need you! — MS

IN A letter to his rabbi sent in 1913, **Sir Andrew Saul-Nabobson** wrote: "Dear **Si,** it now looks like war is unavoidable and that's that. What's to be gained? When I think of the dark days ahead I fear for the world, I despair for mankind, I shudder at the prospects of modern global warfare. I mean, what if someone gets hurt in all this? **The Kaiser** seems detached and vague about military strategy. I asked him how he planned to fight the war at sea and he said "In a boat I suppose" and got tetchy when I tried to pin him down on it. **Ferdinand** is unhappy also. He doesn't see why it has to be he that gets assassinated and even after I showed him the contracts and his percentage on the whole deal he still seemed grumpy and unsettled. He suggests we should murder **Kirchmann** the fishmonger. Naturally I pointed out how difficult it would be to get a world war going over the death of a mackeral salesman from Koblensk but he says he has ways and means. Ah, me. What's to become of us, Si? I still have no ideas on how to get T-Zers started either, perhaps history will come to my aid . . .". It is through such documents that we may see how little events change . . .

Kevin Rowland is dead! No, wait a minute I can't read my own handwriting here. Kevin Rowland is . . . is . . . aha! Kevin Rowland is going out with **Mari Wilson.** The couple met on *Top of The Pops* and have been seen everywhere since, quite often together, sometimes apart and on occasion holding external organs of the other as a keepsake. C'mon Kev! Are you really dating her? "Ho yus," Gypsy Nose Lee told us, "and I judge she's circa 1942 with a generous Queen Anne bottom". Kev's nose recently underwent an operation but *not,* as reported, to make it shorter. "No, no," he went on; "I had a valve removed. You see if anyone pressed my nose as was it used to honk just like in a cartoon. It was very embarrassing though now I can see there was a funny side to it I suppose." Mari told us: "Aren't I just so kookie in my '60s get-up? I'm known to be a breath of fresh air in the charts" . . .

More, Love: **Bananananaramamama's Karen** found herself being shamelessly chatted up when she went along to drink glass after glass of FREE alcohol at the recent **Kool & The Gang** reception. (At which the final bill ran up to over £70.40). Karen thought her suitor a little tame and sent him away with a flea in his ear.

The boy? **John Denver.** Uh huh. John was ceremoniously blown out over the curled-up beef paste sandwiches. John later said: "Women! Can't live with 'em — can't live without 'em!". The flea in his ear says: "I have no power of speech so just beat it, eh Bub" . . .

DID YOU know that, pound for pound, if a flea was as big as a man it could leap straight over the Atlantic Ocean in one bound? One just came in through the fan-light with the following message tied to its hideous outside leg. Says: "Stiff in America has folded in the great *New York Rocker* Tradition. Fell flat. Rub-out. Flaked away. did you know that if Stiff owner **Dave Robinson** was, pound for pound, as big as his bank-balance he could hold the moon in his hand like a rich-tea biscuit?" Robinson later added, "I expect you think I'm upset about all this. Ha-ha well I'm not I think it's terrific. Couldn't be more pleased. Oh Christ I-Want-To-Die" . . .

David Bowie is reported to be 'driving' around this town in a customised Lincoln rich-tea biscuit, no excuse me there, that was a trick of the light, it should read a customised Lincoln continental car. The motor is said to contain a TV, fridge, bar, have priceless paintings on the windows and even have pot-plants hanging from the roof. This is all true! We have no idea how anyone can climb on board with all the junk ol' one eye's eccentrically stashed away inside but he did squeeze out to us the following controversial quote: "Yes (grunt) they're absolutely tremendous (wheeze strin puff).

I've got all their pot plants . . . (struggle gasp) . . . sorry who is it that needs watering again? (gulp crash collapse) this was Herbert Beerbolm Bowie (cough) knee deep in priceless vodka (pant ouch ooff) attempting to steer round Marble Arch. I thank you" . . .

Deep Sea Fishing: Joining Stiff Records and the *New York Rocker* at the bottom of the ocean comes **Richard "Holding the Country To" Branson's** filthy *Event* magazine. *Event* keels over exactly one year after it first staggered in and Rich is, of course, saying it's just having an overhaul and will be coming back to life again next Spring or something. "I think I will too in that case" says **John Lennon** . . .

Remember last week's hopeless case of **Alan Edwards:** Press Officer? Well here's another of Al's hopeful shots to make the pop press. It goes, "Clive Shilton, **Lady Diana's shoemaker, met Animal** from **Anti Nowhere League** at a recent **Roxy Music** gig". There is only one *really* famous name in that ludicrous bit of puffing and she's not directly involved either! Says **Lucy Helmore:** "Shoot the miners. Stop having a biff at my Bryan. Mmm-mmm, love that mayonnaise" . . .

Just slightly more substantial is **David 'Linx We Forget' Grant's** marriage to a **Gillian** person last week. There's a soppy story about old 'Flopsweat' Dave forgetting his trousers on the big morning but all that sounds vulgarly pumped for publicity don't it? D & G are honeymooning for a whole week in lovely Folkestone (£37.50 all in with choice of several varieties of herpes with the word Folkestone running all the way through them). Apparently the couple met in a youth-club ten years ago but we all doubt that also . . .

Ga! Burn Them! Disgusting logarythm rock hacks **Asia (Carl Palmer, Steve Howe** etc) have been in the Mirror 'boasting' about topping the chart in America. "We knew we couldn't go on selling the *artistic techno-rock* we all learned in the '70s," dribbled Palmer, who must be in his '70s, "so we compressed our new 'songs' into four or five minutes. We knew England would chew us to bits so we took it to America where they're more open-minded." (A semantologist interrupts: "Many ageing 'rock' musicians like to confuse the terms 'dozey' and 'open-minded', it comforts them. In fact they will call anyone open-minded who buys their sad useless efforts. In this way, a zoboed-out twelve year old pseud on angel dust becomes 'open-minded' as opposed to a 'a mug-punter'. Once again, I thank you"). Gasps Steve Howe: "I like to think of it as a victory for good music!" (Again, 'good music' becomes 'money'). We urge all open-minded readers to throw full beer cans and sharp things like scissors at Asia when they play near you and ye will surely be blessed amongst men . . .

PEOPLE With Hardly Any Winkle At All: Glam rock followers should sober up. After all this YEAH YEAH TERRIFIC ZIGGY STARDUST YEAH 1972 TOTALLY GREAT rubbish let us YEAH YEAH NOT FORGET that actually on the same dippy LP are the lyrics *hey man . . . this mellow thighed chick just put my spine out of place"* and also *"she's a total blam-blam, she said she had to squeeze it but she . . . and then she . . .".* What fine camp rubbish! I suppose **Dave'll** say it was **Ziggy** talking all the time or else supply his tiresome quote and hope to get out that way. We urge the throwing of glassware at all new Glam groups! Put their eyes out now! . . .

And lastly, something called **Green** has a liver complaint which may effect his/her appearance on the ALL NEW Channel 4 show *The Tube.* The complaint is unspecified but Green was recently seen taking a sample to his doctor — **Ms Rosamund Quack** — and the wretched bottle had to be transported on one of those night-trains for atomic wastes, so potent was its brew. Liver 'complaints' usually arise when a person has been lying beneath a row of optics with their mouths open sucking it all in for the best part of a century. They may be accompanied by headaches, fainting, loss of speech and a sensation akin to one's skin hanging on one like an old second hand suit. Also one's eyes tend to smart and form fantastic points that stick way out of ones head. The only sure way to dispell this feeling (technically named Igortafa Kinangover) is to violently shake one's head around and eat a tub of soft margarine mixed with ketchup. Try it sometime. this has been *T-Zers.* This has been hell . . .

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SQUEEZE.

SQUEEZE

SINGLES

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TAKE ME I'M YOURS
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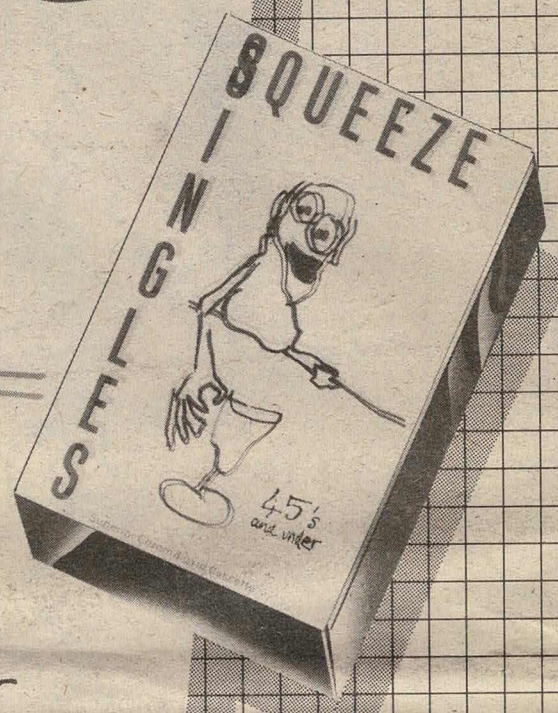
COOL FOR CATS
UP THE JUNCTION
LABELLED WITH LOVE
AND MORE...
AMLH 68552



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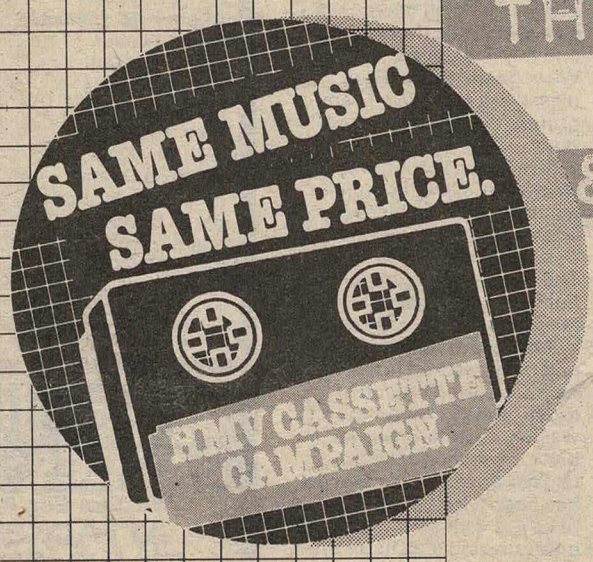

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